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THE MODERN

READER AND SPEAKER:

A SELECTION OF

POETRY AND PROSE

FROM THE WRITINGS OF EMINENT AUTHORS,

WITH COPIOUS EXTRACTS FOR

RECITATION;

PRECEDED BY

THE PRINCIPLES OF ELOCUTION

COMPRISING

A VARIETY OF EXERCISES, FROM THE SIMPLEST ARTICULATION TO THE UTMOST EXTENT OF VOCAL EXPRESSION:

WITH A SYSTEM OF

GESTURE,

ILLUSTRATED BY DIAGRAMS AND A PLAN OF NOTATION.

BY

DAVID CHARLES BELL,

Professor of Elocution and English Literature; Author of "The Theory of Elocution," &c.

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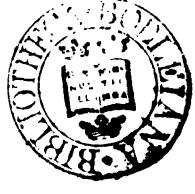

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THE Extracts in this volume embody a series of Exercises peculiarly adapted to facilitate Improvement in the Arts of Reading and Speaking. The Compiler has endeavoured to make a Selection in which elegance and propriety of thought are combined with eloquence of expression.

The Readings in Prose and Poetry, as well as the specimens of Pulpit and Secular Eloquence, although selected chiefly from modern authors, include many of those passages from the principal writers of past ages, which are generally acknowledged to be fitted for Elocutionary exercise. Every sentiment of a political or sectarian character has been carefully excluded.

The "Extracts for Recitation" are more numerous than in any Collection of a similar kind. In many instances, considerable alterations, omissions, &c., have been made, to adapt the Extracts for *effective* Recitation: all improper expressions and irreverent appeals, have been either expunged, or replaced by words of an unobjectionable nature. The same care has been taken in the preparation of the Dramatic and Comic Selections.

To render "The Modern Reader and Speaker" more useful, Outlines of the Art of Elocution,—abridged from the Compiler's work on the same subject,—have been prefixed.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE SECOND EDITION.

So many changes have been made in this Edition, that it may in a great measure, be considered a new work. The Introduction has been re-written; and so copious an explanation is now given of the Physiology of Speech, as well as of the Principles of Elocution, that the Student may advance to their practice with a distinct understanding of the various theories.

A chapter on Gesture, including Attitude and the principles of Motion, has been introduced. This division of the book (compiled from the best authorities) is elucidated by many diagrams, and reduced to practical utility by a brief plan of Notation.

The Extracts have been revised and enlarged with the greatest care: many of inferior merit, as exercises in rhetorical delivery, have been replaced by others of undoubted excellence, selected from the writings of the most popular authors in British, Irish, and American literature.

The *prosaic* mode of printing many of the Poetical Selections for Reading and Recitation, as well as the Comic Extracts. (which especially depend for effect on an easy, conversational, *unrhythmical* delivery,) will be found effectual in destroying the *sing-song* utterance of Verse when presented to the unskilful reader in the common form. The true rhythmus of poetry does not depend either on the periodic recurrence of a rhyme, on a uniformly repeated pause, or the regular syllabic admeasurement of a line; such tinkling and typographical arrangements are often different from that division which the sentiment requires. The abandonment of the ordinary arrangement will be productive of, at least, one good effect:—it will throw the student on his own resources to form an *intellectual* rhythmus, wholly dependent on sense, and subservient to the various kinds and degrees of emotion.

The Compiler has to acknowledge his obligations to his father, Alexander Bell, Esq., Professor of Elocution, London, and his brother, Mr. A. Melville Bell, Professor of Elocution, Edinburgh, for many judicious suggestions.

On the whole, it is hoped that these improvements on the original publication will secure for this Edition an extended circulation; as one of the most copious and comprehensive Class-books yet published, on a subject the importance of which is again recognised as an indispensable requisite in polite education.

33, Lower Abbey-street, Dublin,
1*st July*, 1850.

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2.	Yorkshire Angling,	*Anonymous,*	.
3.	Toby Tosspot,	*Colman,*	.
4.	The Razor Seller,	*Wolcot,*	.
5.	The Confession,	*Anonymous,*	.
6.	The Newcastle Apothecary,	*Colman,*	.
7.	Hodge and the Vicar,	*Anonymous,*	.
8.	A Cheap Dinner,	*Planche,*	.
9.	The Spirit of Contradiction,	*Lloyd,*	.
10.	The Three Black Crows,	*Byrom,*	.
11.	A Bachelor's Complaint,	*H. G. Bell,*	.
12.	Faithless Nelly Gray,	*Hood,*	.
13.	The Tinker and Miller's Daughter,	*Wolcot,*	.
14.	Modern Logic,	*Anonymous,*	.
15.	Orator Puff,	*Anonymous,*	.
16.	The Spider and the Fly,	*Mary Howitt,*	.
17.	The Collegian and the Porter,	*Planche,*	.
18.	The Frenchman and the Rats,	*Anonymous,*	.
19.	The Farmer and Barrister,	*James Smith,*	.
20.	The Best of Wives,	*Anonymous,*	.
21.	Lodgings for Single Gentlemen,	*Colman,*	.
22.	The Jester Condemned to Death,	*James Smith,*	.
23.	The Well of St. Keyne,	*Southey,*	.
24.	Contest between Nose and Eyes,	*Cowper,*	.
25.	The Splendid Shilling,	*J. Philips,*	.
26.	The Bashful Man,	*Mackenzie,*	.
27.	Report of a Law-suit—Goody Grim *v.* Laputone,	*James Smith,*	.

OUTLINES

OF THE

PRINCIPLES OF ELOCUTION.

THE art of Reading and Speaking with *expressive distinctness*, constitutes what is now called ELOCUTION.

According to this definition, Elocution may be divided into (I.) Expressive Management of the Voice and of the Organs of Speech, and (II.) Expressive Management of the Body.*

PART FIRST.

EXPRESSIVE MANAGEMENT OF THE VOICE AND OF THE ORGANS OF SPEECH.

This department comprises:

I. VOCALITY.	V. MODULATION.
II. ARTICULATION.	VI. FORCE.
III. ACCENT AND PRONUNCIATION.	VII. TIME, INCLUDING RHETORICAL PUNCTUATION.
IV. INFLEXION.	

DESCRIPTION OF THE PRINCIPAL ORGANS OF RESPIRATION, VOICE, AND SPEECH.

1. The LUNGS, the reservoirs of inspired air. They consist of five spongy elastic lobes—three on the right side, and two on the left. The air is conveyed into them from the *windpipe* by means of the *bronchiæ* or bronchial tubes; and thence carried, by smaller ramifications, disposed on all sides like branches of trees, into minute vesicles. In the respiration of speech, the lungs must be inflated to a far greater extent than that necessary for the purposes of existence. Expansion of the lungs chiefly depends on the action of the thorax and the diaphragm.—All action originating with the lungs is not only fatiguing but dangerous: they should be passive, and the expulsion of breath should proceed principally from the action of the thorax, the diaphragm, and the abdominal muscles.

2. The THORAX, or sides of the breast, distend and contract with the lungs. In respiration the lungs are wholly passive: their size increasing in exact proportion with the expansion of the chest.

* For a minute consideration of these divisions and of their subdivisions, the reader is respectfully referred to a work by the compiler of this volume, entitled, "The Theory of Elocution, and Art of Speech."

3. The DIAPHRAGM is a large muscular substance which forms the floor of the breast, and separates it from the abdomen. In inspiration, the diaphragm descends, and so enlarges the capacity of the chest: in expiration, it ascends, and, pressing on the lungs, expels the inspired air.

4. The LARYNX arises from the windpipe, and contains the material organs of sound. In men it is generally prominent exteriorly, and called *Adam's apple*. It consists of five elastic cartilages, the uppermost of which is called the *epiglottis*. The office of the epiglottis is, to direct the expired sound, and to open and shut, like a valve, the aperture of the Exterior Glottis.

5. The GLOTTIS is the name of the sonorous opening between two cartilages of the larynx, and situated above the *chordæ vocales* or vocal chords. In adults the glottis is, at its greatest diameter, about ten or eleven lines in length, and two in breadth. It is provided with muscles, which enlarge or contract it at pleasure. *The glottis is the organ of all vocal sounds.* Any strain on the glottis will injure it: like the lungs, it should be kept wholly passive; especially when depth of tone is required, which altogether depends on relaxation of the muscles of the larynx.

6. The PHARYNX is a large dilatable bag, situated behind the palate; terminated in front by the mouth, and above by the nasal passages. By distension and contraction it is an agent of the sonorous and explosive sounds heard in certain articulations (B, D, V, Z, &c.), and is the organ of that slight stress which is generally called Accent.

7. The NARES, or nasal passages, are tubes which conduct from the pharynx to the nostrils. They are generally closed by the *velum* or soft palate, and only opened for the articulations, M, N, NG, and the French nasal sounds.

8. The TONGUE, the cavity of the FAUCES (jaws), the CHEEKS, DENTAL ARCHES, and PALATE, are the other organs which principally modify sound. Being visible, their description may be omitted. The palate is posteriorly terminated by a soft portion called the *velum*, which is prolonged as a small pendulous body named the *uvula*.

9. The organs of speech, *dependent on the impulse of the breath*, all serve to modify sound, and to produce every variety of tone, tune, and articulation, characterizing song and speech.

VOCALITY.

10. VOCALITY considers the nature of expression by the voice.* A properly disciplined voice should possess the power of forming and interchanging *three* series of sounds: namely, the Natural Voice, the Orotund Voice, and the Falsetto Voice.

11. The NATURAL VOICE is that heard in ordinary conversation. in narration, and argument. It is formed only by habit, and (by means of well-directed practice) is therefore capable of great improvement. It varies in different individuals; but it may be sufficiently defined by

* The change from breath, or whisper, to voice, is effected by depressing the apparatus of the larynx. When the larynx is most depressed, and the orifice of the glottis enlarged, the gravest notes are formed (*voce di petto*); when the larynx is most elevated, and the aperture of the glottis contracted, the highest notes are heard (*voce di testa*).—Sections 4, 5.

stating that its register is generally between the higher and the lower notes.

12. The OROTUND VOICE is deep and mellow, and more round and full in quality than the preceding. It is rarely to be heard as a natural gift, but is generally the result of art, and of much vocal exercise. Its formation principally depends on increased distension and action of the pharynx (sec. 6) producing augmented vocality and sonorousness. When the orotund voice is confirmed by practice, it forms the most agreeable and powerful vehicle of sound, as it may be exerted to a great extent without fatigue or injury. A *popular* direction for its attainment is, to "speak down in the throat."

13. The FALSETTO VOICE is rarely employed in the pronunciation of whole sentences; but it is occasionally heard in the wail of pathos, or the expression of distance, and, more forcibly, in strong surprise or vehement exclamation. Its formation depends on contraction of the organs of voice, and upward and backward direction of vocalized breath.

14. Various modifications of these voices are attainable: the most useful is that named the GUTTURAL voice; it is dependent on relaxation of the organs of voice, and increased aspiration during utterance; it is particularly expressive of hatred, horror, contempt, &c.—The voice may also be modified by the degrees of expansion, and by the vibrations and positions of the chest—by aspiration—by direction into the nasal passages (this modification is frequently offensive in its employment, but habitual nasality is very different from that occasional and limited nasality which is heard in certain sounding, trumpet-like tones)—by direction into the integuments of the skull for soft and tender tones—by direction immediately on or through the mouth for full and energetic tones.

15. LOUDNESS OF VOICE depends on the issue of an increased quantity of air through the larynx. FORCE depends on the resistance given in the larynx to the breath as it passes from the lungs. HEIGHT OF TONE is the result of contraction and elevation of the vocal apparatus; DEPTH OF TONE, of its dilatation and abasement. DRAWLING is reading or speaking with insufficient force and prolonged time.

16. The voice should be most frequently practised on a middle key. If it is pitched too high, harshness is produced when force is attempted, and shrillness, or a tendency to break, when loudness. If the pitch is too low, the throat becomes dry and easily injured, and the voice husky.

OBSERVATIONS AND DIRECTIONS FOR THE IMPROVEMENT AND MANAGEMENT OF THE VOICE.

17. The lungs must be kept well supplied with breath. Before the power of fluent utterance can be attained, they must receive *a body of air greater than that of ordinary breathing;* there must be a full expansion of the sides of the chest, by keeping the head easily erect, throwing the chest forward, keeping the shoulders back, and depressing the diaphragm (sec. 3) by causing the abdomen gently to protrude. The waste of air from the lungs must be constantly supplied; every pause, however slight, should be occupied in replenishing them. This should be done as *motionlessly* and *silently* as possible. The direction appended to paragraph 1 should be especially attended to, as it forms the great principle of pulmonary health and vocal ease.

18. During speech, all unnecessary waste of breath should be prevented. The glottis should act as a valve, and prevent any further passage of air than what is necessary for audible articulation.

19. Before the commencement of any public discourse or protracted vocal effort, or when a very full inspiration is required, the breath may be inhaled through the nostrils as well as the mouth. In the former case, the lips need not be closed. A slight application of the tongue to the palate will allow of a more graceful and an unseen ingress of air.

20. *Holding the breath*, during the prolonged and forcible utterance of the vowel sounds, is an excellent means of improving the clearness of the voice. *Strength* of expiration is greatly promoted by reading on a loud whisper. Of all respiratory exercises this is the most advantageous; the exertion should not proceed from the lungs, but from the muscles in connexion with the thorax and diaphragm.—Secs. 1, 17.

21. Weakness of voice may be removed by well-directed and assiduous practice. The previous observations will be found of service; but the most beneficial exercise is that named by some French authors, *coup de la glotte*. This consists in a loud and forcible expulsion from the glottis of the various vowel sounds, to resemble, as it were, the sudden discharge of cannon. The glottis (sec. 5) must, after a full inspiration, be firmly closed, and the confined air directed with great force against and through it, at the instant of loud, variously-modulated sound.

22. As the principal object of every speaker ought to be, to be effectively and easily heard by those who listen to him, it is essential that the voice be carefully managed. To suppose that a person is better heard for loud speaking is a great error; for such is not only disagreeable in itself, but extremely fatiguing to the orator and hearer. In addresses, when the natural extent of voice in ordinary conversation is not sufficient, EXTEND THAT TONE by giving it a force and volume proportioned either to the place that you wish to fill, or to the distance of those whom you address; but preserve the usual key of the natural tone. By not exceeding its limit, the voice may be at pleasure modulated, and will be under perfect control; but by forcing it you cease to be its master, and submit the necessary modulations of sense to the unmeaning vociferations of sound. Nothing can be, philosophically, more ridiculous than to suppose that the exercise of a *natural* faculty requires any *unnatural* exertion.

23. Read frequently aloud, in a low strong key, passages which require a firm, dignified enunciation, and gradually proceed to the most spirited and impassioned exercises. The voice should, in practice, be taxed slightly *beyond* its powers. Bodily exercises are of great advantage. Every thing that tends to the improvement of the health has a correspondent influence on the voice.

24. The practice of declamation in the open air is highly serviceable. The vocal apparatus is greatly braced, and the unity of the muscular actions promoted, by endeavouring at the same time to move about with energetic action, and to speak with great vehemence.

25. All *excesses* are injurious. Avoid exercise at that period of youth when the voice is breaking; also immediately after meals, or when hoarse (a slight cold often improves the *raucus* quality of the voice, but destroys the higher notes). Wine, spirits, water, and all *cold* or *acid* drinks, fruits, and oily dishes, are considered injurious.

After injury or fatigue silence is the best restorative; but, on the principle of exertion of the muscles, and passiveness of the lungs and glottis, no danger can occur.—Sections 1, 5, 17, 22.

26. Modern confectionary and medical skill have provided many preparations to relieve dryness of the mouth and throat; but, on account of their solidity and bulk, they can be rarely used during a public discourse. If the muscles of the chest are made the chief agents, and the lungs and throat kept, as it were, passive, there can be no need of their employment. No mucilage can strengthen a weak voice, although such may be useful in cleansing the organs, or in relieving hoarseness. In addition to the lozenges and wafers of the apothecary, various preparations of liquorice, sweet mucilages, eggs, gum-arabic, nitre, and catechu, have been recommended. A very small portion of powdered nitre, or of catechu, will effectually cleanse the mouth or relieve its dryness.

27. The speaker should address himself generally, on the middle tone of voice, to the most distant in the assembly.—Section 22.

28. He must remember that his objects are three-fold, without ALL of which he cannot attain eminence—First, to be *heard;* secondly, to be *understood;* thirdly, to be *felt.*

VOWEL SOUNDS.

The number and variety of vowel sounds may justly be considered as belonging to vocality.

29. In the English language there are *thirteen* monophthong vowel sounds, heard in the following words:—

Glottis extended, as in	1 a are	2 a blast	3 a care	4 a hat	5 e met	6 i sir	7 a fate	8 i pin	9 e me
Glottis rounded, as in	10 o nor	11 u just	12 o home	13 oo prove					

30. From these monophthongs are formed the following diphthongal sounds:—

7-9	11-9	9-13	1-13	10-9
a–e	u–e*	e–oo	a–oo	o–e†
sail	smile	tube	pound	boy

31. The principal triphthong sounds are heard in

1-13-11	13-10-9
a–oo–u‡	oo–o–e
our	buoy

EXERCISES ON MONOPHTHONGS.

32. The various vowel sounds in the detached words which form these exercises should be pronounced with various degrees of force, and variety of tone and inflexion. Each word should be preceded by a full inspiration. The distinctive vowel of each series is marked in italics.

33. *a*[1] as in *a*re, b*a*r, st*a*r, guit*a*r, m*a*rt, *a*larm, p*a*rchment,

* This diphthongal formation is often so open as to approach to a–e[1-9].

† The figures refer to the preceding table of monophthong sounds.

‡ The letter *r*, preceded by a vowel, has frequently a diphthongal sound, as in f*ear*, g*ore*, ire, sh*are*, &c.

father, villă, sofă, heart, hearth, guard, clerk, sergeant, daunt, haunt, gauntlet, jaundice, almond, path, bath, lath, half, palm, balm, psalm, aunt.

34. [2] *a* as in blast, mast, fast, staff, vast, castle, basket, master, command, demand, crafty, plant, grant, fantastic.

35. [3] *a* as in care, snare, share, there, pear, wear, affair, *heir*, heiress, bare, dare, ne'er, fair, spare, soe'er, bear.

36. [4] *a* as in hat, bad, mat, gas, can, sand, back, cannon, fancy, shall, marry, plaid, raillery, bade, have, charity, paradise, abandon, inhabit.

37. [5] *e* as in met, dell, debt, bread, engine, elegant, benefit, melody, tepid, said, says, saith, friend, leopard, special, preface, wainscot, breakfast, heifer, again, against.

38. [6] *i* as in sir,* fir (not fur), myrtle, birth, mirth, virtue, girl, irksome, prefer, mercy, servant, term, pert, earl, pearl, merchant, early, learning.

39. [7] *a*† as in fate, fame, blame, ague, range, gauge, chasten, gaol, break, vain, cambric, Asia, nature, ancient, chamber, neighbour, aorist, placable, dictator, occasion, obeisance.

40. [8] *i* as in pin, sin, din, ring, lyric, city, servile, agile, captain, mountain, forfeit, pretty, busy, business, clef, sieve, cygnet, spirit, lyric, dynasty, tyranny.

41. [9] *e* as in me, she, cedar, deity, scheme, scene, pique, imagine, direct, divide, simile, key, quay, fiend, chief, grieve, treaty, Cæsar, demesne, impregn, critique, breviary.

42. [10] *o* as in nor, form, short, bond, lodge, cloth, tonic, novel, prologue, cough, knowledge, balk, salt, ought, nought, water, augur, nauseate, important, jocund, monologue, quality, quantity.

43. [11] *u* as in just, must, trust, brother, dumb, among, dove dost, does, sermon, acre, theatre, precious, chough, fulsome combat, cover, hover, colour, journey.

44. [12] *o* as in home, dome, glory, vocal, more,‡ gore, only, both loaf, explode, historian, poet, folk, foe, dough, glow, soldier, yeoman, bureau.

* The eleventh sound must be carefully distinguished from this.
† Compare the first diphthong. ‡ See note (‡) page 23.

45. *oo* as in prove, move, lose, druid, ruin, brew, true, canoe, group, through, route, rue, bruise, tomb, ooze, behove, galleon, gamboge, pull, bull, would, could, pulpit, butcher, cushion, woman.

EXERCISES ON DIPHTHONGS.

46. *a–e* as in sail, bail, gain, hail, pain, rail, wait, waive, campaign, obey, survey, vein, veil, deign, stray.

47. *u–e* approaching to *a–e*, as in smile, mild, child, fly, height, climb, pint, signify, eye, Bible, time, type, isle, viscount, defy, crier, die, buy, oblige, satiety.

48. *e–oo* = *yoo* as in tube, tune, duty, curate, cubic, confusion, dupe, duke, lure, education, music, feud, Tuesday, pursuit, lute, lucid.

49. *a–oo* as in pound, loud, proud, brown, vow, endow, down, noun, town, doubt, devout, plough, slough, trout, ground, shout, vowel, dowry, astound, renown.

50. *o–e* as in boil, toil, joy, toy, employ, spoil, voice, ointment, decoy, destroy, noise, poise, broil, appoint, avoid, alloy, aroynt.

51. In the following words a slight diphthongal sound, approaching to *y*, is introduced:—

Card, regard, sky, garden, guardian, kind, guile, guide, beguile, guise, guest.

EXERCISES ON TRIPHTHONGS.

52. *a–oo–u* as in our, power, flower, shower, giaour, devour, hour, scour.*

53. *oo–o–e* as in buoy, buoyance, &c.

ARTICULATION.

54. Articulation is the correct formation, by the organs of speech, of certain approaches or contacts which add to vocality literal and verbal utterance. In all branches of oral delivery, distinct articulation depends on the clear enunciation of certain elements called, generally, consonants. The articulative elements may be uttered either separately, or connectively as in words. In the English language there are *four* modes of organic contact or approach, and by these are produced all the varieties of articulations. In the following exercises these articulations are divided into two classes: first, those which are produced with breath alone, without voice, named BREATH-

* See note (‡) page 23.

CONSONANTS; and secondly, those in which voice is superadded, named VOICE-CONSONANTS.

55. In practising these it must be remembered that consonants have, in general, *no sound of themselves*, but that they depend for audibility on the cessation of contact leaving the passage free for the emission of a vowel or of the breath. Distinctness and sharpness of utterance, with lightness and rapidity of action, are requisite for their easy and effective pronunciation.—Sections 18, 57.

56. It will be observed that many of the breath and voice consonants correspond in formation, and that several of the voice-articulations may be either *oral* or *nasal*.

SYNOPTICAL TABLE OF BREATH AND VOICE CONSONANTS.

	Breath. Voice.	General organic formations.	Examples.
1, 2	P . . B	labial, ...	*p*ay, *b*ay.
3	– . . M	labial (like B) and nasal, .	*m*ay.
4, 5	F . . V	dento-labial, ...	*f*ine, *v*ine.
6, 7	Th . . Th	lingua-dental, . . .	*th*igh, *th*y.
8, 9	T . . D	lingua-palatal, . . .	*t*ame, *d*ame.
10	– . . N	lingua-palatal (like D) & nasal,	*n*ame.
11, 12	S . . Z	lingua-palatal (sibilant), .	*s*eal, *z*eal.
13	– . . L	lingua-palatal, . . .	*l*ight, toi*l*.
14	– . . R	lingua-palatal (vibratory), .	*r*ough, fa*r*.
15, 16	Sh . . Zh	lingua-palatal (semi-sibilant),	mi*ss*ion, vi*s*ion.
17	– . . W	semi-vocal, ...	*w*an, *w*ine.
18	– . . Y	semi-vocal, ...	*y*on, *y*et.
19, 20	K . . G	guttural, ...	*c*all, *g*all.
21	– . . Ng	guttural (like G) and nasal, .	go*ng*, E*ng*land.
22	H . . –	a propulsed aspiration, . .	*h*ate (ate) *h*all (all)

57. Distinct and graceful utterance requires that the various groups of articulations which form words should be preceded by a FREE, DOWNWARD ACTION OF THE LOWER JAW. The organic approach or contact necessary for articulation must be made as rapidly and lightly as possible (sec. 55); and, after any utterance, the parts in approach or contact should be quickly, yet easily separated, to allow free repetition of action.

58. The voice-consonants must be carefully and audibly distinguished from the breath-consonants. The breath, in articulations, must be forcibly ejected,—but only from the pharynx and mouth (the closure of the glottal valve preventing any undue loss of breath—secs. 6, 18) on those articulations which depend for audibility on the termination of organic contact. The *terminating* sounds of words should be distinctly separated from the *initial* formations of following words.

The corresponding formations of all the breath, voice, and nasal consonants should be practised as initial and final elements of words, thus:—pa-ba-ma; pe-be-me; pi-bi-mi; ap-ab-am; ep-eb-em; and so with all the vowels and consonants. It is thought unnecessary to insert a list of the various faults of articulation, as the exact formation of every sound is given.

TABLE OF ARTICULATE FORMATIONS,* WITH EXERCISES.

LABIALS AND DENTO-LABIALS.

59. *P* is a *breath-consonant*, formed by the meeting of the lips and consequent STOPPAGE of the current of air from the lungs. This formation depends for audibility on the abrupt separation of the lips and explosion of the breath.

*P*eer, *p*in, *p*ool, *p*ound, ni*p*, ha*pp*y,† ra*p*id, tro*p*ic, *p*ope, mono*ph*thong, di*ph*thong, tri*ph*thong, na*ph*tha, she*ph*erd, *ph*thalmic, s*p*an, s*p*oil, scal*p*, hel*p*, car*p*, dam*p*, *p*ipe, *p*opulous, *p*apacy.

60. *B* is the *voice-consonant* of the previous formation. It adds to it the initial part of a vocal sound,‡ directed into the pharynx, which, distended with the vocalized breath, contracts by its own elasticity, and at the same time the lips abruptly separate; thus giving explosive emission to the sound.

*B*ought, *b*east, *b*eg, inha*b*it, *b*ound, sta*b*, e*bb*, su*b*tile, *bab*ble*r*, gle*b*e, cup*b*oard, *b*ul*b*, super*b*, ver*b*, prover*b*, tu*b*e, *b*ar*b*, *b*aboon, *b*arbarous, *b*arbican.

61. *M* is a *voice-consonant*, formed by the meeting of the lips closing the passage of the mouth: the incipient vowel sound‡ is directed, with a *head-murmur*,§ into the pharynx, and, the velum at the same time opening the nasal passages, the vocalized breath is directed through the nostrils.

*M*ay, *m*an, *m*orn, *m*ove, *m*ound, char*m*, *mamm*on, *m*oment, bla*m*e, hy*mn*, sole*mn*, phle*gm*, dra*chm*, chas*m*, real*m*, film, far*m*, wor*m*.

62. *F* is a *breath-consonant*, formed by slightly pressing the lower lip on the upper teeth, and directing the breath through the interstices.

*F*ame, *f*eud, *f*anci*f*ul, pro*ff*er, cra*f*ty, cha*f*e, li*f*e, enou*gh*, chou*gh*, rou*gh*, cou*gh*, trou*gh*, lau*gh*ter, drau*ght*, *ph*ial, *ph*legm, *ph*rase, sera*ph*, nym*ph*, shel*f*, wol*f*, tur*f*, dwar*f*, *sph*inx, *f*ebri*f*uge.

63. *V* is the *voice-consonant* of the previous formation. The initial part of a vowel sound is prefixed, and the vocalized air directed, with a *guttural*§ *murmur*, into the pharynx, whence it flows into the mouth in a manner similar to *f*.

*V*ane, veer, *v*ine, *v*ivid, *v*ote, pa*v*e, wea*v*e, ha*lv*e, li*v*id, se*v*er *v*otive, mo*v*e, pro*v*e, ne*ph*ew, lieutenant, twel*v*e, re*v*olve, ner*v*e,

* The actual *sounds* of the consonants are here meant, not the alphabetic *names*.

† When, in syllabic combinations, consonants are doubled, one of the constituents (usually the *first* in whisper, and the *second* in voice) is omitted, as in happy, manner, otter, adding, sluggard, &c.

‡ The vowel-sound heard before any articulation, has no place in our alphabet. The author supposes this *natural vowel* to be a sound of *u*, between that in the French word *feu* and the English word *fur*.

§ There are two kinds of murmur observable in the voice-consonants: the one is called *guttural*, being confined to the throat; the other *head*, because, by the opening of the nasal passages, it ascends into the cavities of the skull.

serve, Stephen, of (but in the compounds, *whereof*, &c., the *f* is not changed into *v*).

LINGUALS AND LINGUA-PALATALS.

64. *Th* (as in *think*) is a *breath-consonant*, formed by placing the tip of the tongue on and behind the upper incisor teeth.* The breath is then directed through the lateral openings between the tongue and the upper teeth.

*Th*ank, *th*aw, *th*eatre, *th*ought, ba*th*, pa*th*, la*th*, oa*th*, mou*th*, too*th*, fai*th*, brea*th*, pan*th*er, or*th*oepy, apa*th*y, e*th*er, rhy*th*m, e*th*ics, a*th*eist, leng*th*, streng*th*, wid*th*, twelf*th*, steal*th*, warm*th*, bread*th*, *th*ousand*th*.

65. *Th*=*dh* (as in *that*) is the *voice-consonant* of the previous formation: it superadds the initial part of a vowel sound, which is directed, with a guttural murmur, into the pharynx.

*Th*is, *th*ee, *th*ere, *th*ine, *th*ither, *th*ough, bene*th*, boo*th*, ti*th*e, wi*th*, wrea*th*e, bre*th*ren, far*th*ing, fa*th*er, hea*th*en, wea*th*er, brea*th*e, shea*th*e, bli*th*e, clo*th*e: also in these plurals—ba*th*s, pa*th*s, la*th*s, oa*th*s, mou*th*s (all other terminations in *th*s have the breath sound).

66. *T* is a *breath-consonant*, formed by the tip of the tongue pressing on the palate above the gum of the upper teeth, and stopping the current of *breath*. This element depends for audibility on the explosive cessation of contact.

*T*ell, *t*une, *t*oil, me*t*, bu*tt*, ma*tt*er, cri*t*ic, sa*t*iety, de*bt*, tem*pt*, *Th*ames, *Th*omas, as*th*ma, *Pt*olemy, receip*t*, ya*cht*, de*bt*, su*bt*le, indic*t*, tem*pt*, stuffed, faced, rushed, laced, danced, laughed, *tt*er, bri*tt*le, *phth*isic.

67. *D* is the *voice-consonant* of the above formation. It is preceded by the initial part of a vowel sound, which (while the pressure of the tongue on the palate prevents its immediate escape through the mouth) is directed into the pharynx. After distension the pharynx is suddenly collapsed, and the articulation should be exploded by the tongue at the same instant.

*D*ate, de*b*t, ma*d*, ri*d*, mo*d*est, bo*d*y, ro*d*e, ba*d*e, wou*ld*, shou*ld*, twanged, round, wronged, harangued, buzzed, caged, lodged, avenged, heaved, bathed, wreathed, beheld, bard, suggest, exaggerate.

68. Many readers sound the terminational *ed* in the language of prayer and in the Scriptures; but it may be doubted whether euphony, dignity, or devotion is attained by the irregularity. The PRINCIPLE is, that *ed* may be sounded as a separate syllable when immediately preceded by a consonant; but, after a vowel, the sound of *e* should be suppressed, thus:—*err-ed and stray'd*, &c. The measure of poetry frequently requires the syllabic distinction of *ed*.

69. *N* is a *voice-consonant*, formed by pressing the tip of the tongue

* *Th* is improperly formed by putting the tip of the tongue between the teeth.

on the palate. The vocalized sound, thus interrupted in the mouth is returned into the pharynx, when, by the opening of the nasal passages, it passes with a *head-murmur* through the nostrils.

*N*oon, *n*ine, li*n*en, pe*n*ance, *n*one*n*tity, *gn*omon, co*n*dign, *k*nack, iro*n*, apro*n*, *n*ail, *gn*aw, *k*nock, *k*neel, ba*n*ner. *In the terminational digraph* EN, *the sound of* E *is generally suppressed, as in* deade*n*, leade*n*, bidde*n*, redde*n*, haste*n*, chaste*n*, give*n*, eve*n*, heathe*n*, heave*n*, broke*n*, garde*n*, seve*n*, froze*n*, chose*n*, &c.; *but in the following words it is thought elegant to retain the full sound of the* EN—aspen, sudden, kitchen, chicken, hyphen, sloven, pattens, mittens.

70. *S* is a *breath-consonant*, formed by bringing the tip of the tongue so close to the upper gum as merely to let the breath hiss. The breath is directed on the tip of the tongue, and passes through the crevices between the tongue and palate with a sibilant noise.

*S*in, *s*ign, de*s*ign, *s*uit, *s*oot, ga*s*, ma*ss*, dose, *s*ceptre, trans*g*ress, trans*c*end, conclu*s*ive, delu*s*ive, pre*s*ide, de*s*ist, u*s*e (*noun*), ri*s*e (*noun*), *ps*alm, *sch*edule, *sc*ene, *sch*ism, e*x*ile, e*x*it, ta*c*it, Sty*x*, mi*s*ts, po*s*ts, fla*c*cid, Cherone*s*e, *sc*intillate, exi*st*'st, stri*v*'st.

71. *Z* is the *voice-consonant* of the above formation. It is preceded by the initial part of a vowel sound, which is first directed and continued into the pharynx, and then allowed to pass through the crevices between the tongue and palate.

A*s*, ha*s*, i*s*, wa*s*, sea*s*, song*s*, *z*eal, *z*ephyr, di*ss*olve, po*ss*ess, sci*ss*ors, hu*ss*ars, di*sc*ern, pre*s*ent, dam*s*on, re*s*idue, crim*s*on, re*s*ignation, obse*r*ve, pal*s*y, flim*s*y, re*s*ult, clum*s*y, pre*s*ident, ea*s*y, greа*s*y, pre*s*ume, po*ss*ess, e*x*ist, e*x*ert, mechani*s*m, dismay, refu*s*al, di*s*loyal, anxiety.

72. *L* is a *voice-consonant*, formed by the initial part of a vowel sound being resounded in the pharynx, and then interrupted in its passage through the mouth, by bringing the tip of the tongue in contact with the upper gum. This interrupted vocalized sound is allowed to pass freely through the lateral openings betwixt the tongue and teeth.

*L*ull, be*ll*, *l*ark, i*sl*e, pa*l*e, oil, ba*l*e, *l*ively, *l*ovely, me*l*on, nee*dl*e, mo*d*el, chape*l*, plant, blame, ca*stl*e, ne*stl*e, epi*stl*e, thi*stl*e, jo*stl*e, ru*stl*e, victual. *In the following words the vowel before* L *is suppressed, but the irregularity is not extended beyond this list:*—Devil, drivel, evil, grovel, hazel, novel, housel, ousel, ravel, shovel, shrivel, swivel, weasel.

73. *R* (*trilled*) is either a *voice* or *breath consonant*. It is pronounced by depressing the root of the tongue and elevating its tip, which must be held, motionless, at a very slight distance from the upper part of the upper gum. The breath is then directed with such force against the tip of the tongue as to cause it to vibrate. *R* (*smooth*) is formed in the same manner as the above, but the trill is either omitted or feebly uttered.

(*Trilled.*) *R*oar, *r*ough, whi*rr*ing, spring, *wr*angle, *r*aw,

*wr*ap, b*r*ay, *r*ay, *wr*ack, *wr*eck, sh*r*ill, *wr*etch, *wr*ing, sh*r*iek, *wr*estle, *r*end, t*r*emendous, t*r*umpet, d*r*um, sh*r*oud, p*r*io*r*y, ho*r*a*r*y, contra*r*y. (*Smooth.*) Pow*er*, go*r*e, may*or*, s*ir*, f*ir*, f*ur*, pu*re*, lu*re*, qua*r*ter, ba*r*, co*re*, ca*r*p, ba*r*k, bea*r*, he*re*, ou*r*, pea*r*l, a*r*m, da*r*k, ga*r*b, pa*r*don, affa*ir*, expi*re*, vi*r*tue, o*r*der, commer*c*e, co*l*onel, ado*re*.

74. *Sh* is a *breath-consonant*, formed by raising the tip of the tongue to the palate about four or six lines farther inward than in pronouncing *s*. The tip of the tongue is brought near the palate, and barely touches it. Thus a considerable space is left for the breath, which, in its passage, produces the simple consonant noted by the digraph *sh*.

*Sh*ade, *sh*all, *sh*ine, *sh*awl, ga*sh*, ra*sh*, cen*s*ure, sa*sh*, nau*s*eate, a*s*sociate, A*s*ia, Per*s*ia, man*s*ion, pen*s*ion, acce*s*sion, na*t*ion, an*x*ious, obnoxious, crucifix*i*on, ocean, Decii, *ch*aise, *ch*agrin, l*ux*ury, *ch*ivalry, a*s*sociation, pronun*c*iation (*but by modern speakers as if asso-se-ation and pronun-se-ation*). *Tsh.* Ma*rch*, *ch*air, ea*ch*, vou*ch*, ma*tch*, wre*tch*, trun*ch*eon, *ch*amber, *ch*arity.

75. *Zh* is the *voice-consonant* of the above formation. It is commenced by the initial part of a vowel sound, which is continued, while the vocalized breath is directed into the pharynx, before it finds egress through the mouth.

Plea*s*ure, lei*s*ure, occa*s*ion, persua*s*ion, vi*s*ion, confu*s*ion, ro*s*eate, ra*z*ure, fu*s*ion, explo*s*ion. *Dzh.* J*u*dge, *j*ury, *j*oy, per*j*ure, *g*iant, *g*ibe, obli*g*e, pled*g*e, *g*elid, a*g*e, do*g*e.

76. *W* is a rapid and forcible formation of the vowel-sound *oo*, as in *oo-ine*, *oo-ater*, for *wine*, *water*.

*W*ar, *w*aft, *w*all, *w*onder, *o*ne, *o*nce, *sw*an, *sw*agger, *sw*eet, t*w*ig, t*w*ine, d*w*arf, d*w*ell, b*uo*y, b*uo*yance, q*u*otation, q*u*ality, c*h*oir, th*w*art, wormwood, s*ui*te, *w*eather, c*ui*rass, c*ui*rassier.

77. *Y* is a rapid and forcible formation of the vowel-sound *ee*, as *ee-es* (yes), *ee-onder* (yonder).

*Y*ear, *y*oung, *y*awn, *y*ield, *y*ou, *u*se, h*u*ge, *u*tility, b*u*gle, b*eau*ty, h*u*man, d*u*ty, constit*u*tion, d*u*ke, t*u*ne, *y*ield, *hu*mour, T*ue*sday, f*eo*dal, *y*outh, span*i*el, mill*i*on, stud*i*ous.

GUTTURALS.

78. *K* is a *breath-consonant*, formed by pressing the back part of the tongue on the *velum* or soft palate. The breath, thus checked, is afterwards abruptly propelled into the mouth by the sudden cessation of organic contact.

*C*ar, coil, see*k*, a*ch*e, music, ta*lk*, vaccine, flaccid, vaccinate, *ch*ameleon, *ch*asm, e*ch*o, *ch*oler, *ch*oir, *ch*ord, *ch*orus, ana*rch*y, distic*h*, hemistic*h*, Pentateuc*h*, ar*ch*ives, co*q*uette, eti*q*uette, mas*q*uerade, con*q*uer, *q*uadrille, e*x*ile, e*x*ercise, *q*uay, comic, *q*uake.

79. *G* (*hard*) is the *voice-consonant* of the preceding formation. It superadds a vowel-sound, directed into the pharynx; whence, by the actions of expansion and contraction, the breath is exploded through the mouth.

*G*ate, *g*ame, ba*g*, *g*ag, bi*g*ot, pla*gue*, va*gue*, *g*host, *gu*erdon, *gu*inea, *gu*arantee, *gu*ilt, prolo*gue*, epilo*gue*, *g*ew-*g*aw, bur*gh*.

80. *Ng* is a *voice-consonant*, formed by a vowel-sound directed through the pharynx into the nasal passages; while the velum and tongue gently come in contact, to prevent the passage of any portion of the vocalized air through the mouth.

Ki*ng*, fa*ng*, ri*ng*, fli*ng*ing, ri*ng*ing, si*ng*ing, si*ng*er, ha*ng*er, le*ng*th, stre*ng*th, sti*ng*. *Ng–g*. A*ng*er, a*ng*uish, stra*ng*le, fi*ng*er, disti*ng*uish, exti*ng*uish, co*ng*regate, co*ng*ress, E*ng*land. *Ng–k*. Ba*nq*uet, ba*nk*, bla*nk*, tha*nk*, shru*nk*, wi*nk*.

81. *H* is not a sound, but merely a propulsion of the breath, which may be prefixed to any vowel. The formation of this letter may be easily attained by desiring the pupil to *cough out* either of the vowel-sounds.

*H*ate, *h*aunt, *h*all, *h*igh, *wh*ole, *h*air, *h*uge, co*h*ort, *h*ot-*h*ouse, *h*artsho*rn*, *h*armony, ve*h*ement, *h*uman, be*h*emoth. WH = HOO. *Wh*ale, *wh*ere, *wh*en, *wh*at, *wh*y, *wh*ether, *wh*ither, *wh*ig, *wh*irl-wind. *The following words, exclusive of derivations from them, are the only words in which initial* H *is silent:*—Heir, honest, honour, hostler, hour, humour, *and, by many speakers,* humble.

DOUBLE ARTICULATIONS.

82. In producing double consonant articulations, the *most rapid exercise of the organs* should be employed; the breath-consonants should be audibly distinguished from the voice-consonants, and the transitions to different sounds must be made with rapidity and smoothness. Care should be taken to prevent any vowel-sound being introduced, as *tur-ue* for *true*, *sul-ight* for *slight*, &c.

83. W. *Wh*, whale, what, when, while, where, whirl, whist, which, whether, whirlwind. *Sw*, swan, sweet, swagger, swell, swoon. *Thw*, thwack, thwart. *Tw*, twin, twig, twain, twelve, twine, twist. *Dw*, dwell, dwarf, dwindle. *Sw*, sway, swell, sweet, persuade, assuage, dissuade. *Bw*, buoy, buoyance. *Kw*, quill, queer, quantity, quality, question, quote, quotation, choir, querulous. *Gw*, language, languid, languish.

84. Ng. *Ngg*, anger, angler, anguish, finger, banquet, linger, distinguish, stronger, younger. *Ngk*, bank, blank, sank, thank, ink, drink, sink, shrunk, thankful, anxious. *Ngks*, banks, blanks, thanks, inks, minx.

85. P. *Sp*, span, spear, speech, asp, grasp, lisp, spine. *Lp*, help, scalp, gulp. *Mp*, lamp, stamp, damp, limp. *Rp*, harp, sharp, chirp, carp.

86. B. *Lb*, alb, bulb. *Rb*, verb, herb, superb, disturb.

87. F. *Lf*, shelf, delf, gulf, wolf. *Rf*, scarf, wharf, turf, dwarf.

88. V. *Lv*, twelve, delve, solve, revolve. *Rv*, nerve, deserve, observe.

89. M. *Lm*, elm, realm, whelm, film. *Rm*, arm, farm, harm, storm, form, term. *Thm*, rhythm, logarithm, algorithm. *Zm*, spasm, chasm, cataplasm, mechanism, paroxysm, Anglicism, Gallicism.

90. T. *Kt*, act, racked, blocked, hacked, knocked. *Pt*, stopped, slept, wept, crept, heaped. *St*, stay, steer, store, stop, best, bust, dust, must, rust, unjust. *Sht*, lashed, washed, hashed, hushed. *Ft*, tuft, laughed, waft, left. *Lt*, felt, melt, dealt, belt. *Mt*, tempt, exempt. *Nt*, sent, went, rent, meant, wont, hunt. *Rt*, hurt, part, start, depart. *Rst*, burst, first, reversed. *Lst*, call'st, heal'st, fill'st, roll'st. *Mst*, arm'st, charm'st, form'st. *Nst*, canst, runn'st, against. *Dst*, midst, call'dst, roll'dst. *Rdst*, heard'st, guard'st, reward'st. *Mdst*, arm'dst, form'dst, charm'dst. *Ndst*, learn'dst, scorn'dst, burn'dst, turn'dst. *Ngst*, hang'st, sing'st, wrong'st. *Ngdst*, wrong'dst, throng'dst.

91. D. *Ngd*, banged, twanged, harangued, wronged. *Zd*, buzzed, whizzed, pleased, praised, amused, abused, exercised. *Dzhd*, raged, caged, waged, obliged, edged, lodged, judged, divulged, changed, ranged, avenged. *Vd*, halved, calved, delved. TH*d*, bathed, clothed, smoothed. *Ld*, bald, told, gold, beheld, called, appealed, oiled, schooled. *Bld*, troubled, disabled, enabled, fabled. *Kld*, wrinkled, tickled, chronicled, sparkled. *Sld*, muscled, tussled, jostled. *Dld*, handled, fondled, dwindled, huddled. *Fld*, baffled, trifled, ruffled. *Gld*, juggled, struggled, waggled. *Pld*, grappled, peopled, tripled. *Tld*, titled, nettled, bottled. *Zld*, dazzled, drizzled, muzzled. *Md*, condemned, armed, esteemed, formed, named, calmed. *Nd*, hand, land, stand, command, find, bond, planned, impugned. *Fnd*, roughened, toughened. *Pnd*, happened, deepened, shapened. *Dnd*, saddened, maddened, burdened, widened. *Knd*, likened, quickened, blackened. *Snd*, hastened, fastened, christened. *Tnd*, heightened, brightened, fattened. *Znd*, cozened, bedizened. *Rd*, bard, card, word, bird, board, reward, guard, bewildered, heard. *Bd*, stabbed, rubbed, curbed, daubed. *Gd*, bagged, twigged, plagued, fatigued.

92. S. *Fs*, strifes, staffs, muffs, coughs. *Ths*, laths, deaths, months. *Ps*, dupes, stupes, tops, slaps, traps. *Ks*, quakes, shakes, flakes, cakes, stacks, packs, thwacks, lax, six, fix, ·le, dexterous. *Ts*, lutes, brutes, imputes, suits, refutes,

blots. *Sts*, posts, fists, mists, lists, divests, persists. *Ls*, false, else, pulse. *Ns*, once, trance, chance, dance, lance, immense, sense. *Rs*, hearse, coarse, verse, worse, force, scarce, farce, tierce, nurse, reverse.

93. Z. *Bz*, webs, ribs, stabs, robs, babes, glebes. *Dz*, beds, toads, fades, strides. *Gz*, bags, legs, figs, whigs, rogues, dialogues, exist, exert, exhibit, exulting. *Lz*, swells, tells, mills, vessels, dwells. *Mz*, seems, hams, hymns, limbs, drachms. *Nz*, dens, means, fens, impugns. *Rz*, roars, boars, peers, shares. *Ngz*, rings, wings, fangs, sings, anxiety. *Ths*, baths, paths, oaths, mouths.

94. TH. *Ngth*, length, strength, lengthen, strengthen. *Sth*, sixth. *Fth*, fifth, twelfth. *Lth*, stealth, wealth, filth. *Mth*, warmth. *Nth*, month. *Rth*, birth, mirth, north, earth. *Dth*, width, breadth, hundredth.

95. SH. *Nsh*, branch, wrench, pinch, haunch. *Tsh*, beech, vouch, church, porch, attach, witch, filch, belch, milch.

96. ZH. *Dzh*, gesture, jailor, soldier;—verdure, grandeur, individual, Indian, odious. (*Colloquially, but careful utterance requires the pure sound of D.*)

97. L. *Sl*, slight, slant, sleeve, slate, castle, nestle, thistle, axle. *Zl*, muzzle, drizzle, weasel, ousel. *Fl*, flight, flow, fling, flame, baffle, muffle. *Pl*, plan, plight, please, pleasure, apple, grapple. *Bl*, blame, blight, bless, blade, able, agreeable, bubble. *Kl*, claim, clear, oracle, class, clever, treacle. *Gl*, glade, glut, glove, gloze, eagle, juggle. *Dl*, saddle, middle, twaddle. *Vl*, evil, devil. *Tl*, victual, victuals. *Rl*, marl, hurl, whirl, world.

98. N. *Sn*, snatch, sneer, mason, lesson, parson, vixen, hasten, fasten. *Zn*, dozen, cousin, reason, season, poison, crimson. *Rn*, barn, fern, born, turn, iron, apron. *Tn*, brighten, tighten, whiten. *Dn*, deaden, leaden, madden, sudden, golden, garden, pardon, widen, burden. *Fn*, roughen, toughen. *Kn*, blacken, oaken, taken, sicken, broken, bacon. *Ln*, fallen, swollen, stolen. *Pn*, open, shapen, ripen, cheapen, weapon. *Vn*, heaven, seven, raven. TH*n*, heathen. *Thn*, lengthen, strengthen.

99. R.* *Shr*, shrine, shrift, shred. *Fr*, fright, frail, fry, free, France. *Thr*, throne, throw, threw, three. *Pr*, pride, prance, prawn, prayer. *Br*, bride, brown, brace, brave, brine. *Kr*, cry, create, crave, crest, crawl. *Gr*, grow, grave, grass, green, grew. *Tr*, try, tray, trance, trout. *Dr*, dram, dress, drink, droll. *Spr*, spray, spring, sprightly. *Str*, stray, street, strife, stream, strength.

* The *r* should, in these exercises, be pronounced distinctly, but free from any syllabic prominence.

100. K. *Ngk*, bank, thank, slink, wink, drink, link. *K* scare, scan, school, scale, scope, scutcheon, sceptic. *Lk*, e silk, wilk, milk, bulk. *Rk*, dark, park, mark, clerk.

101. G. *Rg*, burgh.

UNACCENTED SYLLABLES.

102. The unaccented syllables of words are very liable to be eitl omitted, slurred, or corrupted. The pages of a dictionary pres the best practice. The following words may point out error; ea syllable should be distinctly pronounced.

Particular, eminence, fatal, violet, diamond, singular, regul oratory, opinion, terrible, honourable, rebel, prudent, pruden sobriety, mischievous, horrible, elegant, perpendicular, jocul conspiracy, remarkable, piety, satiety, angular, history, ge graphy, advocate, absolute, obsolete, domestic, &c.

ACCENT.

103. ACCENT is that impulse of voice, or of articulation, whi gives phonic prominence to certain syllables or words. Accent is two kinds, SYLLABIC and SENTENTIAL. Syllabic accents belong on to single words; sentential accents are employed in *oratorical* word and are considered under that division.—Section 115, *et seq.*

104. Accent and emphasis are frequently considered synonymou but their organic action is different. Emphasis depends on forcib expiration from the chest; accent is regulated by the sonorous ar explosive power of the pharynx.—Sections 1, 6.

105. Without accent, speech would be merely a succession of syll bles delivered in equal time. Every word of more than one syllab is distinguished by the forcible (heavy) utterance of one, and the ligl utterance of the other; thus: *fa"-ther, de-mand"*. In some words three syllables, and in most words of four or more, especially whe the accent is taken from its usual seat, or when the word is too lor to be easily or agreeably uttered with a single accent, a *secondar* accent is introduced in addition to the primary, thus: com'-pre-hend ac'-ci-den"-tal, dec'-la-ra"-tion. As a general rule, liable to a fe exceptions, it may be stated, that every THIRD syllable requires *a accent*, and every fifth at least *a primary accent*.

106. All words of four syllables, accented on the *first*, are duplicat of dissyllabic words, and require a secondary accent on the *thir* thus: har"moni'zing, nec"essar'ily, &c. Words of five or more syll bles require the introduction of two or more secondary accents, thus tran'substan'tia"tion, in'divi'sibil"ity, incom'prehen'sibil"ity.

107. Both the primary and secondary accents are fixed by custon but in many trisyllabic and polysyllabic words the secondary acce may be either omitted or retained at pleasure.

108. The general rules (liable to numerous exceptions) with regar to the position of the accent are:—Dissyllabic nouns and adjectiv are accented on the first syllable; verbs, adverbs, and prepositions o the latter: the accented syllable generally precedes all common te ·nations, such as *ness, less, ly, ful, tion, ing, sion*, &c.; and all tr

syllabic and polysyllabic words have the accent removed as far back as possible—that is, on the antepenultimate.

109. The following words are inserted as exercises in accentuation: they in general consist of such as are either difficult or indeterminate. In a matter of taste and agreement, influenced by fashion, it is not pretended that the accents can be always logically or analogically placed. It is sufficient to say that in all difficult or doubtful words, the opinion of the best orthoepists, in conjunction with the practice of the best speakers, has been followed.

WORDS LIABLE TO MAL-ACCENTUATION.

Ab″dica′tive, abdo′men, accep′table, ac′cessary, accli′vous, acu′men, ad′amante″an, ad′mirable, adju′tor, co′adju″tor, ad″vertise, ad″verti′ser, adver′tisement, ancho′vy, antip′odes, ad″ula′tory, aer′omancy, aer′onaut, a′lienable, ap′othe″osis, aro′ma, aspi′rant, asy′lum, asyn′deton, bal′cony, bandan′a, banian′, battal′ion, bitu′men, blas′phemous, bow′line, brevet′ (*s.* and *v.*) brev′et (*adj.*), brevier′, cesu′ra, cali′bre (*lee*), cam″elopard′ calo′ric, cap′uchin″ (*sheen*), carbine′, cel′ibacy, centrif′ugal, centrip′etal, commen′dable, commit′tee, com′parable, incom′parable, condo′lence, chas′tisement, chlo′rine, clandes′tine, cochineal′, com′plaisant″, com′plaisance″, compen′sate, con′fessor, confis′cate, con′sistory, consum′mate, con′trary, contrite′, contem′plate, con′versant, cor′ollary, cou′rier, deco′rous, dep″reca′tory, decre′tal, deriv′ative, des′ultory, des′uetude, di′abe″tes, diach′ylon, diær′esis, dim′issory, dis′putable, indis′putable, dyn′asty, dys′entery, eg′otism, el′egi″ac, ener′vate, eq′uable, ep′icure″an, erra′tum, ev′anes″cent, ex′emplary, extir′pate, fa′bric, fanat′ic, fari′na, finance′, fune′real, fusil′, glac′ier (*glas*), gon′dola, gua′vo (*gwa*), heg′ira (*ge*), hered′itary, het′eroge″neous, hori′zon, hy′mene″al, im′becile″ (*seel″*), im′pious, indeco′rous, im″preca′tory, indis′putable, indis′soluble, in′imi″cal, inter′calar, in′terfe″rence, inter′stice, in′tricate, in′valid″ (*leed, s.*), inval′id (*adj.*), ir′reme″diable, Lascar′, lab′oratory, lam′entable, legu′men, machi′nist (*chi=shee*), Mahom′et, mar′tinet″, med′icament, med′ici″nal, mes′entery, met″onym′y, mis′cellany, mis′chievous, mob′ile (*mob*), moun′tainous, nat′ional (*nash*), no″mencla′ture, o′asis, ob′durate, omeg′a, or′chestre, omnip′otent, om′nipres″ence, oppo′nent, or′ison, pacha′ (*shaw*), pan′ace″a, pan′egyr″ic, pan″egyri′ze, paro′quet″, per′emptory, phrenet′ic, phreni′tis, pleth′ora, plethor′ic, prolix′, quanda′ry, ratan′, recep′tacle, rec′itative″ (*teev*), recep′tory, recon′dite, rep′ertory, ref′ragable, irref′ragable, rev′enue, sali′va, sati′ety, seques′ter, seques′trate, sono′rous, stalac′tite, stalag′mite, sub′altern, subjec′ted, suc′cessor, synec′doche, the′atre, trou′badour″, uten′sil, verti′go (*tee*).

TRANSPOSITION OF ACCENT.

110. When words that have a partial sameness of formation occur antithetically in a sentence, the accent is removed from its customary seat, and placed on that syllable in which the words differ, as in the sentence, "Their thoughts ac'cusing or else ex'cusing one another." A similar change takes place in such words as the following, when in opposition:—

EXERCISES.

Giving—forgiving; plausibility—probability; confuse—refuse (*v.*); done—undone; justice—injustice; mortal—immortal; simulation—dissimulation; visible—invisible; increase—decrease; proportion—disproportion; religion—irreligion; untaught—ill-taught.

FALSE ACCENTS IN POETRY.

111. Poetry very frequently allows a transposition of accent: the change is generally made from the first to the second syllable, and is then considered *allowable;* but no change is permitted from the second to the first. In the pronunciation of false accents, it may be stated as a general rule, that the metrical accent is never to supersede the ordinary accent which custom assigns to the word in prose, as in the following lines:—

"False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on every place."

"My soul ascends above the sky,
And triumphs in her liberty."

"Who now triumphs, and in the excess of joy."

"Beyond all past example and future."

112. The very important principle which regulates the accentuation of poetry is explained under the head of Time of Poetry; but it may be necessary to state here, that where the ear is not satisfied with the proper accent, the metrical and customary accents may be both marked; as, "Only to shine, but not to con'tribute'." "Our su'preme' foe, in time, may much remit," &c.

PRONUNCIATION.

113. Pronunciation is the correct appropriation of the particular sounds, articulations, and accents which polite usage and analogy have assigned to words.

The exercises under the various vowels and articulations contain many words liable to be mispronounced with regard to the peculiar sounds under which they are placed; but, in a department so extensive, it is impossible to give any general summary. The mode of utterance so varies in particular localities and in different ranks, that custom or fashion can be rarely depended on. The study of the subject under a competent instructor, aided by reference to the standard orthoepical dictionaries of the language, can alone supply the deficiency.

REPETITION OF SOUNDS AND JUNCTION OF WORDS.

114. Sounds and articulations of a similar formation should not be allowed to coalesce. Distinctness requires that each sound shall be completed before another is begun; and, at the same time, that the end of the one and the commencement of the other shall be made so quickly, that, while their separation is distinctly effected, continuity may not be broken by any pause. How is a pause to be avoided? Simply by a very slight downward action of the lower jaw, which, separating the parts that produced the articulation, will leave them at perfect liberty for the utterance of the same or a similar sound.—Sections 57, 58.

Wild delight—call lustily—and drink cream—this summer—his shout—begin nobly—less zeal—weep bitterly—speedy yachts—mercy's sake—the Ethiopian changing his {skin / kin} and the leopard his {spots / pots}—zealous citizens searching. All night it hung {an ice drop / a nice drop} there. The torments of {an ever / a never} meddling memory. I intend to {suit / shoot} myself soon. The {Jews / dews} fall every night. Whose {beard / beer} descending. Sad {angler. / dangler.} His {cry / crime} moved me. He will {pray / prate} to anybody. He could {pay / pain} nobody. Look on this {spot. / pot.} The dispute was about a {duel. / jewel.} Art thou afeard to be the same in {thine own / thy known} act and valour?

The preceding remarks and exercises refer to the utterance of single words. The following subdivisions of the subject belong to the utterance of words when combined into phrases, clauses, or sentences.

RHETORICAL PUNCTUATION—ORATORICAL WORDS.

115. Punctuation is the art of dividing a written composition into sentences or parts of sentences, by points or stops, for the purpose of marking, *to the eye*, the different pauses which sense and grammatical construction require.* RHETORICAL PUNCTUATION subdivides *for the judgment and for the ear*; considering pauses only as adjuncts to distinct and expressive delivery, and as means by which an auditor may understand without confusion and without fatigue.

116. This system lays down a series of rules which do not affect the duration of pauses, but which point out those places in a composition where audibility and intelligence require them. The duration of pauses cannot be fixed by any rule; because the style of an author,

* The necessity of sensible punctuation may be illustrated by the following lines:—

I saw a peacock with a fiery tail
I saw a blazing star that dropp'd down hail
I saw a cloud begirt with ivy round
I saw a sturdy oak creep on the ground
I saw a daisy swallow up a whale
I saw the brackish sea brimful of ale
I saw a phial-glass sixteen yards deep
I saw a well full of men's tears to weep
I saw man's eyes all on a flame of fire
I saw a house high as the moon or higher
I saw the radiant sun at deep midnight
I saw the man who saw this dreadful sight

his subject, and the particular expression which it requires; as well as the purport of the speaker, his acquired habits of utterance, the varying shades of passion or of emotion that he would portray—all materially contribute to vary the frequency and time of rhetorical punctuation: but, though the absolute quantity of every group is at the will of the speaker, there must at all times be a relative duration, partly dependent on the nature of the composition, and partly on the speaker's powers of conception and expression.

117. The following musical pauses may be introduced as guides to the student during his initiatory exercises. The ordinary grammatical pauses will be omitted, although, in ordinary composition, they form an indeterminate portion of oratorical pauses:—

The Semibreve, or longest pause, marked thus:		𝄻
The Minim, or long pause,	,,	𝄼
The Crotchet, or middle pause,	,,	𝄽
The Quaver, or shortest pause,	,,	𝄾

A semibreve pause is in time equal to two minims, four crotchets, or eight quavers. A minim pause is in time equal to half a semibreve, or to two crotchets, or four quavers. A crotchet pause is in time equal to the fourth of a semibreve, to the half of a minim, or to two quavers. A quaver pause is in time equal to the eighth of a semibreve, the fourth of a minim, or the half of a crotchet.*

118. The shortest pause (𝄾) is necessarily introduced at the end of every oratorical word; the middle pause (𝄽) at the end of any distinct *part* of a proposition; the long pause (𝄼) at the termination of a proposition; and the longest pause (𝄻) at the termination of an important division of a discourse. The rhetorical sense, not the grammatical expression, determines the relative situation and length of each pause.—Sections 124, 125.

RULES FOR RHETORICAL PAUSES.

119. *Pause and replenish the lungs with breath—*

After the nominative, when it consists of several words, or of one important word. A pause after a pronoun in the nominative case is only admissible when it is emphatic.

Before and after all parenthetic, explanatory, and intermediate clauses.

After words in apposition or in opposition.

Before relative pronouns.

Before and after clauses introduced by prepositions.

Between the several members of a series.

Before all conjunctions; and after all conjunctions which introduce important words, clauses, or sentences.

Between all nouns and pronouns that are nominatives to a verb, or that are governed by a verb; between all adjectives (except the last) which qualify a noun; and all adverbs (except the last) which qualify either verbs, adjectives, or adverbs.

Before the infinitive mood, when not immediately preceded by a modifying word.

Wherever an ellipsis takes place.

Between the object and the modifying word in their inverted order.

Generally before and after emphatic words.

* In verse or in rhythmical prose all pauses are as significant as sound in forming harmony (*see Time of Poetry*).

EXAMPLES OF RHETORICAL PAUSES.

120. SHORT PAUSE, QUAVER REST, ⌉

The laurels of the warrior⌉ are dyed in blood ‖

Anxiety⌉ is the poison of human life ‖

And Nathan⌉ said unto David⌈ Thou⌉ art the man ‖

Well⌈ honour⌉ is⌉ the subject of my story ‖

Riches⌉ pleasure⌉ and health⌉ are evils⌈ to those⌉ who know not⌉ how to use them ‖

Nations⌉ like men⌉ fail in nothing⌉ which they boldly⌉ and virtuously⌉ attempt ‖

Let but one brave⌉ great⌉ active⌉ disinterested man⌉ arise⌈ and he will be received⌉ followed⌉ and venerated ‖

A people⌉ once enslaved⌈ may groan⌉ ages⌉ in bondage ‖

Add to your faith⌉ virtue⌈ and to virtue⌉ knowledge⌈ and to knowledge⌉ temperance⌈ and to temperance⌉ patience ‖

121. MIDDLE PAUSE, CROTCHET REST, ⌈

This pause is chiefly employed

To divide the principal parts of a sentence:—

My heart⌉ was wounded⌉ with the arrow of affliction⌈ and my eyes⌉ became dim⌉ with sorrow ‖

Man⌉ that is born of a woman⌉ hath but a short time to live⌈ and is full of misery ‖

There can be nothing⌉ more prejudicial⌉ to the great interests of a nation⌈ than unsettled⌉ and varying policy ‖

Before and after all parenthetic clauses:—

Beauty⌈ like a flower⌈ soon fades away ‖

Genius⌈ the pride of man⌉ as man is⌉ of the creation⌈ has been possessed but by few ‖

In connecting sentences closely allied in sense:—

Logicians⌉ may reason about abstractions⌈ but⌉ the great mass of mankind⌉ cannot feel an interest in them⌈ They must have images ‖

In his own view⌈ Napoleon⌉ stood apart from other men — He was not to be measured⌉ by the standard of humanity⌈ He was not to be subjected⌉ to laws⌉ or obligations⌉ which all others⌉ were expected⌉ to obey⌈ Nature⌉ and the human will⌉ were to bend to his power ‖

122. LONG PAUSE, MINIM REST, —

This pause is used at the close of every proposition that conveys complete sense. When perfect rhetorical meaning is not conveyed at the close of a grammatical sentence, the crotchet rest should be used

123. LONGEST PAUSE, SEMIBREVE REST, 𝄻

This pause should be employed at the close of every division of a discourse; before a new train of ideas, or a course of argument; at a return from a digression, or from excited declamation to calm statement and logical discussion.

GENERAL EXERCISE IN PAUSE.

When at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention or whom no treaty and no signature could bind and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself he decreed to make the country possessed by those incorrigible and predestinated criminals a memorable example to mankind.—He resolved in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance and to put perpetual desolation as a barrier between him and those against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together was no protection.—

He became at length so confident of his force and so collected in his might that he made no secret whatever of his dreadful resolution.—Having terminated his disputes with every enemy and every rival who buried their mutual animosities in their common interest against the creditors of the Nabob of Arcot he drew from every quarter whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the art of destruction and compounding all the materials of fury into one black cloud he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains.—Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor which blackened all the horizon it suddenly burst and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic.—

Then ensued a scene of woe the like of which no eye had seen nor heart conceived and which no tongue can adequately tell.—All the horrors of war before known or heard of were mercy to that new havoc.—A storm of universal fire blasted every field consumed every house and destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants flying from their flaming villages in part were slaughtered others without regard to sex to age to rank or sacredness of function fathers torn from their children husbands from wives enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry and amidst the goading spears of drivers and the trampling of pursuing horses were swept into captivity in an unknown and hostile land.—Those who were able to evade this tempest fled to the walled cities but

escaping from fire] sword] and exile [they fell into the jaws of famine ‖

So completely] did these masters in their art] absolve themselves of their impious vow [that [when the British armies] traversed] as they did] the Carnatic] for hundreds of miles in all directions [through the whole line of their march] they did not see one man] not one woman] not one child] not one four-footed beast] of any description whatever [One dead] uniform silence [reigned] over the whole region ‖ —*Burke.*

124. Perhaps the readiest mode of acquiring a correct idea of rhetorical punctuation is, to consider every cluster of words so connected as to admit of no separation, and containing a distinct primary or modifying idea, only as one oratorical word. These oratorical words must be separated from each other by pauses of greater or less duration.

125. The division of sentences into oratorical words is equally necessary to present a composition in intelligible groups to the ear of the auditor, and to enable the speaker to replenish his lungs for the easy delivery of the words (secs. 17, 119.) The necessities of respiration are thus combined with the partial developments of sense, till the completion of the proposition, or of the period, is made. They also give *time*—the most important adjunct of effect in expression and action.

126. The following may serve as a specimen of the system recommended: analogous groupings may be formed on every page:—

Reason guides-a-man to-an-entire-conviction of-the-historical-proofs of-the-Christian-religion; after-which it-delivers and-abandons-him to-another-light which though-not-contrary is-entirely-different-from-it and-infinitely-superior-to-it.

127. Marked thus, according to the musical notation.—Sec. 117.

Reason] guides a man] to an entire conviction] of the historical proofs] of the Christian religion [after which] it delivers] and abandons him] to another light [which] though not contrary] is entirely different from it [and infinitely superior to it ‖

EMPHATICAL PAUSE.

128. A sudden pause, introduced where the rhetorical sense does not require it, is frequently a very effective mode of giving expression to emotion:—

> Oh, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
> That I am meek and gentle, with these] butchers!
> If thou dost slander her, and] torture] me,
> Never pray more!

ACCENTUATION OF ORATORICAL WORDS.

129. As an oratorical word may consist of a far greater number of syllables than a grammatical word, it becomes necessary to introduce

new degrees of stress, that the relative value of the various groups may be effectively presented to the ear and to the mind. The principal part of the oratorical word must be distinguished in the same manner as the accented syllable of the grammatical word, but with greater organic force.

130. Stress, applied to the accent of grammatical words, is called Syllabic; applied to oratorical words, being determined by meaning, it may be called Sentential.

131. The sentential accent of oratorical words always coincides (unless in certain cases of emphasis) with the syllabic accent, but it is uttered with greater respiratory chest-effort. In general, emphatic words are distinguished by an increased degree of accent: thus, the words *ignoble, angel, temperance,* have a syllabic accent, which coincides with the *emphatic* accent heard in the following lines:—

Rising to the IGNOBLE call.
As if an ANGEL spoke.
Health consists with TEMPERANCE alone.

132. The accents of oratorical words are distinguished from those of grammatical words by being employed in determining the meaning, or in denoting the relative value, of the various groups; sentences thus forming compound oratorical words, having the primary accent on the principal word.

133. It is impossible to assign invariably the position of the sentential accents, for it constantly changes with the sense; so that the proper application of these accents, being left wholly to the speaker, becomes, in some manner, the best test of the accuracy or comprehensiveness of his judgment. The general principle of sentential accents is, that qualifying words require a stronger accent than the words which they qualify. The grouping of the several oratorical words is denoted by hyphens; the marks for the primary (″) and secondary (′) sentential accents have no connexion with the marks employed in the after-part of this work to denote Inflexion.

He-reads′-correct″ly. She-sings′-sweet″ly. The-Chris′tian's-hope″. The-poor′-man's-pray″er. The-rights′-of-the peo″ple. Relig″ion without-big″otry. The-fear′of-God″ is-the-begin′ning of-wis″dom. Av″arice cov′ets-wealth″. To-prac″tise-vir′tue is-the-sure′-way to-love″-it. A-true″-friend′ unbo′soms-free″ly, advi′ses-just″ly, assists′-read″ily, adven′tures-bold″ly. His-en′ergies as-a-man″, his-affec′tion as-a-fa″ther, his-solic′itude as-a-king″, his-zeal′ as-a-Chris″tian, were-nev′er-e″qualled.

The-shud″dering-ten′ant of-the-frig″id-zone
Bold″ly-proclaims′-that-hap″py-spot his-own″,
Extols″-the-treas′ures of-his-stor″my-seas′
And-his-long″-nights of-rev″elry and-ease″.

134. Frequently, adjectives, adverbs, and other words which usually qualify, are merely expletive or additive, and then require only the secondary accent.

The-spa'cious-fir"mament on-high',
With-all'-the-blue' ethe'real-sky",
And-spang'led-heav"ens—a-shin"ing-frame'—
Their-great'-Orig"inal proclaim".

135. The simile, or illustrative phrase, takes the primary accent.

Be-thou' as-a-light" to-direct-my-steps.
Hope', the-balm"-of-life', soothes-misfortune.
The-earth', like-a-ten'der-mo"ther, nourishes-her-children.

136. Sameness of expression requires to be concealed and relieved by variety of accent.

"Come'-back"! come"-back'!" he-cried-in-grief.

None' but-the-brave"
None" but-the-brave'
None' but"-the-brave", deserves'-the-fair".

137. Words, which in ordinary use are unaccented, may be made suggestive of antithesis, or emphatic,* by being accented.

My" book is torn. Did you" not speak to it? It is past" six o'clock. I" will not say so. It is not your" business. He did not flee to the of"ficer.

138. Syllabic stress (*i. e.* verbal accent) is sufficient to denote antithesis, when the word is, in its natural expression, unaccented; as, *on'* the table (not *under* it).

139. All emphatic words are best expressed by the primary accent.

All'-par"tial-e"vil's univer"sal-good". They'-that-sow" in-tears", shall-reap" in-joy". Rend'-your-heart", and-not'-your-gar"ments. If-to-do" were-as-ea'sy as-to-know' what-were-good"-to-do, chap"els had-been-chur"ches, and-poor"-men's-cot"tages prin"ces'-pal"aces. Who' steals'-my-purse", steals'-trash".

Unblem"ished, let'-me-live"; or-die",-unknown"!
Oh, grant'-me hon"est-fame', or" grant'-me none".

140. Antithesis may be suggested by the primary accent.—Section 137.

I fight not for" Cæsar. We can do nothing against" the truth. No man can form a just estimate of his own" powers. Strength and majesty belong to man". He is one of Na"ture's noblemen. The awful now", asks us but once to embrace it.

* To make an accented syllable emphatic, a greater degree of respiratory effort from the chest should be given on its utterance. The syllabic accent has, for its principal machine, the pharynx. But emphatic syllables may be distinguished by many other modes.—*Vide* EMPHASIS.

He requires a vol"untary service. I could not treat a dog" ill. Excess" of ceremony shows want of breeding. There is" a world where no storms intrude: sin is not there". A bro"ken and a contrite" heart, O God, thou wilt not despise". Enter not into judg"ment with thy servant, O Lord. Virtue has a celes"tial origin. They that are whole" need not a physician. God is able of these stones" to raise up children unto Abraham.

Those governments, which curb" not evils, cause";
And a rich" knave's a libel on our laws.

141. In a very important clause, the primary accent may be laid on each of the principal words (*staccato*).

Heaven" and' earth" will" wit"ness,
If" Rome" must" fall", that we" are' in"nocent.

142. Words that are absolute in their signification, should be distinguished by the primary accent and a long pause.

Guilt" is the source of sorrow. He who has not vir"tue is not truly wise. New"ton was a Christian. Good"-name", in man or woman, is the immediate jewel of our souls. Neces"-sity is a principal virtue. O, be joyful in the Lord", all ye lands. Let us beseech Him to grant us" true repentance.

143. The higher the pitch of accented words, the greater is the degree of earnestness expressed.

INFLEXION.

144. Inflexions are tones of speech proceeding by slides from one note to another: they are distinguished from tones of song, which leap from note to note, and dwell on each for some perceptible time. Melody in song arises from sound, and is regulated by it; in speech, it should be regulated principally by sense.

145. All notes of speech are either Continuative (Monotone), Acute, or Grave, or a combination of these qualities. When the tone is unvaried, it is called Continuative, or Monotone (— — —); when it slides upward, it is called a Rising Inflexion (ˊ); when downward, a Falling Inflexion (ˋ).

146. The Rising Inflexion denotes, *primarily*, suspension, doubt, uncertainty, or incompletion of sense; the Falling Inflexion, conviction, or completion of sense.

147. In the intelligible expression of words, it is found that certain degrees of sense are best expressed by proportionate degrees of inflexion. To attain variety in practice, each class may be considered to consist of *three* degrees; but many more are observable in a well-disciplined voice.

148. The *First* Degree of the Rising Inflexion (ˊ) is a slight upward turn given to the voice on the accented syllable of the oratorical word. It does not exceed a third of the musical scale; but most frequently is confined to *one*, seldom extending to *two* notes. In the

Exercises, this mark (') is principally employed, not for Sentential, but for Modulative Inflexions.

149. The *Second* Degree of the Rising Inflexion (") is a still higher note, varying from a third to a fifth of the musical scale. Its principal use is to mark suspension, or continuance, of meaning. When employed at the termination of a sentence, it conveys doubt, or appeal to the judgment of the auditor. It is also heard in emphatic speech, and in all cases where the first degree must be followed by an increase of the same inflexion. It naturally denotes the tone peculiar to surprise, love, admiration, &c. When raised only to the musical degree of a minor third, it is expressive of pain, grief, melancholy, &c.

150. The *Third* Degree of the Rising Inflexion (''') varies from the fifth to an octave. Its use is very rare, and it is only employed to mark the *extremes* of either of the feelings expressed by the inferior degrees.

151. The *First* Degree of the Falling Inflexion (`) is a very slight downward turn given to the voice, denoting conclusion or completion in unemphatic speech. (In the Exercises, it is chiefly employed to mark the preparatory Modulative slide.)

152. The *Second* Degree of the Falling Inflexion (``) has the same effect as the first degree in emphatic speech. In formation, it is nearly the same; but it is more distinct, the inflected syllable more *thrown out*, as it were, from the mouth. When used on a sentence which grammatically conveys imperfect sense, it avoids the suspensive meaning by noting conviction. In incomplete sense, it is used to mark emphasis, &c.

153. The *Third* Degree of the Falling Inflexion (```) is merely an increase of the second, and is in its nature wholly emphatic. In tone it is higher than the second degree.

154. It must be observed that Falling Inflexions do not sink below the level of the voice, but are always struck *above* it, and then terminate *on* the level. But, in emphatic suspension of meaning, the Falling Inflexions are kept above the general level.—Section 168.

155. When the Rising and Falling Inflexions are united, a Circumflex is formed. There are primarily *two* Circumflexes—the Rising and the Falling.

156. The Rising Circumflex (ˇ) begins with the Falling and ends with the Rising Inflexion; it seems to *slur* these notes, and to turn the voice upwards. On the low tones of the voice, it gives peculiar expression to words, and, when slightly prolonged, is suggestive of irony; on the higher notes it marks extreme surprise, admiration, &c. Sometimes, in intense irony, the Rising Circumflex combines three distinct notes, thus (ˇˆ).

157. The Falling Circumflex (ˆ) begins with the Rising, and ends with the Falling Inflexion, and turns the voice downwards. It gives peculiar emphasis to words; and, when prolonged, is expressive of contemptuous irony, derision, reproach. Its extreme form consists of three distinct notes (ˆˇ).

158. The Circumflexes increase the pitch and power of ordinary Inflexions, and may be considered as their *emphatic* forms. Their employment, dependent wholly on energy and expression, must be left to the taste of the reader.

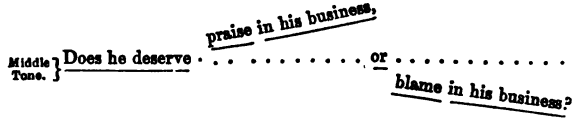
159. Falling Inflexions give power and emphasis to words; Rising Inflexions give beauty and variety. Rising Inflexions may also be

emphatic, but their effect is not so great as that of Falling Inflexions.

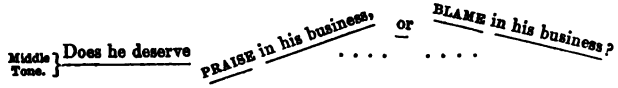
160. Emphasis and Emotion overbear all minor inflexions; so that an earnest and impassioned speaker will not give the same accentuation to a passage as one who is correct but lifeless. It is impossible to lay down any system that shall note all the modifications of tone and tune, unless we could consider the emotion or energy that may be expressed; but, even in the most impassioned delivery, there are general significant inflexions employed on the important oratorical words, which regulate the utterance of the minor groups.

161. The popular direction, to "drop the voice at the end of a sentence," is not only contrary to sense, but destructive of effect. The last words are always as important as the first, and they should be, at least, as audible. The injudicious reader makes his falling inflexion consist of a sudden dropping of the voice below its general level; but propriety and audibility require that the downward slide should be made from a higher and louder key to the level of the general key.—Section 154.

162. The unskilful reader allows the voice to fall, not on the key, but below it; as in the following sentence:—

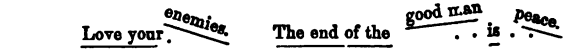


But the reader who aims at audibility slightly raises his tone above the key, and then slides downward on it: thus—

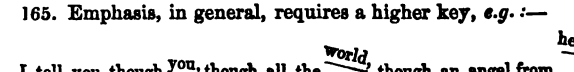


163. The primarily accented syllable should commence the inflexion, which should be continued on all the syllables that compose the oratorical word; for, words or syllables belonging to the same group and following the primary accent, are enclitic in their nature, and should be continued on the same inflexion, but in a feebler degree.—*See Table of Inflexions*, 177.

164. All accented syllables are slightly raised above the level of unaccented syllables.



165. Emphasis, in general, requires a higher key, *e.g.*:—



should declare the truth of it, I would not believe it.—*See also* 154.

166. A great degree of earnestness may be given to accented and emphatic words by heightening their pitch.

167. To prevent any vocal *angularity*, a slight opposite inflexion should be used on the accented syllable preceding the principal inflexion, that the voice may easily rise or fall.—*See* MODULATIVE INFLEXIONS.

168. There should be a marked distinction between the Falling Inflexion in the middle and at the close of a sentence. The former is made on a higher note (commencing above the general level), with increased force and intensity.—Section 165.

169. The degree of inflexion must be correspondent to the force of the tone.

170. Although, in animated speech, every oratorical word has its distinctive inflexion, only that one which is principal will be marked; and then only if it is required to illustrate the particular rule or observation. But, as a general principle, it may be stated, that *words not inflected are to be read in the Continuative Tone.*

171. Inflexions are of two kinds, DETERMINATE and MODULATIVE. The Determinate Inflexions are those which, depending on the construction of the sentence, are regulated by the sense to be conveyed: these should generally be the same among all readers who express the same degree of meaning. The Modulative Inflexions are not determined by sense so much as by taste; they are used to prepare for those which are Determinate, and to introduce melody and variety: these will not necessarily be used in the same manner by all readers, or even by the same reader at different times.

172. All sentences may convey meaning in two ways—either in a Direct, or in an Oblique form.

173. In the DIRECT form, the words have no further signification than what they grammatically express. This form occurs in every sentence which conveys a simple statement without reference to any other statement, either expressed or understood. In this form the ordinary determinate inflexions are sufficient.

174. In the OBLIQUE form, the words have a further signification than the mere grammatical meaning conveys; a signification which may relate either to an opposite meaning, or to a greater degree of the same meaning. All oblique sentences are most effectively read with an emphatic circumflexed inflexion.

CONTINUATIVE TONE.*

175. The Continuative Tone is formed by avoiding any *marked* inflexion. It is used in the unemphatic pronunciation of the minor words in a sentence; in pronouncing those passages that are of little importance to the meaning, or those with which the auditor may be supposed to be pre-acquainted.

As we perceive the shadow to have moved along the di"al, but did not perceive" it mo"ving; and it appears that the

* Although it is impossible to utter any series of words without inflexion, yet it is thought best to mark the groups of Continuative Tone with no inflexion; because the natural variety of accent, and its necessary inflexion, will generally be sufficient. Continuative tone may therefore be considered as possessed of inflexion, but subdued and dependent on accentuation: and *determinate* inflexions may be left for the illustration of sense in its various proportions.—See *Monotone* for the difference between it and Continuative Tone.

grass has" grown' though nobody ever saw" it grow': so the advances we make in knowl"edge, as they consist of such minute" steps', are on'ly perceiv"able by the dis'tance gone o"ver.

TABLES OF INFLEXIONS.

The acute accents (") denote the rising inflexion; the grave accents (") the falling inflexion. (The accented words in these tables require a marked and distinctive pronunciation.)

176. *The rising followed by the falling.*	*The falling followed by the rising.*
Did he say ho"ly, or whol"ly?	He said ho"ly, not whol"ly.
Did he say i"dle, or i"dol?	He said i"dle, not i"dol.
Did he say jes"ter, or ges"ture?	He said jes"ter, not ges"ture.
Did he say axe", or acts"?	He said axe", not acts".
Did he say atten"dance, or atten"dants?	He said atten"dance, not atten"dants.
Did he say rel"ic, or rel"ict?	He said rel"ic, not rel"ict.
Did he say fa"ther, or far"ther?	He said fa"ther, not far"ther.
Did he say pull", or pool"?	He said pull", not pool".

177. *The inflexions followed by unaccented syllables, continuative of the preceding inflexion.*

Did he say pres"ence of his friends, or pres"ents of his friends?

He said pres"ence of his friends, not pres"ents of his friends.

Did he say the flour" was destroyed, or the flow"er was destroyed?

He said the flour" was destroyed, not the flow"er was destroyed

Was he rat"ional, or ir"rational in his speech? He was rat"ional not ir"rational in his speech.

Did he say the prin"ciple had no existence, or the prin"cipal had no existence?

He said the prin"ciple had no existence, not the prin"cipal had no existence?

Did he say the mare" was bought, or the may"or was bought?

He said the mare" was bought, not the may"or was bought.

178. I.—The inflexion is marked on the accented syllable, and continued in any that may follow, in a feebler tone.

II.—Unimportant words preceding the inflexion are read in the Continuative tone.

III.—The principal word before the rising inflexion may have a modulative fall; before the falling inflexion a modulative rise.

IV.—The inflexions should be practised on all the musical intervals. Those most frequently employed are, the *second*, in ordinary discourse; the *third*, in animated speech; the *fifth*, in emphatic delivery; and (sometimes) the *octave*, in passion. The *minor third* in either rise or fall is peculiarly expressive of melancholy.

EXERCISES ON DETERMINATE INFLEXIONS.

179. Rule I.—Whenever the sense of a sentence, or clause of a sentence, is incomplete, dependent or suspended, a rising inflexion must be used.*

As no man is alike unfit for ev″ery employment, so, there is not any man unfit for all.

Not an eminent orator has lived″,† who is not an example of the power of industry.

Nothing will ever be attemp″ted, if all possible objections must first be overcome.

A man never detects a pleas″ing error, till reflection operates.

Adver″sity is the parent of piety.

The Lord reign″eth, let the earth rejoice.

Music is certainly a very agreeable entertain″ment; but it must not take the entire possession of our ears.‡

Painting, poetry, eloquence, and every other art, may be abused″, and may prove dangerous in the hands of bad″ men; but it were ridiculous to contend that, upon this account, they ought to be abolished.

Gratian recommends fine taste″, as the utmost perfection of an accomplished man.

180. A series of members forming imperfect sense should be read with a progressively increasing rising inflexion. The *determinate* inflexion of the penultimate member may be superseded by a *modulative* falling inflexion, to prepare for the agreeable termination of the series.

To advise the ig″norant, relieve the nee`dy, and comfort the afflic″ted, are duties that fall in our way every day of our lives.

The verdant lawn″, the shady grove″. the variegated land″scape, the boundless o`cean, and the starry fir″mament, are contemplated with pleasure by every beholder.

* Any sentence may be made appellative by a predominant rising inflexion. All sentences, therefore, which convey appeal, should be read with the suspended inflexion.

† The grammatical sense of the first part is modified by the second, and therefore requires the rising inflexion.

‡ A statement to which a condition is appended is incomplete until the condition is stated; and it therefore should be terminated with the suspensive inflexion.

Human"ity, jus"tice, generos`ity, and public spir"'it, are the qualities that chiefly recommend man to man.

When the gay and smiling aspect of things has begun to leave the passages to a man's heart unguard"ed; when kind and caressing looks of every object without that can flatter his senses, have conspired with the enemy within, to betray him and put him off his defence"; when Music likewise hath lent her aid, and tried her power upon the pas"sions; when the voice of singing men, and the voice of singing women, with the sound of the viol and the lute, have broken in upon his soul, and, in some tender notes, have touched the secret springs of rap"'ture,—that moment, if we dissect and look into his heart, we shall see how vain, how weak, how empty a thing it is.

The horrid crags, by toppling convent crown"'d;
The cork-trees hoar, that clothe the shaggy steep";
The mountain-moss, by scorching skies imbrown"'d;
The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs must weep";
The tender azure of the unruffled deep";
The orange tints, that gild the greenest bough";
The torrents, that from cliff to valley leap";
The vine on high`, the willow-branch below"';
Mixed in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow.

181. In sentences composed of several clauses conveying imperfect sense, and independent of each other's meaning, although dependent in construction, the distinctness of each portion is frequently best preserved by a falling inflexion; provided that there is no climax, or regular rhetorical gradation, either in the thought or the expression.

It was before De"'ity, embodied in a hu"man form, walking among men", partaking of their infir"mities, leaning on their bo"soms, weeping over their graves", slumbering in the man"ger, bleeding on the cross", that the prejudices of the syn"agogue, and the doubts of the acad"emy, and the pride of the por"tico, and the fasces of the lic"tor, and the swords of thirty le"gions, were humbled in the dust.

To acquire a thorough knowledge of our own hearts and char"acters; to restrain every irregular inclina"tion; to subdue every rebellious pas"sion; to purify the motives of our con"duct; to form ourselves to that tem"perance, which no pleasure can seduce"; to that meek"ness, which no provocation can ruf"fle; to that pa"tience, which no affliction can overwhelm"; and to that integ"'rity, which no interest can shake": this is the task which is assigned to us—a task which cannot be performed without the utmost diligence and care.

The distribution of oceans, seas and riv"ers; the variety of

fields, meadows, and groves\; the luxuriance of fruits, herbs, and flow\ers; the return of spring, summer, autumn, and win\ter; the pleasant vicissitudes of day\ and night"; all have a voice, which, by telling man that he is constantly *receiving* favours, reminds him that he should be equally ready to *bestow* them.

I conjure you,—
Though you untie the winds\, and let them fight
Against the church\es; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up\;
Though bladed corn be lodged\, and trees blown down\;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads\;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their founda\tions; though the treasure
Of Nature's germins tumble all together,
Even till Destruction sick"'en; answer me
To what I ask you.

To play with important truths\, to disturb the repose of established ten\ets, to subtilize objec\tions, and to elude proofs", are too often the sport of youthful vanity; of which maturer age commonly repents.

182. When any word is introduced that causes an oblique or a referential meaning to be conveyed, such word must be pronounced with emphatic force, and with a circumflexed inflexion.—Sec. 174. If the oblique word is absolute in its signification, the falling circumflex should be employed; if negative or relative, the rising.

When people are determined to quarrel, a straw will furnish the occasion.

The labour of years is often insufficient for a complete reformation.

A man of a polite imagination can converse with a picture, and find an agreeable companion in a statue.

The bounties of Providence are so manifold, that a grateful heart is overpowered when it calls them to remembrance.

We shudder at the very thought of dissolution.

Our sight is the most perfect of all our senses.

And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of order, sins against the Eternal Cause.

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,—
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy,—
Is Virtue's prize.

183. RULE II. Whenever the sense of a sentence, or clause of a sentence, is complete or independent, a Falling Inflexion should be used.—Sections 146, 154.

The gradations of art are always labo"rious: no man can attain excellence at once'.

Behold the emblem of thy state,
In flow"ers—which bloom and die'.

It is of the utmost importance to season the passions of a child with devo"tion,* which seldom dies in a mind that has received an ear"ly tinc'ture of it.

If we hope for what we are not likely to possess, we act and think in vain"; and make life a greater dream and shadow than it really is'.

Man is seldom willing to let fall the opinion of his own dig"nity: he is better content to want diligence than pow"er; he sooner confesses the depravity of his will, than the imbecility of his na'ture.

184. A series of members forming perfect sense should be read with a Falling Inflexion, progressively increasing in height and loudness of tone.—Sections 146, 154. A modulative Rising Inflexion may be introduced on the penultimate member.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind"; charity en"vieth not; charity vaunteth not itself", is not puffed up", doth not behave itself unseem"ly, seeketh not her *own*", is not easily provoked", *think"eth* no e'vil; rejoiceth not in iniq"uity, but rejoiceth in the truth"; bear"eth all things, believ"eth all things, ho'peth all things, endur"eth all things'.

The chief security against the fruitless anguish of impatience must arise from frequent reflection on the wisdom and goodness of the God of Na"ture, in whose hands are riches and po"verty, honour and disgrace", pleasure and pain", and life' and death'.

Complaisance renders a superior a"miable, an equal agree"able, and an inferior accep'table.

The society of a discreet and virtuous friend eases and unloads the mind", clears and improves the understand"ing, engenders thoughts and knowl"edge, animates virtue and good resolu"tions, and finds employment for the vacant hours of life'.

Life is constantly ravaged by inva"ders: one steals away

* When the relative pronoun *limits* its antecedent, a Rising Inflexion is required to note the incompletion of the rhetorical sentence; but, in all sentences where it merely echoes it, (as in the above,) it leaves the sense unchanged, and conforms to the rule.

an hour, another a day"; one conceals the robbery by hurrying us into business, another by lulling us with amuse"ment: the depredation is continued through a thousand vicissitudes of tumult and tranquillity, till, having lost all, we can lose no more'.

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of heav"en; a happiness
That, even above the smiles and frowns of fate,
Exalts great Nature's fa"vourites; a wealth
That ne'er encum"bers, nor to baser hands
Can be transferred": it is the only good
Man justly boasts of, or can call his own'.

185. Frequently the members of a series admit of classification; and then the idea of the separate distinctness of the parts may be best preserved by a Falling Inflexion at the termination of each group, except *the last, which, in imperfect sense,* requires a Rising Inflexion.

For I am persuaded that neither death', nor life",—nor an'gels, nor principal'ities, nor pow"ers,—nor things pres'ent, nor things to come",—nor height', nor depth', nor any other crea"ture, shall be able to separate us from the love of God.

Neither blind'ness, nor gout', nor age', nor pen"ury,—nor domestic afflic'tions, nor political disappoint"ments,—nor abuse', nor proscrip'tion, nor neglect",—had power to disturb the serene and majestic patience of Milton.

186. In Climax there is a regular rhetorical gradation of meaning, which must be pronounced with a correspondent increase or swell of the voice. The Inflexions are the same as in sentences of a similar grammatical construction.

Consult your whole nature: consider yourselves not only as sen"sitive, but as ra"tional be'ings; not only as ra"tional, but so"cial; not only as so"'cial, but immor"'tal.

From law', arises secu"rity; from secu"rity, inqui"ry; from inqui"ry, knowl"edge; and from knowl"edge, pow"er.

He causes the ban"ner to be erec'ted, the charge" to be soun'ded, the soldiers at a distance recalled". He runs from place to place", his whole frame is in ac"tion; his words', his looks', his mo'tion, his ges"tures, exhort his men to remember their for"mer val'our. He draws them up, and causes the sig"nal to be giv'en. Two of his legions are entirely surroun"ded: he seizes a buckler from one of his private men"; puts himself at the head of his broken troops"; darts into the *thick* of the bat"tle; rescues his le'gions, and overthrows" the en'emy!

Ah! must I dwell in infinite despair
As many years as atoms in the air"?
When these expire, as many yet in store
As grains of sand that crowd the ebbing shore"?
When these are gone, as many to ensue
As blades of grass on hills or dales that grew"?
When these pass o'er, as many left behind
As leaves of forests shaken by the wind"?
When these run out, as many on the march
As brilliant lamps which gild yon azure arch"?
When these are past, as many many more
As moments in the millions past before"—
When all these dreadful years are spent in pain,
And multiplied by myriads again,
Till numbers drown the thought; could I suppose
That these my wretched years were at a close,
This would afford some ease; but, ah! I shiver
To think upon the dreadful words, "for ever:"—
The burning gulf where I blaspheming lie,
Is Time no more, but vast Eternity!

"Ah! what, Israel! Sit down, and tell me when you came to town, and how affairs go on at home." "Bad enough, your honour, for the magpie is dead." "Poor mag! so he is gone the way of all flesh. What occasioned his death?" "Over-ate himself, sir." "Did he? Gluttonous bird! Why, what did he get he liked so well?" "Horseflesh, sir: he died gorging horseflesh." "How came the silly bird to get so much carrion?" "Your father's horses, sir." "What! has he lost any?" "Yes, sir, five died last Thursday by overwork." "And why were they worked so hard, Israel?" "Conveying water, sir, to quench the fire." "Fire! what fire?" "The fire at your father's house, sir, which is now a heap of ashes." "My father's house burned to the ground! how came it on fire?" "It is generally supposed by the torches, sir." "Torches! what torches?" "Why, sir, the torches used at your mother's funeral." "What! my mother dead?" "Yes, madam is no more." "Of course you have brought a letter from my father?" "Why, sir, he took to his bed and died yesterday, about two hours after the bad news." "What afflictive intelligence! What news do you allude to that affected the old gentleman so deeply?" "The run upon his bank, sir, which has stopped payment. The credit of the Heartwells is gone, and you are not worth a shilling."

187. In Anti-Climax there is a gradual decrease of importance, which should be signified by a progressive and expressive decrease of voice.

What must the king do now? Must he submit?
The king shall do it: Must he be deposed?
The king shall be contented: Must he lose
The name of king?—Why, let it go.
I'll give my jewels, for a set of beads;
My gorgeous palace, for a hermitage;
My gay apparel, for an almsman's gown;
My figured goblets, for a dish of wood;
My sceptre, for a palmer's walking staff;
My subjects, for a pair of carved saints;
And my large kingdom, for a little grave—
A little, little grave—an obscure grave!

188. Sometimes a sentence that makes perfect sense is followed by another which has no *direct* dependence on it; yet, it may be desirable to form a connexion to the mind, which has no existence in grammatical structure. This *conjunctive* effect is best expressed by a Rising Inflexion.

No object is more pleasing to the eye, than the sight of a man whom you have obli″ged; nor any music so agreeable to the ear, as the voice of one that owns you for his benefactor.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps, in this petty pace, from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time″;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusky death!

189. Rule III.—Words in apposition take the same inflexions; but these may be disturbed either by a Modulative Inflexion on the penultimate member, or by emphasis.

Sol″omon—the son of Da″vid, and the builder of the temple at Jeru′salem—was the wisest man that the world ever saw.

Na″ture, the great precep″tress, has annexed to the passion of grief a more forcible character than that of any o′ther, that of tears.

190. Rule IV.—Clauses or sentences that are negative, appealing, doubtful, or contingent, require a Rising Inflexion.

You are not left alŏne to climb the arduous ascent to heav″en: God is with you.

The hope, the courage of assăilants is al′ways great′er than of those who act′ on the defĕnsive.

It is not to small portions of tĭme, a few yĕars, a few generăations, a few ăges, that our speculations are hĕre lim″ited; they embrace eternity.

Hark how I'll bribe thee:
Not with fond shekels of the tested gŏld,
Or stŏnes, whose rate is either rich or poor,
As făncy val"ues them; but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere the sun rise.

Virtue is of intrinsic val"ue, and good desert‵: not the creature of will", but nec'essary and immu‵table; not lo‵cal or tem"porary, but of equal extent‵ and antiq'uity with the divine‵ mind; not a mode of sense"tion, but everlasting truth‵; not depen"dent on power, but the guide‵ of all power.

191. When sentences, negative in construction, express conviction or certainty, or are affirmative in their nature, they should be read with a Falling Inflexion.

Thou shalt do no mur‵der.
Thou shalt not steal‵.
He shall not touch a hâir of Catiline.
Though I should die with thee, yet will I not‵ deny‵ thee.
The hope, the courage of assâilants, is al‵ways great‵er than of those who act on the defênsive.

192. Rule V.—Words or clauses that convey opposition in sense require opposition of inflexion.* In *unemphatic* composition, the first member may be read with a Rising, and the second with a Falling Inflexion. In *emphatic* sentences, the absolute or positive member should be read with a Falling, and the negative or relative member with a Rising, Circumflex.

Prosper‵ity gains" friends, and adver"sity tries‵ them.
A friend" cannot be known‵ in prosper"ity, and an en‵emy cannot be hid"den in adver‵sity.
Why beholdest thou the mote‵ that is in thy broth"er's eye, but perceivest not the beam" that is in thine own‵ eye?
We seek not peace", but war‵; and we shall fight‵, not pray"; for we had rather die", than live‵.
Many men mistake the love", for the prac‵tice, of virtue; and are not so much good" men, as the friends‵ of goodness.
It is easy, in the world‵, to live after the world's" opinion; it is easy, in sol"itude, to live after our own‵;—but the grêat man is he, who, in the midst of the crowd", keeps the independence of sol‵itude.

* The Inflexions must be so arranged that the first division of the sentence shall be terminated, according to Rule I., page 49, with a Rising Inflexion. The inflexions of unemphatic antithesis may be thus represented—

Single.	Double.	Treble.
/\	\/ /\	/\/ \/\

Extended em‵"pire, like expanded gold", exchanges sol'id strength" for fee'ble splen‵"dour.

We should esteem" vir‵"tue, though in a foe"; and abhor‵" vice", though in a friend‵".

Vir‵"tuous and vic"ious every man must be;
Few‵" in the extreme", but all" in the degree‵".
The rogue‵" and fool" by fits are fair" and wise‵",
And even the bêst, by fits, what they despise:
'Tis but by pârts we follow good" or ill‵";
For, vice‵" or vir"tue, Sêlf directs it still.

The less we cop"y the renowned Ancients, we shall the more resem‵"ble them.

193. Indirect antithesis, contrast, and comparison, require opposite inflexions.

Rat‵"ional lib"erty is opposed to the wild"ness of an‵"archy.

Bended knees‵", while you are clothed with pride"; heav"enly petit‵"ions, while you are hoarding up treas‵"ures upon earth"; ho"ly devo‵"tions, while you live in the fol‵"lies of the world"; prayers of meek'ness and char‵"ity, while your heart is the seat of spite' and resent"ment; hours" of pray‵"er, while you give up days' and yêars to idle diver'sion, impertinent vis‵"its, and foolish pleas"'ure;—are as absurd, unacceptable services to God, as forms of thanks"giving from a person that lives in repi'ning and discontent‵".

All that's worth a wish or thought,
Fair Virtue gives,—unbribed, unbôught!
Cease, then, on trash" thy hopes to bind,
Let no‵"bler views engage thy mind.

194. Frequently, the antithesis is not formally expressed, but implied. In sentences of this nature, the omitted member must be suggested by the forcible inflexion of the one which is expressed. The positive member requires a Falling, the negative a Rising Circumflex.

I'll be, in men's despîte, a monarch!

They are only the frâgments of enemies.

How beautiful is Nature in her wildest scenes!

I have thought some of Nature's joûrneymen had made men.

He requires a vôluntary service.

We shudder at the thôught of dissolution.

He could not treat a dôg ill.

They that are whôle, need not a physician.

I'm tortured, even to mâdness, when I think
Of the proud victor.

A flery deluge, and withôut an ark.

Were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stônes of Rome to rise and mutiny!

Your friend is bet‴ter: *or*, Your friend is bĕtter.
You were not paid to răil against Alexander.
We are not left alŏne to climb the arduous ascent to heaven.
It is not enough to spĕak kindly.
Here is nothing stŭdied; here are no flights of făncy; no embellishments of ŏratory.
The quality of mercy is not străined.
Man cannot war successfully agăinst the truth of God.
The region beyond the grave is not a sŏlitary land.

195. Frequently, a portion of the antithetic member is expressed with one word, and understood, or only expressed pronominally, with the other. The member so omitted is called elliptical, and follows the inflexion of that which is expressed, but in a weaker voice, to mark its enclitic nature.

Shall we, in your person, crown″ the author of the public calamities, or shall we destroy‴ him?

Shall we, in your person, crown″, or shall we destroy‴ the author of the public calamities?

A good man will love himself‴ too well to lose″, and his neighbour too well to win‴, an estate by gaming.

A good man will love himself too well to lose″ an estate by gaming, and his neigh″bour too well to win‴ one.

We too often judge men by the splen″dour, not by the me‴rit, of their actions.

We too often judge men by the splen‴dour of their actions, not by the mêrit of them.

Is he the protect″or, or the betray‴er of his country?

Is he the protect″or of his country, or the betrayer?

196. Rule VI.—Questions that are indeterminate in their signification require a Rising Inflexion. (Such questions are generally, but not necessarily, asked by verbs, and answerable by yes or no.)

Would an infinitely wise Being create man for a mean″ purpose? Can He delight in the production of abor″tive

intelligence, of short"-lived reasonable crea'tures? Would He give us talents that are not to be exert"ed? capacities that are not to be grat"ified?

Can the soldier, when he girdeth on his armour, boast like him that putteth it off"? Can the merchant predict that the speculation on which he has entered will be infallibly crowned with success"? Can even the husbandman, who has the promise of God that seed-time and harvest shall not fail, look forward with assured confidence to the expected increase of his fields"? In these, and in all similar cases, our resolution to act can be founded on probability alone.

Are the men who can be charged with fewest failings, either with respect to abilities or to virtue, generally the most ready to make allow"ances for them'?

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath"?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust",
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death"?

The miser has long been ardently endeavouring to fill his chest: and, lo! it is now full. Is he hap"py? Does he use" it? Does he gratefully think of the Giv"er of all good things'? Alas! these interests have no place in his heart.

197. Questions, indefinite in structure, become definite by reiteration, and then require a Falling Inflexion. In this form, they generally express a threat, or a command.

Are you prepa\"red? Do you hear\"? Will you go\"?

198. Questions, definite in structure, become indefinite by reiteration, and should then be read with a Rising Inflexion.

What" do you say'? How" shall we accom'plish it'? What" o'clock was' it? Where" did you say you were go'ing?

199. A question quoted in a sentence should be read as part of it.

The true consideration is, Has he abused\" his power?

I have generally observed, when a man is talking of his country-house, that the first question usually asked is, Are you in a good\" neigh\bourhood?

200. Rule VII.—Questions that are determinate in their signification require a Falling Inflexion. (Such questions are usually introduced by means of pronouns, adverbs, or prepositions, and are *not* answerable by yes or no.)

On whom does time hang so heavily as on the slothful and in\"dolent? To whom are the hours so ling\"ering? Who are

so often devoured with spleen, and obliged to fly to every expedient, which can help them to get rid of themselves"?

Who continually supports and governs this stupendous sys"tem? Who preserves ten thousand times ten thousand worlds in perpetual har"mony? Who enables them always to observe such time, and obey such laws, as are most exquisitely adapted for the perfection of the wondrous whole"? How could they preserve and direct themselves"? Who feels not that they were crea"ted, and must therefore be depen"dent? How, then, can they be so actuated and directed, but by the unceasing energy of the Great Supreme"?

> Whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
> This longing, after Immortal"ity?
> Or, whence this secret dread and inward horror
> Of falling into nought"? Why shrinks the soul
> Back on herself, and startles at destruc"tion?

201. RULE VIII.—Questions in apposition require the same inflexions.—Section 189. Questions that are antithetic require opposite inflexions.—Section 192.

Is a candle brought to be put under a bush"el, or under a bed"?

Who shall separate us from the love of God? Shall tribula"tion, or distress", or persecu"tion, or fam"ine, or na"kedness, or per'il, or sword"?

Can the world defend us from disasters, or protect us from diseas"es? Can it preserve our hearts from grief, our eyes from tears, or our feet from fall"ing? Can it prolong our comforts, or multiply our days"? Can it redeem ourselves, or our friends, from death"? Can it soothe the king of terrors, or mitigate the agonies of the dy"ing?

> Thou fool! will thy discovery of the cause
> Suspend" the effect, or heal" it?

Is the good"ness, or wis"dom, of the Divine Being more manifested in this his proceeding?

Should infidelity be in the right, and revelation be but a fable, from believing it what harm could ensue? Would it render princes more tyran"nical, or subjects more ungov"ernable? the rich more in"solent, or the poor more disor"derly? Would it make worse parents or chil"dren; husbands or wives"; masters or ser"vants; friends" or neigh"bours?—or—would it make men more vir"tuous, and consequently more hap"py, y situation?

What beings fill these bright abodes? Bear they
The stamp of hu″man nature? Or has God
Peopled those purer realms with love″lier forms,
And more celes″tial minds? Does Innocence
Still wear her native and untainted bloom″?
Or has Sin breathed his deadly blight abroad,
And sowed corrup″tion in these fairy bowers?

202. The interrogative words are sometimes omitted, or an interrogative sentence assumes a declarative form. In these cases the reader will always attend to the *import*, rather than to the *grammatical structure*.

The tyrant has not battered at their peace″?
Open your lips, ye wonderful and fair!
Speak! speak!—the mysteries of those starry worlds
Unfold!—No lan″guage? Everlasting light″,
And everlasting si″lence? Yet the eye
May read and understand.

203. The answer to a question is generally read in a different tone from that in which the question is asked.—*See Exercises on Modulation.*

204. RULE IX.—Sentences or clauses that convey doubt, appeal, admiration, suspense, surprise, &c., in general take a Rising Inflexion throughout their delivery.

You have no′ just′ cause′ to be displeased″ with′ me′.
It is′ his fam′ily in″fluence, not′ his mer″it, which has helped′ him on′.
He said he would call, if′ you would consent′ to see″ him′.
Will you for ever, Athenians, do nothing but walk up and down the city, asking one another, What news?—What″ news″! Is there any thing more new than to see a man of Macedon become master of the Athe″nians, and give law to all Greece″?

Whăt! Michael Căssio, that came a wŏŏing with you,
And, many a time, when I have spoke of you
Dispräisingly, hath tă′en your părt—to have
Sŏ mŭch to dŏ to bring him in?

205. RULE X.—Sentences or clauses that are expressive of conviction, dislike, hatred, &c., take a Falling Inflexion throughout.

You have no\ just\″ cause\ to be displeased\″ with\ me\.
It is\ his family in\″fluence, not\ his mer\″it, which has helped\″ him on\.
He said he would call, if\ you would consent\ to see\″ him\.

How like a fawn\″ing pub\″lican he looks\!
I hate\″ him\! for\, in low\″ simplic\″ity,
Hê lends\″ out\ mon\″ey grâtis.

206. Words expressive of any tender emotion or affection, and the reverential language of prayer, incline to the Rising Inflexion: words which convey any violent passion—the language of authority, reprehension, and denunciation—should be read with an emphatic Falling Inflexion.

Hide thy face from my sins′, and blot out all mine iniquities′.
Lord, let me know mine end′, and the number of my days′.

Ah! whither now are fled
Those dreams of great′ness? those unsolid hopes
Of hap′piness? those longings after fame′?
Those restless cares′? those busy, bustling days′?
Those gay-spent, festive nights′? those veering thoughts,
Lost between good and ill, that shared thy life′?

God is not‵ a man‵, that He‵ should lie‶; neither the son‵ of man, that He should repent‶. Hath He said‶ it? and shall He not do‶ it? Hath He spoken‶ it? and shall He not make it good‶?

Judge‵ me, ye gods‵! wrong I mine en‶emies?
And if not so, how should I wrong my broth‶er?

Poison be their drink!
Gall,—worse than gall,—the dainties that they taste!
Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees!
Their chiefest prospects, murdering basilisks!
Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss!
And boding screech-owls make the concert full!

If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies: and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is? If you stab us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And, if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge! The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction!

207. Exclamation (especially when it is interrogative in its nature), and Echo, require a Rising Inflexion.

How", you say, are we to accom"plish it? How accomplish it! Certainly not by fearing to attempt it.

You lament the loss of the Roman armies; Mark An"tony destroyed them: you resent the death of so many noble citizens; Mark An"tony was their death: the authority of the Senate is invaded; Mark An"tony invades it.

New"ton was a Christian!—New"ton! whose mind burst forth from the fetters cast by nature on our finite conceptions;—New"ton! whose science was truth, and the foundation of whose knowledge of it was philosophy;—not those visionary and arrogant presumptions which too often usurp its name, but philos"ophy, resting on the basis of mathematics; which, like figures, cannot lie:—New"'ton! who carried the line and rule to the utmost barrier of creation, and explored the principles, by which, no doubt, all created matter is held together, and exists.

SENTENCES OF OBLIQUE OR REFERENTIAL MEANING

208. (Sections 172–174.)—In many forms of Oblique Sentences it is impossible to give accurate directions for their forcible utterance, as this frequently depends not only on the tone, but also on the *general expression* of the speaker. With regard to the inflexion of such passages, the ordinary rules suffice; but a greater and a distinctive degree (usually by circumflexes) is employed, to give better vocal expression to the *implied* meaning.

Our solicitude *cânnot* alter the course, or unravel the intricacy, of human *evĕnts*. Our curiosity *cânnot* pierce through the cloud which the Supreme Being has made *im*penetrable to *mŏrtal* eye.

If you are wise, you must not *appêar* to know what you know.

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of *mŭtiny*.
They that have done this deed are *hŏnourable*.
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and *hŏnourable*,
And will, no doubt, *with rêasŏns* answer you.

It wêll becomes a person, truly, who has spent his life in the indulgence of every vicious propensity, to set up for a jûdge and a reprôver of others!

Lie there! possess the land thy valour gains,
And measure at thy length our Latian plains:
Such rich-deserved rewards I still bestow,
When called in battle, on the vaunting foe:
Thus may you build your town, and thus enjoy
These realms, ye proud, contemptuous sons of Troy!

Satan beheld their plight,
And to his mates thus in derision called:—
"O friends, why come not on those victors proud?
Erewhile they fierce were coming; and when we—
To entertain them fair with open front
And breast (what could we more?)—propounded terms
Of composition, straight they changed their minds,
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell
As they would dance; yet, for a dance, they seemed
Somewhat extravagant and wild—perhaps
For joy of offered peace: but, I suppose,
If our proposals once again were heard,
We should compel them to a quick result."

209. All forms of implied meanings—irony, reproach, contempt, inuendo, retort—are best expressed by prolonged circumflexes.—Section 174.

So, then, you^ are the author of this conspiracy against me. It is to you^ that I am indebted for all the mischief that has befallen me.

He is my friend.—He˘? what˘! he˘? No, sir, you are deceived; he is not your friend˘; but he is your enemy^.

Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.
Mother, you^ have my father much offended.

Thy integrity^ got thee absolved; thy modesty^ drew thee out of danger; and the innocency˘ of thy past life saved thee.

You meant no harm˘: oh, no^: your thoughts are innocent^; you have nothing˘ to hide˘; your breast is pure^, stainless˘, all truth^.

210. Strong emphasis, of Tune, should be uttered with circumflexes.—*For Exercises, see Sections* 194, 208.

SUBDUED INFLEXIONS—MONOTONE.

211. There is, strictly, in the speaking voice, *no* unvaried repetition of the same tone; therefore Monotone, in its exact definition, is a term which cannot be employed in Elocution. What is called Monotone is an emphatic prolongation of the Continuative Tone, in which the Inflexions are subdued as much as possible. These Subdued Inflexions, judiciously introduced,—especially in the lower notes of the voice, in prayer, and in solemn or sublime passages,—serve as the shades with which a skilful artist sometimes invests his principal objects. Subdued Inflexions (*i.e.* Monotones) may be used on any tone of voice.

212. The Guttural Monotone is principally used to express fear, terror, horror, or disgust. The Natural Monotone gives solemnity to descriptive passages. The Orotund Monotone should be used in solemn or sublime passages. The Falsetto Monotone, to give expression to violent despair, affliction, or anguish; it may be also employed to express distant voices or sounds.

The meagre by the meagre were devoured.

I conjure you, by the hearth profaned, by the home violated, by the canons of the living God foully spurned, save, oh! save your country from the crime, your fire-sides from the contagion, and all mankind from the shame, and sin, and sorrow, of this example!

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers, on her kings barbaric, pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat.

Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder Sleep—the innocent Sleep—
Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleave of care—
The death of each day's life—sore labour's bath—
Balm of hurt minds—great Nature's second course—
Chief nourisher in life's feast"—
Still it cried "Sleep no more!" to all the house:
"Glamis hath murdered Sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more!—Macbeth shall sleep no more!"

MODULATIVE INFLEXIONS.

213. Modulative Inflexions are those suspensions or falls of the voice which are not regulated by sense, and which therefore may or may not be attended to. They cannot give force to words, but, when judiciously employed, they add much grace and melody. The principle of Modulative Inflexions is *alternation;* but, while they may be frequently introduced, they must never be allowed to supersede the Determinate Inflexions of Sense, to which they are altogether subservient. Nothing displeases the ear more than angularity or sharpness of sound; therefore the preparation for the primary Inflexions should be made as *round* or *undulating* as possible. This vocal wave, though very harmonious, should not be always used; else, the delivery will acquire a *sing-song* expression, and the Inflexions of Sense fall with little force on the ear.

214. Modulative Inflexions may be used as reciprocal to the Determinate Inflexions; that is, a *marked* Rising Inflexion may have, on the preceding syllable, an undulating fall, and the *marked* Falling Inflexion an undulating rise. The Inflexions of Sense are marked with double accents, those of Modulation with single accents.

Disappoint\ment repeat"ed destroys' expecta"\tion.
To be marred\ in our hopes" is a check' we are born"\ to.
I shall content' myself with wish\ing that I' may be one\ of those' whose fol\lies may cease\ with their youth", and not"\ of those' who contin\ue ig"norant in spite\ of age' and expe"\rience.

A brave' man strug\gling in the storms\ of fate",
And great\ly fall'ing with a fall'ing state"\.
The treach'erous col\ours the fair art\ betray",
And all' the bright\ crea"tion fades' away"\.

Where grows' not Hap"\piness? If vain\ our toil",
We ought to blame' the cûlture, not' the soil"\.
Fixed' to no\ spot' is hap\piness sincere",
'Tis\ no"where to be found, or' ev"\erywhere.
'Tis nev\er to be bought", but al'ways free"\,
And, fled\ from mon"archs, dwells\, my friend', with thee"\.

215. The Inflexions of Antithesis, though regulated by sense, have a very pleasing modulative effect. The principle is, that opposition in sense is best expressed by opposition in sound; but the arrangement to produce this harmonious variety requires some care. The alternations must be so made that the proper Determinate Inflexions shall be heard at those places which the sense requires. Thus, a Rising Inflexion terminates the first portion of the sentence, according to the principle of Rule 1st; the corresponding second portion must be read with an opposite inflexion, so that the arrangement will be thus (Section 192):—

	First Part.	*Second Part.*
Single Antithesis, . .	/	\
Double Antithesis, . .	\/	/\
Triple Antithesis,	/\/	\/\

(*Single.*) He can bribe″, but he cannot seduce‴: he can buy″, but he cannot gain‴: he can lie″, but he cannot deceive‴.

Many men mistake the love″ for the prac‴tice of virtue; and are not so much good″ men, as the friends‴ of goodness.

(*Double.*) Bus‴iness sweetens pleas″ure, as la″bour sweetens rest‴.

(*Triple.*) A friend″ cannot be known‴ in prosper″ity, and an en‴emy cannot be hid″den in adver‴sity.

He″ raised a mor‴tal to the skies″,
She‴ drew an an″gel down‴.

216. But as Falling Inflexions are more emphatic than the Rising, if the members of the Antithesis are positive or absolute, and negative or relative, the Falling will take place on the former, in whatever construction they may occur, and the latter will, according to the paramount principle of Antithesis, be read with the opposite inflexion; that is, the Rising.

You were paid to fight‴ against Alexander, and not to rail″ at him.

If his son ask bread‴, will he give him a stone″? if he ask a fish‴, will he give him a ser″pent?

Kill‴ me with your wea″pon; tor″ture me not with your words‴.

EMPHASIS.

(*Compare Accent, and Paragraphs* 137 *to* 142.)

217. Emphasis consists in giving prominence to words, clauses, or sentences, in contra-distinction to others either expressed or understood. *Stress*, or force, though usually mentioned as the only means for conveying verbal distinction, is very limited in its use; for words may be rendered prominent, or *emphatic*, by any one of the following *seven* specific modes, or by a combination of them:—

218. I.—By Time—in which the emphatic prominence may be effected either by a prolongation of the sound of the word, or by an abridgment of it. This may be used in combination with the emphasis of Pitch to give ironical effect.

219. II.—By Tune—in which words are rendered prominent by a superior degree of inflexion or circumflex. It is principally used to denote antithesis. In this form, the member or clause that is absolute, positive, affirmative, or imperative, requires a Falling Inflexion or Circumflex; and the member that is relative, negative, doubtful, or appellatory, requires a Rising Inflexion or Circumflex.—Section 156, &c.

220. III.—By Force—which consists in pronouncing words with increased *stress* of voice or of articulation. In Emphatic force, the chest is principally called into action.—Section 104. This emphasis, when confined to a single word, is always marked on the accented syllable, doubling, as it were, the accentual stress.

221. IV.—By PITCH—effected by changing the tone on the emphatic words. This mode gives peculiar signification, and is often employed to note a sudden or important change in emotion or expression.

222. V.—By ASPIRATION—in which the voice becomes harsh, broken, or whispering. It is used to express fear, terror, disgust, horror, &c.

223. VI.—By MONOTONE—by prolonging the voice on one key with limited variety of inflexion. It is employed to give expression to dignified or sublime passages.

224. VII.—By PAUSE—by separating the emphatic word from those parts of the sentence that precede and follow it. This is the most important of these various modes, as it may be employed in combination with all the others; and as it affords great relief and power to the speaker, by enabling him to replenish his lungs with air before and after its use.

225. The only rule that can be given for distinguishing the words that should receive emphasis is, to place it on those that directly convey the meaning, or that denote the antithesis: the parts of a sentence charged with the greatest degree of sense, should be pronounced with the greatest prominence.

226. The various kinds of Emphasis mentioned above may be employed on any kind of composition, but subject to the nature of the sentiment that is to be expressed.

EMPHASES OF SENSE AND FEELING.

227. Emphasis, generally, may be divided into two kinds, *Emphasis of Sense* and *Emphasis of Feeling*.

228. EMPHASIS OF SENSE determines the meaning, and, by a change of its position, varies the sense of the passage.

Is your friend dead? Do you ride to town to-day? Could you wish me to think unkindly?*

229. EMPHASIS OF FEELING is suggested and governed by emotion: it is not strictly necessary to the sense, but is, in the highest degree, expressive of sentiment:

Could you be so cruel? That sacred hour *can* I forget?
Then *must* the Jew be merciful.
On what compulsion *must* I? tell me that.

CUMULATIVE EMPHASIS.

230. When the Emphasis is accumulated, or heaped successively with increasing energy, *progressive* force is given to the meaning.

I have thus shown, from the gentleman's own argument, that the doctrine advanced by him *is not at present* received; that it *never was* received; that it *never can by any possibility*

* In these sentences, as many meanings as there are words may be expressed by changing the emphasis.

be received: and that, *if admitted*, it must be by the *total subversion of liberty itself.*

You *blocks!* you *stones!* you *worse* than *senseless things!*

STACCATO FORCE.

231. When several words in succession are accented and separated by brief emphatic pauses, a kind of general emphasis is formed, called *Staccato.*

How! will you tell me you have done this?
What men could do
Is done already: heaven and earth will witness,
If Rome must fall that we are innocent.

232. Emphatic prominence may be also extended to a clause or sentence, by increasing the number of Modulative Inflexions.

MODULATION.

233. Modulation consists in changing the pitch-note of the voice to a higher or lower degree of elevation. Every change of Modulation is usually accompanied by changes of Force and Time. As a general principle, a change to a low tone requires a slighter degree of Force, and a slower degree of Time: changes to high tones usually require increased degrees of Force and Time.

234. The principal degrees of Modulation may be represented by the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, explained thus—

5 — Highest tone.
4 — Declamatory: high.
3 — The natural tone.
2 — Low tone.
1 — Lowest tone.

The Natural Tone (marked 3) is that which the student should principally cultivate. The other degrees of Modulation are not fixed, but relative. In energetic or earnest speech, the voice will be most expressive on 4, and in passion it may ascend to 5; but any continued address on a high tone should be avoided. The Modulation marked 2 is frequently employed to diversify the uniformity of the Natural Tone, and to mark the subordination of secondary and explanatory passages. The lowest tone, marked 1, is peculiarly expressive of solemnity and awe. The rules of Inflexion will effectually prevent MONOTONY. The following hints may be of service in acquiring an agreeably MODULATED delivery, and getting the spirit of the sense echoed to the ear.

235. At the commencement of every sentence, and especially of every paragraph, the voice may be relieved by a change of key—GENERALLY TO A LOWER TONE. The primary clauses of sentences should be read always either in a higher and louder tone, or in a lower and stronger tone, than those which are secondary, explanatory,

illustratory, parenthetic, or in any way subordinate. The latter should be pronounced in a lower tone than the primary parts. Energetic passages are best expressed by the higher tones.

[3] To hear complaints with patience, [2] even when complaints are vain, [3] is one of the duties of friendship.

[3] The man who does not know how to methodize his thoughts, has always, [2] to borrow a phrase from the dispensary, [3] a barren superfluity of words.

[3] Do not insult a poor man; [2] his misery entitles him to protection.

[3] Then went the captain with the officers, and brought them without violence; [2] for they feared the people, lest they should have been stoned; [3] and, [2] when they had brought them, [3] they set them before the council.

[1] O, now you weep; [2] and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! [3] what! weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? [4] Look you here!
Here is himself—marr'd, as you see, by—[5] traitors!

[3] An hour passed on: [2] the Turk awoke,
[3] That bright dream [2] was his last;
[3] He woke—to hear his sentries shriek
[4] "To arms!—they come!—[5] the Greek! the Greek!"
[3] He woke—[1] to die!

[3] Age, [2] in a virtuous person, [3] carries with it authority, [2] which makes it preferable to all the pleasures of youth.

[4] If there's a Power above us,
[2] And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works, [4] He must delight in Virtue;
[3] And that which He delights in must be happy.

[3] Should you fall in this struggle, should the nation fall, [4] you will have the satisfaction—[2] the purest allotted to man—[4] of having performed your part.

236. Similes are most properly introduced by lowering the voice.

[3] A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seemed heaven itself, till one suggestion rose,
That Vice should triumph, Virtue Vice obey:—
Hence sprung some doubt of Providence's sway.
[3] So, when a smooth expanse receives impress'd
Calm Nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow;

But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift-ruffling circles curl on every side;
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

237. Important parentheses should be pronounced slowly and forcibly; intervening clauses are, naturally, spoken in a low tone; the *unimportant* may be read in a higher and lighter tone.

[3] Pride, [4] in some particular disguise or other, ... [2] often a secret to the proud man himself, [3] is the most ordinary spring of action.

[3] Death, [2] which is considered as the greatest evil, ... [3] happens to all. The greatest good, [4] be it what it will, ... [3] is the lot of a few.

238. Antithetic portions of sentences, and every *modification* of sense, should be expressed by an appropriate change of key.

[4] Oh, blindness to the future, [2] kindly given,
[2] That each may fill the circle [1] marked by Heaven;
[3] Who sees, [2] with equal eye, [1] as God of all,
[3] A hero perish, [2] or a sparrow fall;
[3] Atoms [2] or systems [3] into ruin hurled,
[4] And now, [3] a bubble burst, [2] and now, [4] a world!

239. When a question is followed by its answer, or by any words that are explanatory, the answer, if subordinate to the question, should be read in a lower degree of modulation; but if the answer is of great consequence to the general meaning, it must be read in a higher tone.

[3] Are they Hebrews? [2] So am I. [3] Are they Israelites? [2] So am I. [3] Are they the seed of Abraham? [2] So am I. [3] Are they ministers of Christ? [4] I am more.

[3] Must we but weep o'er days more blest?
[4] Must we but blush? [3] Our fathers bled.

[3] Art thou poor? [2] Show thyself active and industrious, peaceable and contented. [3] Art thou wealthy? [2] Show thyself beneficent and charitable, condescending and humane.

[3] Where is to-morrow? [1] In another world.
[3] What is time worth? [1] Ask death-beds; they can tell.

[4] Look upon the tombs. [3] Are their inhabitants all old? [2] No, not at all. [3] Many? [2] No, not many; [1] the aged are a thinly-scattered number.

240. The Dialogue portion of a composition should be distinguished from the Narrative, by appropriate and *characteristic* changes of

Modulation. Description and Representation require correspondent and expressive variety.

241. All exclamations should be uttered as brief embodiments of the feeling that dictates them. Every repetition of the interjectional particle should have its appropriate emotion, and receive, from the speaker, the expression of that feeling which prompts it.

MODULATION OF PASSION.

242. The Modulation of Passion depends greatly on its nature and degree, and on the relative positions of the speaker and auditor. As a picture that is to be viewed from a distance must be painted in stronger colours than one that is to be closely scanned, so all *dramatic* expression must be on a bolder scale than the domestic circle, the bar, the pulpit, or the platform would allow: nevertheless, the relative proportions of the expression must be so retained, that the large outline and warm colouring of Art may not, in either place, "o'erstep the modesty of Nature."

243. As a general principle, equally important for the ease of the speaker and the pleasure of the auditor, all strong passions should have a *predominant* low degree of Modulation.—Section 22. Proper variety on the Natural Tone—however strongly employed—or an expressive change of force with every change of sentiment, is that which pleases most. When the speaker loses command over himself, he ceases to have any over his auditory. There is no sublimity in shouting.

IMITATIVE MODULATION.

244. Very frequently in Descriptive and Dramatic Reading, much expressive beauty may be gained by making the "sound seem echo to the sense." The perfection of a picture consists in giving full development to every trait in the original; so the relationship of sounds with the objects expressed by them is an essential requisite for an exact *vocal* representation. Words should paint, by sound, the objects which they represent, and, in some degree, render them sensible to the auditor. By means of this analogical sympathy between signs and sounds, the speaker can often depict to the ear as successfully as the colourist to the eye.

245. In all passages where noise or motion is described, where sublime or awful objects are alluded to or represented, or where harshness or gentleness, beauty or deformity is portrayed, the voice should adopt that peculiar modulation which approaches nearest to the nature of the objects represented. But this should be sparingly employed, because a tendency to make the ornamental imitation general destroys its beauty.

> *Roll* on, thou *deep* and *dark blue* ocean!—*roll!*
> *Ten thousand* fleets *sweep* over thee, in vain.

> True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
> As those move easiest who have learned to dance.
> 'Tis not enough no harshness give offence,
> The sound must seem an echo to the sense.

Soft is the *strain* when *zephyr* gently *blows*,
And the *smooth stream* in *smoother numbers flows*:
But, when *loud surges lash* the *sounding shore*,
The *hoarse rough verse* should, like the *torrent, roar*.
When Ajax *strives some rock's vast weight* to *throw*,
The *line* too *labours*, and the *words move slow*;
Not so when *swift Camilla scours* the *plain*,
Flies o'er the *unbending* corn, and *skims* along the *main*.

THE SHIPWRECK.—*Byron*.

Then *rose* from *sea* to *sky* the *wild farewell*;
Then *shrieked* the *timid*, and *stood still* the *brave*;
Then some *leaped* overboard with *dreadful yell*,
As *eager* to anticipate their *grave*:
And the *sea yawned around* her like a *hell*;
And *down* she *sucked* with her the *whirling wave*—
Like one who *grapples* with his *enemy*,
And *strives* to *strangle* him, before he *die*.

And first, *one universal shriek* there *rushed*,
Louder than the *loud ocean*—like a *crash*
Of *echoing thunder*;—and then, *all* was *hushed*,
Save the *wild wind*, and the *remorseless dash*
Of *billows*; but, at intervals, there *gushed*,
Accompanied with a *convulsive splash*,
A *solitary shriek*—the *bubbling cry*
Of some *strong swimmer* in his *agony!*

246. Imitation, confined to words, would be incomplete. There must, throughout every composition, be also a harmony of tone with the sentiment. If the intention is to convey to the mind important or magnificent ideas, the expression should be full and sonorous; if violent passion or mental agitation, the wailing of despair, or the eagerness of hope, the voice should superadd, to the artificial language of *speech*, the inarticulate but more expressive language of *sound*.

247. The following musical terms may be employed to denote the general character of expression:—

affetuoso (*af.*), with deep feeling.
dolce (*dol.*), sweetly, tenderly.
maestoso (*maes.*), with majestic expression.
con spirito (*con sp.*), with spirit, lively.
con fuoco (*con fu.*), with fire, animated.
con anima (*con an.*), with soul, with intense feeling.

FORCE.

248. Force considers sounds with respect to their degrees of loudness or softness: those sounds are called *loud*, which are made with greater respiratory and vocal effort than the ordinary tones of conversation; and those are called *soft*, which are made with less.

249. The following *musical* notation may be employed to express the principal degrees of Force:—

ppp. as soft as possible.	*fff.* very loud.
pp. very soft.	*ffff.* as loud as possible.
p. soft.	*Dim.* or >, gradual fall.
mp. middlingly soft.	*Cres.* or <, gradual swell.
m. middle tone.	*forz.* abrupt stress.
mf. middlingly loud.	*legato*, smooth tone.
f. loud.	*tr.* tremulous voice.

250. No direction can be given for the regular employment of these various degrees: their use is dependent on the meaning of the words spoken—the situation of the supposed speaker—the relative positions and distances of the speaker and auditor—and, principally, on taste and judgment.

251. With the exception of the *forzanda*, or abrupt stress on a word or syllable, the degrees of Force are principally employed upon clauses or sentences.

252. The reader is referred to previous directions for the management of the voice (*page* 21). He is again reminded that he can never speak naturally on an unnatural key. In public addresses, even in the largest edifice, he ought not to depart from that tone of voice which is usual to him, but simply add to it any necessary degree of force to make it audible. It is extremely difficult to change the pitch of a discourse from high to low, although the reverse may be done with facility. *Every sentence should be commenced and concluded on the* NATURAL TONE *of voice, strengthened to any audibility that circumstances may require.*

TIME.

253. Time treats of sounds with respect to their various degrees of rapidity or slowness. The following notation may be employed to express the principal varieties:—

adagio, very slow.	*staccato*, successive, sharp, distinct tones.
andante, middle degree.	*sostenuto*, successive tones blended.
allegro, quick.	*retard*, slackening the time.
presto, very quick.	*accelerando*, quickening the time.

254. Solemn discourse requires a very slow movement (*adagio*). Simple narrative, a medium rate of utterance (*andante*). Animated description, as well as all language expressive of quick or sudden passion, a rapid rate of utterance (*allegro* or *presto*), varying with the intensity of the emotion. Clauses or sentences which are very emphatic should be pronounced in small and distinct emphatic portions (*staccato*—sec. 231). Clauses or sentences which convey a flow of uniform meaning should have a uniform flow of sound (*sost*). Passages

introductory to those which are slow or rapid, should be gradually introduced with the proper degrees of Time (*retard* and *accel.*)

255. No reader should endeavour to speak more rapidly than an intelligent person, well informed on the subject, and prepared to communicate his thoughts, could compose the subject of discourse.

Note. That division of Time which treats of Rhetorical Punctuation has been considered in a previous page.—Sections 115–128, page 37.

TIME OF POETRY.

256. In addition to the above varieties of Time, there is, in Poetry, and in harmonious Prose, another variety, dependent on rhythmical structure. It is caused by an alternation of strong and weak efforts of voice, occurring at regular intervals, and distinguishing this species of composition from ordinary prose. Not only do the prosodial names for the various measures of Verse convey no just idea of its structure, but the accentuation of the English language does not permit the division of its metres into long and short syllables. All English verse is constructed, and must be pronounced, with a regular succession and alternation of HEAVY and LIGHT syllables, in dissyllabic or trisyllabic measures. The *sense* always determines the accented syllable, and no light syllable should be made heavy merely for the sake of euphony. The principle of this rhythmical admeasurement may be thus explained.

257. No heavy sounds can successively follow each other without a slight intervening pause, the time of which *might* serve as the basis of another syllable;* thus—

pain	pain	pain
△ ∴	△ ∴	△ ∴

An unaccented syllable might be inserted without adding to the time of the measure, and without requiring, in consecutive utterance, any intervening pause; thus—

painful	painful	painful
△ ∴	△ ∴	△ ∴

Or *two* unaccented syllables may be inserted, so that they occupy only the time of *one;* thus—

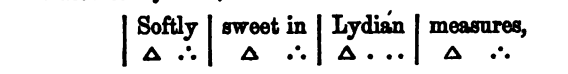
painfully	painfully	painfully
△ .. .	△ .. .	△ .. .

258. The natural order of verse, and of its harmonious pronunciation, is from pulsation to remission—that is, from *heavy* to *light.* Every bar must be commenced with a heavy syllable; and two heavy syllables cannot be contained in one measure.

Im	mortal	Nature	lifts her	changeful	form
● ∴	△ ∴	△ ∴	△ ∴	△ ∴	△ o

* The heavy syllable is marked thus (△); the light (∴), or when two light syllables occur (.. .). The bar-measurer is denoted by a vertical line, thus (|), and is used to separate the various bars. An *omitted* heavy syllable is marked thus (●); an omitted light syllable thus (o).

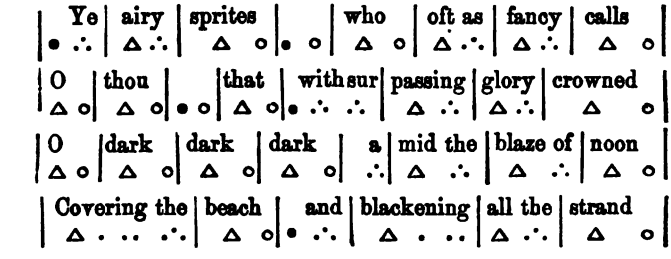
256. Common measure ($\frac{4}{4}$) consists of one portion of sound beginning heavy and ending light—that is, of one accented followed by an unaccented syllable; thus—



257. Triple measure ($\frac{3}{4}$) consists of one heavy followed by two light syllables; thus—

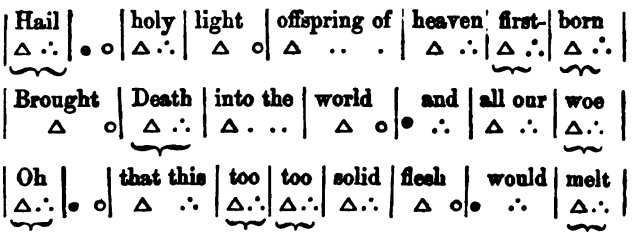
258. Variety is introduced by blending Common with Triple Measures, and by introducing Imperfect Measures. In the last, pauses must make up the time which the full measure requires;* for pause is as much an element of rhythm as sound. Rhythm in music never stops; but regulated pause is an essential part of it. Did not the uniformity of sound that is heard in rhyme determine the line, the ear should not, by the judicious reader, discover its periodic termination.

EXAMPLES OF PAUSE, AND OF IMPERFECT MEASURES.


Ye airy sprites who oft as fancy calls
O thou that with sur passing glory crowned
O dark dark dark a mid the blaze of noon
Covering the beach and blackening all the strand

259. Frequently, on important words, the heavy and light percussion of voice may take place on *one* syllable; the time of the simple sound being, as it were, extended, and distinguished by a connected swell and fall; as—

* When, in poetry, the accurate conveyance of sense to an auditor requires rhetorical punctuation, the pauses must occupy the full time of the regular measure; that is, every heavy syllable must be followed, on the same impulse of voice, by a light syllable, or the time of one; and every light syllable must be preceded by a heavy syllable, or a pause must make up the time of the omitted syllable.

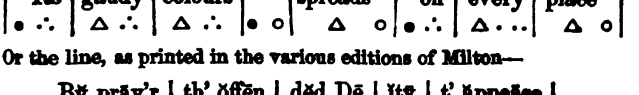

Hail holy light offspring of heaven first- born
Brought Death into the world and all our woe
Oh that this too too solid flesh would melt

260. The number of measures in a line, either caused by *sound* or *pause*, is immaterial, so that the TIME of each is regularly preserved.* The *prosodial* mode of scanning reduces all poetry to the same humdrum canter; whereas, the *accentual* mode constantly varies with, and accommodates itself to, the sense in every structure of verse, and is a certain mode of attaining a musical and expressive pronunciation. Based on the natural principle of pulsation and remission, which regulates all physical motion and *action*, it is applicable to all *speech*; "and although it stops the finger of the foot-counting pedant, it satisfies the ear of the intelligent philosopher."

261. By attention too to this accentual structure of verse, the monstrosities of prosody are removed, and language restored to its natural order and proper proportions. False accents, elisions, and contractions of words may thus be avoided, and each syllable have its distinct proportionate musical sound. Such words as *th' Eternal*, for *the Eternal*; *dang'rous*, for *dangerous*; *t' inspect*, for *to inspect*; and all those crabbed expedients to which prosodians resort, must, by this inartificial process, disappear. For instance, the prosodial scanning of the following lines runs thus—

Făl̆se ēl | ŏqnēnce | lĭke thē | prĭsmāt | ĭc glās̆s |
Ĭts gāū | dў cŏl | ŏŭrs sprēāds | ŏn ēv | 'rў plāce |

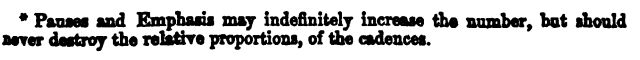
According to rhythmical accentuation, the lines should be thus measured—



Or the line, as printed in the various editions of Milton—

By prāy'r | th' ŏffĕn | dĕd Dē | ĭty | t' ăppēāse |

Which should be pronounced as if marked thus—



* Pauses and Emphasis may indefinitely increase the number, but should never destroy the relative proportions, of the cadences.

Such is a brief outline of the principles of Vocal Delivery: the Second Part is appropriated to Gesture and Motion.

Speech and Action are merely mechanical, unless the mind imparts its vivifying spirit to both. The uniformity of *rules* is incompatible with the language of the passions: their expression, in combination with articulative distinctness, is the height of oratory. "Inflexion is merely the outline of Eloquence. Feeling and Passion fill up the picture; and to these alone must be attributed that variety which adorns and renders speech impressive."* The briefest practical direction in our treatises on Elocution is "BE IN EARNEST;" but feeling is so apt to be obscured either by habitual neglect of expression, or by frigid conventionality, that the direction should be thus modified—"APPEAR TO BE IN EARNEST."

PART SECOND.

EXPRESSIVE MANAGEMENT OF THE BODY.

PRINCIPLES OF GESTURE:—ATTITUDE AND MOTION.

"Let every one strive to become acquainted with his own abilities; and, in order to form his action, let him less consult precept than his natural disposition."—QUINTILIAN.

1. GESTURE is the art of expressing Mental Emotions by the action or disposition of the Body. It has been justly called the language of Nature, to distinguish it from the arbitrary and more limited language of Speech.

Gesture, in connexion with Speech, may be considered with respect to Grace, Expression, Time, Frequency, Uniformity, Transition, and Accompaniment.

2. GRACE OF GESTURE has, for its constituent parts, simplicity, smoothness, and variety. Grace does not consist in *attitude*, but in *motion;* in the *changing from one position to another*—in the free and untrammelled movements of the limbs, added to general symmetry and harmony. The most awkward person may produce *expressive* action; but rigidity of muscle—bodily infirmity or defect—restraint of body *or mind*, will completely destroy *graceful* motion. Grace, according to Hogarth,† consists in moving the limbs according to a *curved* line which he has denominated the Line of Beauty. The opposite of Grace is Rigidity, which is always exhibited in straight lines.

3. Grace in action is to be acquired by keeping the body, its limbs and muscles, in a state of *upright* ease and freedom: the MIND must be equally untrammelled; for any restraint on it, whether arising from uncertainty, bashfulness, or timidity, is prejudicial to freedom.

4. Grace is also seen in *variety of motion;* for the eye is as much offended with a sameness in position, as the ear with an unvaried note in speech; but Rest is as necessary as Action to beget variety. Plain space constitutes much of beauty in form; and Cessation of Movement is an agreeable contrast to Gesture. The frequency of

* Practical Elocutionist, by Professor Bell, London, p. 26.
† Analysis of Beauty.

these pauses in action must be determined by the nature of the composition delivered, and by the *taste* and *emotion* of the speaker; precise rules, which would suit every sentiment and mode of delivery, cannot be given.

5. EXPRESSION, or SIGNIFICANCY OF GESTURE.—Gesture may be of three kinds—

1. REPRESENTATIVE.
2. SYMPATHETIC.
3. COLLOQUIAL.

6. In *Representative* Gesture, the nature of the particular action is fully illustrated. and the emotion of the speaker gives a PRESENT REALITY to his expressions. This species of Gesture is principally used in dramatic action, and frequently in vivid recitation.

7. In *Sympathetic* Gesture, the orator expresses *his own sensations* with respect to the subject described.—(*See paragraph* 10.)

8. In *Colloquial* Gesture, the analogy between the words used. and the action described, is still less remote. The requisite motions are of the simplest kind, and consist generally of slight movements of the hands, and varied expression of the countenance.

9. Although Gesture is capable of being substituted for Speech, (as we frequently see in Deaf-mutes, &c.) it is, in Elocution, merely used for its illustration and enforcement. The sense to be conveyed must, in the first place, be considered; and then such action appropriated as may suit *the sentiment in connexion with the* FEELING OF THE SPEAKER. Perhaps nothing has tended more to deprive Gesture of its Expression, than a slavish attention to Shakspeare's rule, "Suit the action to the *word*." It is impossible that Gesture can illustrate every *word*; its expression is confined to *feelings* and *emotions*: ALL ACTION, THEREFORE, SHOULD REPRESENT THE GENERAL IDEA, AND NOT ILLUSTRATE ANY SINGLE WORDS WHICH MAY COMPOSE IT.

10. In Sympathetic Gesture, neither the single words, nor the ideas, are to be illustrated; but their *general import, considered through the medium of the speaker's feelings*. This is perhaps the most difficult part of Expressive Gesture; it is that which requires the greatest judgment, and which principally distinguishes the mere spouter from the practised Elocutionist.

11. In dignified delivery all IMITATION is to be avoided; as in the well-known speech of Cassius—

> "Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
> Mark him, and write his speeches in their books;
> Alas! it cried, *Give me some drink, Titinius,*—
> As a sick girl."

Here it would be improper to imitate either the authoritative voice or gesture with which the command was given, or the imploring tone and action with which Cæsar besought Titinius. The gesture must express the contemptuous feelings of the speaker, and not the feeble condition of the person represented.

12. The TIME OF GESTURE refers to that period at which action gives the greatest expression to words. In unimpassioned speech, the action should *accompany* the expression—the principal motion falling on the emphatic word, or that part which includes the principal idea. Where passion is represented, the natural must *precede* the artificial expression—speech: the bodily indication of strong emotion should be made evident before its tardy utterance by

words. The interval between these depends on the force of the passion. Extremely violent passions cannot be represented by words. Mental agitation has no arms.

13. The FREQUENCY OF GESTURE is, in all cases, to be regulated by the number and dissimilarity of the ideas. If the ideas are numerous but similar, one gesture slightly varied, will be amply expressive for all; if the ideas are numerous and dissimilar, the gesture must be as frequent and as varied.

14. The UNIFORMITY OF GESTURE is used to denote that action which employs the whole of the body, in opposition to that where there is only a partial expression. "When a man clinches his fist in passion, the other arm does not lie in elegant relaxation: when the face is stern and vindictive, there is energy in the whole frame. When a man rises from his seat in impassioned gesture, there pervade every limb and feature a certain tension and straining. . . . There must be perfect accordance, otherwise there can be no beauty of expression."* Nature will very seldom accomplish this—perfection is only attainable by intense study and great practice. The chief difficulty then remains—to use Art so, that Art may be concealed.

15. The TRANSITION from one position to another is to be made according to the principle of Grace—*in full and waving lines.* The hand must seldom take the shortest route from one position to another; but it should describe a sweep or curve.—(*See diagrams* 10, 11.)

16. Emphatical gestures are generally preceded by a *suspended gesture;* that is, an elevation or contraction of the arm, preceding the stroke which forms the principal action.

17. The ACCOMPANIMENT of Gesture may be considered as a part of *Uniformity.* It denotes the secondary expression of that limb which does not perform the principal action. In unimpassioned speech, the retired arm should be raised in a less degree than the advanced arm: in passion, a greater elevation is necessary: when the force of expression is violent, both hands may be equally elevated.—(*See paragraph* 49, *et seq.*)

18. The student should not trust to gesture alone; he should make it a supplemental commentary on speech. There is much in emotion that words cannot convey: Speech should be employed only to manifest thought, and Action to illustrate feeling. Wide therefore is the range of Gesture—as extensive as the passions of men are various. Were it possible to trace upon paper its varieties, we should see that there is *no figure of discourse, no affection of the mind,* to which there may not be assigned a particular discriminative expression; whether to denote any inward feeling, or to mark suspension, continuation, or conclusion of speech; to announce modifying clauses, or to indicate *verbal* and *emotional* sense; in short, like a PERFECT Grammar, to speak all languages—"with propriety."

19. This system divides the human frame into the following principal parts:—

I. THE FEET AND LOWER LIMBS.	IV. THE TRUNK AND SHOULDERS.
II. THE ARMS.	V. THE HEAD AND COUNTENANCE.
III. THE HANDS AND FINGERS.	

In compiling these directions, there were two objects:—to arrange such a plan of Notation as might enable the Speaker to express the

* Anatomy of Expression, (Sir Charles Bell,) page 166.

principal positions with brevity and accuracy; and to present the principles of Attitude and Motion in a plain intelligible form, *without interfering with those peculiarities which distinguish the gestures of different individuals.*

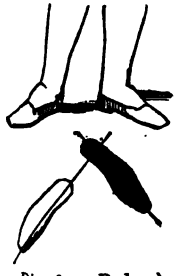
THE FEET AND LOWER LIMBS.

20. Grace of body and easy transition of gesture depend greatly on the disposition of the Feet and lower Limbs. Those positions which combine the greatest firmness with the utmost facility of change, should be adopted. In every elegant movement, whether advancing or retiring, the utmost simplicity and stability are necessary.

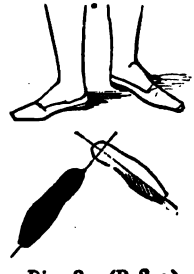
21. The positions of the Feet determine the predominant sensation of the speaker's mind; whether in the expression of ease, dignity, attention, or earnestness. In unemphatic speech, the body should be principally supported on the retired foot; in positions which denote dignity or elevation of sentiment, it should be either thrown back so as to be wholly supported by the retired foot, or elevated to its utmost height on the advanced foot: in moderate attention, it should *be slightly* thrown forward; in extreme attention, or earnest appeal, *wholly* thrown forward; in dislike, hatred, &c., retracted; in entreaty and supplication, advanced, with the limbs bent.

22. The weight of the body should be supported on one limb only, and never on both at once, except in the representation of bombast, haughtiness, or obstinacy. The foot which sustains the principal weight must be so placed, that a line drawn from it through the hole of the neck, shall be exactly perpendicular. The other foot may be placed either in advance or behind; but generally in such a position that a line drawn through the centre of the heel of the one foot, may pass through the heel of the other.

23. Three varieties of POSITION, dependent on the weight of the body being either advanced or retired, may be thus represented and noted:—



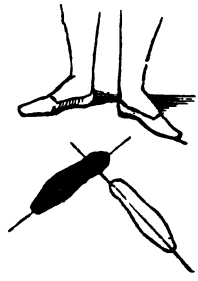
Diag. 1.—(R. 1. *c.*)



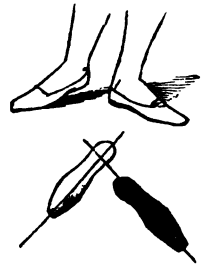
Diag. 2.—(R. 2. *c.*)

Diag. 3.—(R. 3. *c.*)

The positions of the Left Foot, are in all respects analogous to those of the Right. The same changes of position may be thus represented:—



Diag. 4.—(L. 1. *c.*)

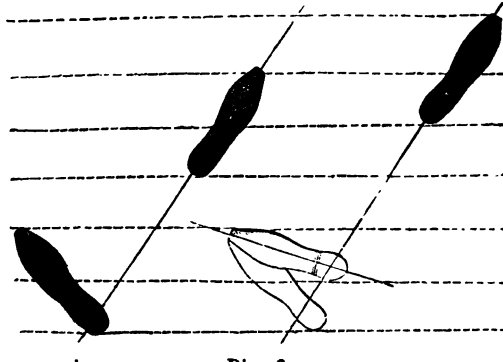


Diag. 5.—(L. 2. *c.*)

The third position of the Left Foot is an analogous reverse of that of the Right Foot (*diagram* 3); it may be considered as an extreme of the Second position, having the retired foot so raised that the extremity of its toe alone touches the ground.

24. Three degrees of SEPARATION may, when necessary, be noted:—*contracted* (*c*), *intermediate* (*i*), and *extended* (*x*).

In the *contracted* separation (*c*), as in the preceding diagrams, the feet should be kept apart, generally a space equal to the *width* of the foot; the sustaining limb should be planted firmly, its leg and thigh slightly braced, and the knee straightened; the other foot should rest lightly on the ground, and be held relaxed, ready for immediate change or motion.



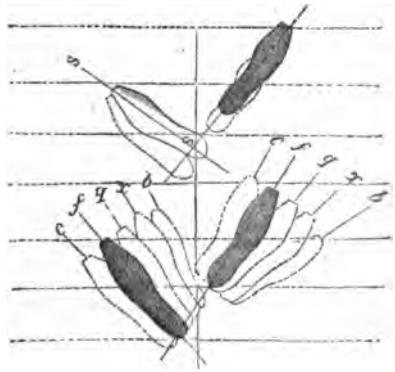
i *Diag.* 6. *x*

The *intermediate* separation (*i*) may signify a distance between the feet, equal to the *length* of the foot.—(*See diagram* 13.)

The *extended* separation (*x*) increases the space between the feet still more, but it must never exceed the length between the knee and the heels.—(*See diagram* 28.)

The *intermediate* and *extended* separations require the sustaining knee to be slightly bent, while the other limb is kept braced.

25. The annexed diagram will show the manner in which the feet may be shifted, as the gesture is directed, without altering their angle



Diag. 7.

According to the preceding representation, the gesture is supposed to be directed forwards. In the First Position of the right foot, the lines *ff*, *ff*, pass through the centre of the feet, and make an angle of about 75°; in the Second Position, the lines S S make an angle of about 90°. These angles are nearly bisected by the line E E, which is supposed to point towards the eye of the person addressed. In the First Position the lines *c* (across), *f* (forwards), *q* (oblique), *x* (extended), and *b* (backwards), mark the various directions of change. The figure may be supposed to be reversed for the first and second positions of the left foot.

26. Changes of Position should not occur frequently, as they always suggest the idea of restlessness, uneasiness, or anxiety. There is nothing more disagreeable to the eye than a *hyena* motion. All changes must be made as lightly and imperceptibly as possible, without any unnecessary sweep of the moving foot.

Semi-lateral Changes of the direction of the *feet* are made by sustaining the body on the toes, and turning to the required side while slightly elevating the heels.

Lateral Changes of the direction of the *body* are made by sustaining its weight on the heels, and turning round while slightly elevating the toes.

27. The feet should, in their movements, describe diagonal lines.

28. In all changes of position that foot must be moved first which does not support the weight of the body. Should it be necessary to move the supporting limb, two motions are necessary: the first is to change the weight of the body; the second, to move the freed limb.

29. Stage or Dramatic action requires repeated and extended motions of the lower limbs: but the preacher, the barrister, the lecturer, or the public speaker, should *keep his place:* all *his* motions may be confined to one square yard.

30. In kneeling, a graceful mode is, by a backward sweep of the

advanced foot, to put that knee down first which is next to the spectator; in rising, to bring up the foot which is farthest from him. The actor representing a gradual increase or sudden impulse of feeling may disregard the former part of this direction; the latter should, unless in the delineation of strong passion, be attended to. When the weight of the body is sustained by the limb next the spectator, it is necessary either to change the weight to the retired limb, or to extend backwards the free limb, and so kneel on it.

31. In rising to address an audience, the first positions of the feet (either R 1 *c*, or L 1 *c*) should be adopted, as they give an idea of grace and dignity; but if the hand is held out towards the audience, or, if the speaker desires to be earnest and impressive, the weight of the body may be transferred to the foot in advance (either R 2 *c*, R 3 *c*, R 2 *i*, R 3 *i*, L 2 *c*, L 3 *c*, L 2 *i*, L 3 *i*.)

When the audience is placed around the speaker, either of the above positions may be adopted; but the body should be directed as much as possible to the centre of the hearers. The orator should always face his auditory.

When the person addressed is on the right hand, use R 1, R 2, R 3, or L 3 *c*.

When the person addressed is on the left hand, use L 1, L 2, L 3, or R 3 *c*.

When both hands are in action, any of the positions may be used.

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32. When reading with the book in the right hand, use R 1 *c*, L 2 *c*, R 2 *i*, or L 2 *i*.

When reading with the book in the left hand, use L 1 *c*, R 2 *c*, L 2 *i*, or R 2 *i*. (The book should, if possible, be held in the left hand.)—(*See note, page* 85.)

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33. When seated, ease or indifference may be noted by R 1 *c* and L 1 *c*. Attention may be marked by R 2 *c* and L 2 *c*; Earnestness by R 3 *c*, R 3 *i*, L 3 *c*, L 3 *i*.

THE ARMS.

34. The ARMS should always perform their principal motions from the shoulders; the elbows, by a gentle bend, aiding the principal action. The elbow must never be pinned or inclined to the side, or projected so as to make the arm appear crooked or powerless; it must not be kept braced or straight; for grace depends on that easy laxness which allows instant variety of motion. The curve which the hand should describe in action, depends greatly on the nature of the composition. If it is dignified, the gesture should be free and waving—the arm detached from the body, and moved through a wide space in a graceful curve. This gesture may be properly distinguished from the Colloquial, by the term Declamatory. Its motions, though sweeping, should never be violent, but flowing, unconstrained, and easy in transition. In Colloquial gesture, less scope is allowable; the arm is less detached, and the curves it describes are more limited in extent. The distinctive character of the Colloquial positions and elevations is, that the joint of the elbow is slightly bent, and the upper arm held closer to the side; with which, however, it should never come completely in contact.

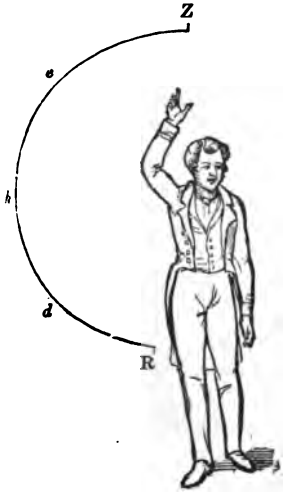
35 The positions and elevations may be used with either arm; but

in general, the principal action is assigned to the right arm,* while the left either performs a secondary motion, or conforms itself to that of the right. The degree of elevation of the retired arm is greatest when the advanced arm is held horizontal; the elevation is diminished, in proportion as the advanced arm approaches either the zenith or the nadir. (*See paragraphs* 49–52.)

36. The Direction and Elevation of the Arm express, in a general manner, the position of an object, or the dignity of a sentiment. As is the situation of the supposed object from the speaker, so will be the direction of the gesture. In the expression of sentiment, the arm and hand *depressed*, denote a contemptuous feeling; the arm *horizontal*, expresses quiescence; *slightly raised* above horizontal, dignity; while the *elevated* arm denotes triumph, supplication to heaven, or any elevated emotion of the speaker.

ATTITUDES OF THE ARMS.

37. If,—from a position perfectly at rest, the arms hanging unconstrainedly by the side,—the right arm be raised as high as it can, (as in Diagram 8,) the extremity of the fingers will describe, in the Vertical Direction, a semicircle, which, in the figure, is marked at five points: R (*nadir*), *d* (*downwards*), *h* (*horizontal*), *e* (*elevated*), and Z (*zenith*)—each point marking an interval of 45°.



Diag. 8.

Diag. 9.

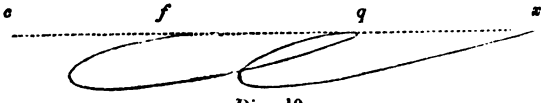
38. If, in the Transverse Direction, the arm be extended across the

* Quintilian condemns the practice of advancing the corresponding foot and arm. In statuary, or stage action, (when the costume [as the Grecian] prevents the free use of the left arm), attention to this may be desirable; modern delivery rejects it as an unnecessary restraint.

body, and swept horizontally round and outwards, the extremity of the fingers will describe a semicircle, which, in Diagram 9, is also marked at five points, *c* (*across*), *f* (*forwards*), *q* (*oblique*), *x* (*extended*), and *b* (*backwards*), at intervals of 45°.

MOTIONS OF THE ARMS.

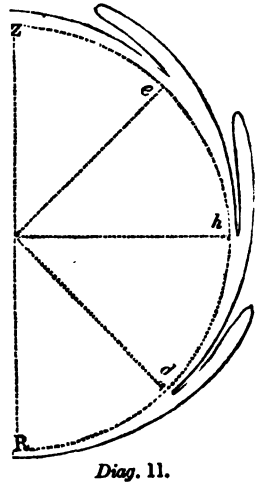
39. In the Transition of Gesture (*i. e.*, in changing the position, direction, or elevation of the arm), the hand should never move in a straight line; but it should describe a sort of waving curve; thus,



Diag. 10.

If, for instance, it is desired to move the arm from the direction, *forwards* (noted *f*) to the position *oblique* (noted *q*); or from the position *oblique* (*q*) to the position *extended* (noted *x*), the hand should not describe the straight line marked by the dots; but, in moving from *f* to *q*, should go back almost to *c* (*across*), and then traverse the greater space to *q*. In moving from *q* to *x*, the hand should revert nearly to *f*, and then proceed to *x*, with an accelerated motion for the stroke of the gesture. These motions may be made with either an over or under curve.

40. In ascending and descending gestures, similar modes of transition should be observed: the hand should always describe a like curve, as in the subjoined diagram:—



Diag. 11.

In general, the hand should be so turned, in all extended changes of direction and elevation, that the thumb and forefinger shall precede any upward motion; and the palm, any downward motion.

41. The MOTIONS OF THE ARMS denote the extent of gesture,—the expressive transition, or the magnificence, of sentiment. In proportion to these, must be the extent of the line of motion. Ordinary discourse requires simple and easy transitions: elevated and poetical language is best expressed by extended motions. The *sense* to be conveyed is the regulator of the time, the frequency, the uniformity, and the variety of all gesture.

42. Although the hands should, in all graceful motion, describe curved lines, yet, in energetic action, these lines may be, in a great degree, straightened; but perfectly straight, as well as perfectly circular gestures, should be generally avoided.

43. The *termination* of motion should be made on the emphatic word or syllable, by a *stroke* or beat from the wrist. This stroke, which determines and perfects the action, should vary in its force and degree with the energy of the speaker.

44. It is by some considered inelegant to advance the foot and arm of the same side at the same time.—(*See note, page* 85.)

SPECIAL MOTIONS OF THE ARMS.

45. In addition to the general Motions of the arms, in connexion with their Direction and Elevation, (see Diagrams 10 and 11,) the following Nineteen Special Motions are inserted for practice. The first *four* may be considered COMMENCING, the next *five* CONCLUSIVE, and the last *ten* CONTINUATIVE.

The dotted lines denote the preparatory motions.

(These Motions should be practised with both arms. The line of the diagrams will point out the true motion for the left arm; for the right arm, the book should be held before a glass, and the reflection will exhibit the motions on the reversed side.)

The Notation of the left arm may be distinguished by a dash preceding the number of the motion; thus, —— 9, that is, *left arm, motion* 9.*

* The Special Motions do not include any that are dependent on mere change of direction or elevation (for these the student is referred to paragraphs 37, 38, 39, and 40, with their illustratory figures); but they present the principal which are in ordinary use. They are generally drawn on an extended scale, to stimulate the student to freedom and breadth in forming his theory of Gesture; but, in practice, they admit of every variety of extent—sometimes, as in colloquial language, employing only the hand and wrist; sometimes, as in energetic declamation, requiring the whole scope of the arm.

46 Commencing Motions.

(Motion 1.)—*Diag.* 12.

(Motion. 2.)—*Diag.* 13.

Motion 1. A slight curvilinear movement upwards and outwards. (Diagram 12.)

Motion 2. A curvilinear movement, commencing from the opposite shoulder, and sweeping downwards, outwards, and upwards. (Diagram 13.)

(Motion 3.)—*Diag.* 14.

(Motion 4.)—*Diag.* 15.

Motion 3. A curvilinear movement, commencing at *downwards oblique*, sweeping downwards, inwards, and upwards, ending in *elevated oblique*. (Diagram 14.)

Motion 4. A serpentine movement, vertical, ending in *elevated extended*. (Diagram 15.)

47. CONCLUDING MOTIONS.

(Motion 5.)—*Diag.* 16.

(Motion 6.)—*Diag.* 17.

MOTION 5. A movement downwards, parallel to the body. (Diagram 16.)

MOTION 6. A diagonal movement, downwards from right to left, or *vice versa*. (Diagram 17.)

(Motion 7.)—*Diag.* 18.

(Motion 8.)—*Diag.* 19.

(Motion 9.)—*Diag.* 20.

MOTION 7. A diagonal movement downwards from left to right, or *vice versa*. (Diagram 18.)

MOTION 8. A curvilinear movement, inwards and upwards, then downwards, ending in *downwards oblique*. (Diagram 19.)

MOTION 9. Commences with a circular movement of the wrist, and ends with an oblique motion of the hand. (Diagram 20.)

48. CONTINUATIVE MOTIONS.

(Motion 10.)—*Diag.* 21.

(Motion 11.)—*Diag.* 22.

(Motion 12.)—*Diag.* 23.

MOTION 10. A horizontal movement. (Diagram 21.)

MOTION 11. Commences at *elevated extended*, marks its accent on *downwards across*, rebounds to *horizontal across*. (Diagram 22.)

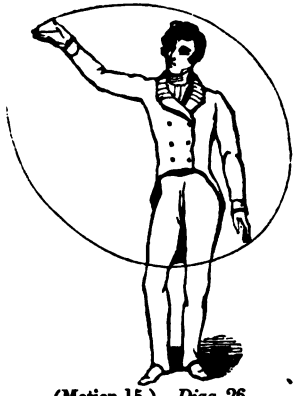
MOTION 12. A circular movement, the hand supine—generally performed by a motion of the wrist. (Diagram 23.)

(Motion 13.)—*Diag.* 24.

(Motion 14.)—*Diag.* 25.

MOTION 13. A curvilinear movement upwards and downwards, commencing at *horizontal across*, and ending in *downwards oblique*. (Diagram 24.) By this movement the hand is generally returned from every point on the left side, or *vice versa*.

MOTION 14. A serpentine movement, horizontal. (Diagram 25.)

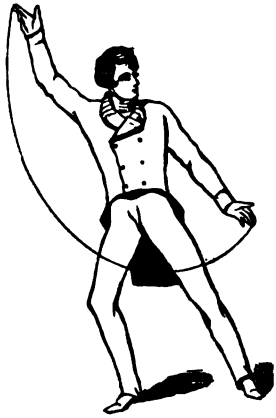


(Motion 15.)—*Diag.* 26.

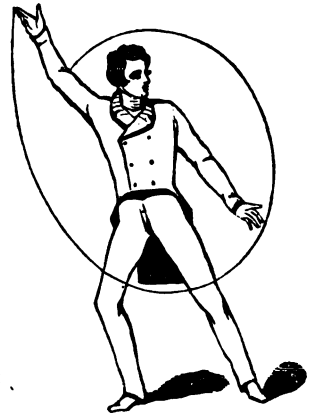
(Motion 16.)—*Diag.* 27.

MOTION 15. A circular movement commencing at *horizontal oblique*, sweeping downwards, inwards, outwards, and upwards, ending in *elevated oblique*. (Diagram 26.)

MOTION 16. Returns the hand from *elevated oblique*, by a circular movement, and ends in *downwards oblique*. By this, the hand is generally returned from every *elevated* point on the right side. (Diagram 27.)



(Motion 17.)—*Diag.* 28.



(Motion 18.)—*Diag.* 29.

MOTION 17. A curvilinear movement, commencing at *downwards across*, sweeping downwards, outwards, and upwards, ending in *elevated oblique*. (Diagram 28.)

MOTION 18. A circular movement, commencing at *elevated oblique*, sweeping upwards, inwards, downwards, and outwards, ending in *elevated extended*. (Diagram 29.)

(Motion 19.)—*Diag.* 30.

MOTION 19. Contracts the arm at the height of the shoulder, the hand clenched; then propels it forward to *horizontal extended.* (Diagram 30.)

SECONDARY MOTION—THE RETIRED ARM.

49. When only one arm is in action, the retired hand performs a secondary motion, or takes a subordinate position, to that of the advanced arm.

50. In unimpassioned delivery, the retired arm should hang easily by the side; but, when any degree of energy or earnestness is expressed, the motion of the one arm should be slightly imitated by the other; as in the following diagrams:—

Diag. 31.

Diag. 32.

In diagram 31, the right arm is elevated nearly to Z, and the left arm takes a secondary position (*d*); but when the emphatic stroke is made with the right (to *d*), the left arm should fall easily into a closer position by the side. The extent of simple secondary motion may be understood by diagram 32.

51. The general rule is, that, where both hands do not perform the whole gesture, the retired arm should be about ONE POINT (*i. e.* 45°) less *elevated* than the advanced arm; and that, in the *transverse* direction, it should be kept apart about TWO POINTS, or a right angle.

52. Frequently the arm is taken from its downward position to assist more prominently in subordinate action. In the following diagrams, intending to denote aversion, the secondary gesture is more extensively and distinctly marked, as pervading the whole frame; but still in accordance with the rule stated above.

Diag. 33.

Diag. 34.

THE HANDS AND FINGERS.

53. The HANDS, which serve "as a common language to all men," have great variety of position and motion. Quintilian remarks, that "the action of the other parts of the body assists the speaker; but the hands—I could almost say—speak themselves." Respecting their general management:—the fingers should possess much flexibility and independent motion; while the thumb, in all open positions, should be kept apart from the hand. Even in contracted positions, the fingers and thumb should never be knit closely together.

54. The position of the hand defines the particular meaning of every motion, and should determine all bodily action. In narrating, in addressing, or in appealing, the hand should be held out in its natural position (*i. e.*, supine): in forbidding, denying, or rejecting, the palm is prone and oblique; in pointing, warning, reproving, or impressing, the forefinger is extended, the other fingers being closed; in supplication, the hands are applied or clasped together in veneration, they are folded over the breast; in anguish, they are wrung.

55. When both hands are employed in extended action, either a general idea is expressed, or a greater degree of vehemence is implied.

56. In *vehement* action, the hands are either clinched, or *thrown backward from the wrist* as much as possible.

57. The positions of the hand on certain portions of the Face and Body are highly expressive of emotion:—

Diag. 35.—Noted B.

Diag. 36.—Noted E.

Diag. 37.—Noted L.

Diag. 38.—Noted F.

Diag. 39.—Noted C.

The Hand placed on the Breast (B, *diagram* 35), appeals to conscience, or intimates desire; on the Eyes (E, *diagram* 36), shame or affliction; on the Lips (L, *diagram* 37), injunction of silence; on the Forehead (F, *diagram* 38), pain, distress, or anguish; on the (C, *diagram* 39), irresolution or meditation.

THE TRUNK AND SHOULDERS.

58. The TRUNK should obey the excellent precept of Cicero,*—"Let the orator's action proceed from the motions of his whole body, and a manly flexibility of his sides." A perfectly upright position is prejudicial to beauty in attitude, and grace in motion: the sides should have a uniformity of action with the limbs; not unsteady or crooked, but presenting that gentle and ever-varying *wave* wherein true beauty consists. The Trunk must be balanced evenly on the supporting limb, except in those attitudes which require its inclination—as veneration, supplication, &c. The breast should, in general, be so presented, that a line drawn from the eye of the person addressed, may be rectangular to a line drawn across the speaker's shoulder. In every change of attitude, the equilibrium, and at the same time, the grace of the body, are maintained by so extending the limbs in contrary directions, as to bring the centre of gravity and the line of direction over the supporting limb.

59. The SHOULDERS should partake of the motions of the trunk, but in a very moderate degree. Unless in imitation, shrugging or tossing them up must be avoided.

THE HEAD AND COUNTENANCE.

60. The NECK has very considerable power of expression; it varies its position with that of the other members of the body. Like every other part of the frame, it should possess a certain degree of flexibility; and, during speech, be kept erect; neither stiff nor thrown back, but easily upright. If the chin is allowed to lean too far forward, not only is the position ungraceful, but the countenance loses much power of expression, and the voice becomes depraved in sound.

61. The HEAD, "the dome of thought, the palace of the soul," must receive that accordance of expression which beauty and uniformity require. Quintilian directs that it should be held erect, and in a natural position; for, when downcast, it denotes meanness; when drawn back, arrogance; when inclined on one side, indolence; when stiff or rigid, something of a savage disposition. Its movements should accord with the actions of the hands, and the motions of the body. The head grants—refuses—affirms—hangs down in bashfulness—moves gently from side to side in doubt—is expressive of admiration and indignation. The head should always move with the body, and never by itself; for nothing is more prejudicial to grace, than gesticulation with the head alone.

62. The COUNTENANCE is the principal seat of expression, and true index of the mind, varying with every emotion of the soul. "The four phases of gesture, Motion and Exertion, Sentiment and Passion, are here fully exhibited. The *forehead* is the expressive seat of serenity—joy—discontent—gloom—anguish—stupidity—ignorance—malignity." The *eye-brows* possess a complete control over the forehead; they are knitted in sorrow—drawn back in mirth—downcast in shame—raised or lowered by the manner of granting or refusing—drawn up in astonishment. When the eye-brows are motionless, the face has a vacuity of expression, equally disagreeable

* *De Orat.*, p. 59.

as ungraceful; and their effect is completely destroyed when their motion is too frequently repeated.

63. The EYE expresses internal emotion with the greatest fidelity and variety. The vacant stare of idiotcy, the restless gaze of troubled thought, the glistening of mirth, the inflaming of rage, the clouding of sadness, and the sorrow subdued even to tears, are all faithfully expressed by "this most pure spirit of sense." The eyes represent, with unequalled fidelity, the most varied emotions;—humility and pride—cruelty and compassion—reflection and dissipation—kindness and resentment—love and hate—praise and ridicule; they ask—promise—swim in joy or grief—twinkle with pleasure—flash fire in hate—express languor or resolution—and portray whatever is mild or stern, haughty or terrible. There is not a motion of the body, a sentiment or a passion of the mind, to which the eyes may not add significancy.*

64. The action of the NOSE AND LIPS is only allowable in expressing derision, contempt, loathing, or horror. The lips should not be stretched out—made to gape—screwed together—drawn back to leave the teeth naked—drawn sideways—folded over each other—made to hang—or opened so as to allow the voice only to escape on one side. Nothing is more disgusting to the eye than the very common practice of moistening the lips, when parched, by thrusting the tongue between them; this madefaction is only necessary when custom has made it so. But it ought to be carefully avoided. Biting the lips is equally unbecoming. The motion of the lips should be moderate; and the pupil should strive to speak more with the entire mouth, than with these or any other of its parts.

65. The UPPER LIP principally develops traits of sensuality. Pride and anger bend it; cunning gives it sharpness; goodness rounds it, and intemperance enervates and debases it. The *under lip* supports the upper in all its expressions.†

66. The BLOOD presents many different appearances, and is even expressive of many emotions; but simulation in these requires a perfection of practice which is very rarely attained. In violent passions, the blood suffuses the face and forehead, and makes the veins dark and turgid; it expands in blushes, flies back in fear and many other emotions. The cause of these changes has been most intelligibly explained by Sir Charles Bell‡—"The nervous filaments are extended to the heart, and wind about the vessels in their course through the body. And thus, on the one hand, the passions of the mind agitate the heart, and often the feelings seem to centre there with palpitation and a sense of sinking; while, on the other, the nerves, when affected by emotion, influence in no less degree, the minute ramifications of the vessels which go to the surface, and produce a visible effect, as in blushing, or in the paleness, coldness, and shrinking of the skin in fear." And again, "To this greater susceptibility of the head, as well as of the face, is to be attributed the rising of the hair in almost every violent passion."

67. To the general student, the following synoptical abridgment of the principal significant Positions and Actions, and of the Notation of Attitude and Motion, may be of service.

* In all gestures that denote general locality, or that refer to any particular object, the eye should first be directed to the place, before the hand is moved.

† See Lavater's Physiognomy. ‡ Anatomy of Expression.

SYNOPTICAL TABLE

OF THE

PRINCIPAL POSITIONS AND ACTIONS IN SIGNIFICANT GESTURE.

THE FEET AND LOWER LIMBS.

Their firm position signifies courage or obstinacy. Bended knees —timidity or weakness. Frequent change—disturbed thought. In desire or courage—advance. In aversion or fear—retire. In terror—start. In authority or anger—stamp. In submission and prayer—kneel.

THE BODY.

The body held erect, indicates steadiness and courage. Thrown back—pride. Stooping forward—condescension or compassion. Bending—reverence or respect. Prostration—the utmost humility or abasement.

THE ARMS.

The arm is projected forward in authority. Both arms are extended in admiration. Held forward—imploring help. Fall suddenly—disappointment.

THE HANDS.

The hand on the head, indicates pain or distress. On the eyes—shame. On the lips—injunction of silence. On the breast—appeals to conscience, or intimates desire or affection. The hand waves or flourishes, in joy. Is projected forward, in contempt. Both hands are held supine, applied, or clasped, in prayer. Both descend prone, in blessing. They are clasped or wrung, in affliction. They are held forward and received, in friendship.

THE EYES.

They are raised, in prayer. They weep, in sorrow. They are cast on vacancy, in thought. They look downwards, in shame. They are turned in different directions, in doubt and anxiety.

THE HEAD AND FACE.

The hanging down of the head denotes shame or grief. The holding it up, pride or courage. To nod forward implies assent. To toss the head back, dissent. The inclination of the head implies bashfulness or languor. The head is averted, in dislike or horror. It leans forward, in attention.

SYNOPTICAL TABLE
FOR THE
NOTATION OF GESTURE AND MOTION.

Three kinds of Gesture.—REPRESENTATIVE, SYMPATHETIC, and COLLOQUIAL.

THE FEET AND TRUNK.

R. 1 *c.*, R. 2 *c.*, R. 3 *c.*, L. 1 *c.*, L. 2 *c.*, L. 3 *c.* The same, intermediate (*i*) and extended (*x*). Advancing (*a*), retiring (*r*), starting (*st*), stamping (*stp*), kneeling (*kn*), traversing (*tr.*) *The notation of the Feet always marked below the line.*

DIRECTION AND ELEVATION OF THE ARM.

The right arm generally understood. The left arm expressed by a dash before the notation.

Rest, .	R.	Across, .	*c.*	Preparation, .	/
Downwards, .	*d.*	Forwards, .	*f.*	Continuation,	—
Horizontal, .	*h.*	Oblique, .	*q.*	Conclusion, .	\
Elevated, .	*e.*	Extended, .	*x.*	Alternate, .	*al.*
Zenith, .	Z.	Backwards, .	*b.*	Both arms, .	B.

PRINCIPAL MOTIONS OF THE ARMS.

Ascending, .	*a.*	Outwards,	*ou.*	A-kimbo, .	*k.*
Descending, .	*d.*	Inwards,	*in.*	Reposed, .	*rp.*
Revolving, .	*v.*	Waving, .	*w.*	Overcurve, .	⌒
Striking, .	*st.*	Grasping,	*gr.*	Undercurve, .	⌣
Flourishing, .	*fl.*	Rejecting,	*rj.*	Serpentine, .	∿
Trembling, .	*tr.*	Encumbered,	*en.*	Both hands, .	B.

The arms generally to describe diagonal returning curves, (*page* 86).

The NINETEEN special motions as illustrated by the Diagrams, (*pages* 87–92.)

PRINCIPAL POSITIONS AND MOTIONS OF THE HANDS.

		Used in
Natural,	*n.*	addressing, declaring.
Supine,	*s.*	appealing, exhorting, entreating.
Prone,	*p.*	forbidding, rejecting, commanding.
Clinched,	*c.*	strong passion or violent agitation.
Indexing,	*i.*	pointing, reproving, warning.
Applied,	*ap.*	prayer, supplication, entreaty.
Clasped,	*cl.*	an energetic form of the preceding.
Wringing,	*wr.*	anguish, remorse, distraction.
Crossed,	*cr.*	resignation, meekness.
Enumerating,	*en.*	analytical parts of discourse.

PARTS OF THE BODY ON WHICH THE HAND MAY BE PLACED.

Breast, B. | Eyes, E. | Lips, L. | Forehead, F. | Chin, C.

POSTURES AND MOTIONS OF THE HEAD.

Marked on the margin of the page.

Erect, .	E.	Shaking,	Sh.	Assenting,	As.
Inclined, .	I.	Aside, .	S.	Denying,	Dn.

LOOKS OF THE EYES.—*Marked in the margin.*

Forwards, .	F.	Downwards, .	D.	Around, .	R.
Averted, .	A.	Upwards, .	U.	Vacuity, .	V.

MISCELLANEOUS READINGS

IN

POETRY.

To assist students in the attainment of Expression,—(the proper management of the voice and of the organs of speech, in combination with articulative distinctness, being familiarised by the first part of the Introduction, pages 18 to 78,)—marginal directions are inserted to suggest the proper spirit with which the various passages should be read. The poetical extracts are placed first; because experience has proved that the initiatory study of rhythmical reading has a most beneficial effect in imparting melody and variety to the irregular structure of the prosaic form.

The mode of printing these *introductory* poetical extracts will be found useful in tending to destroy that measured monotony and unmeaning chant with which the unskilful reader associates the delivery of verse. A large portion of the poetry is, however, printed in the ordinary mode.

I.—A PLEA FOR MERCY.—*Shakspeare.*

ARGUMENTATIVE MANNER—MIDDLE TONE—EARNESTNESS—SLOW.

THE quality of mercy is not strained; it droppeth, Exhortation.
as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place
beneath. It is twice bless'd; it blesseth him that Pleasure.
gives, and him that takes: 'tis mightiest in the
mightiest; it becomes the thronèd monarch better
than his crown; his sceptre shows the force of tem-
poral power, the attribute to awe and majesty,
wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings: but,
mercy is above this sceptred sway; it is enthronèd
in the hearts of kings, it is an attribute to God him- Reverence.
self; and earthly power doth then show likest God's,
when mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Man, though Earnest advice.
justice be thy plea, consider this,—that, in the course
of justice, none of us should see salvation. We do Solemn reflection.
pray for mercy; and that same prayer doth teach us
all to render the deeds of mercy.

II.—THE SEVEN AGES.—*Shakspeare.*

NARRATIVE MANNER—IMITATIVE.

ALL the world's a stage, and all the men and women Serious narrative.
merely players: they have their exits and their
entrances; and one man, in his time, plays many

Slight mimicry. parts; his acts being—Seven Ages. At first, the Infant, mewling and puking in the nurse's arms. And then, the whining School-boy, with his satchel and [1]Saltily. shining morning face; [1]creeping, like snail, unwil- [2]Languishingly. lingly to school. And then, [2]the Lover, sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad made to his mistress' Animation. eyebrow. Then, a Soldier, full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard; jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel; seeking the bubble, reputation, even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the Justice, Mock gravity. in fair round belly with good capon lined, with eyes severe and beard of formal cut, full of wise saws and Seriously. modern instances;—and so he plays his part. The Sorrowful. sixth age shifts into the lean and slippered Panta- loon, with spectacles on nose and pouch on side; his youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide for his Slightly imita- tive. shrunk shank; and his big, manly voice, turning again to childish treble, pipes and whistles in the sound. Last scene of all, that ends this strange, Solemnity. eventful history, is—second childishness and mere oblivion; sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste,—sans every thing!

III.—SPEECH OF MARULLUS TO THE ROMAN MOB.—

Shakspeare.

VEHEMENT EXPRESSION—LOUD—QUICK.

Reproach. WHEREFORE rejoice? That Cæsar comes in tri- umph?—What conquests brings he home? what tributaries follow him to Rome, to grace, in captive Contempt. bonds, his chariot wheels? You blocks! you stones! you worse than senseless things! O you hard hearts! you cruel men of Rome!—Knew you not Pompey? Upbraiding. Many a time and oft have you climbed up to walls and battlements, to towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops, your infants in your arms; and there have sat the livelong day, with patient expectation, Admiration. to see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome. And when you saw his chariot but appear, have you not Reproach. made a universal shout, that Tiber trembled under- neath her banks, to hear the replication of your sounds made in her concave shores? And do you Contempt. now put on your best attire? And do you now cull out a holiday? And do you now strew flowers in

his way that comes in triumph over Pompey's blood? Begone! Run to your houses, fall upon your knees, pray to the Gods to intermit the plagues that needs must light on this ingratitude! Anger.

IV.—HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.—*Shakspeare.*

ARGUMENTATIVE MANNER—LOW—MIDDLE TIME.

[1]To be?—or not to be?—[2]that is the question:— whether 'tis nobler, in the mind, to suffer [3]the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune—or, to take arms against a siege of troubles, and, by opposing, end them?——To die?—to sleep—no more:—and, by a sleep, to say we end the heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation devoutly to be wished!——To die—to sleep; to sleep?—perchance to dream!—ay, there's the rub! for, in that sleep of death, what dreams may come, when we have shuffled off this mortal coil, must give us pause!—There's the respect that makes calamity of so long life! For, who would bear the whips and scorns of time, the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, [4]the pangs of despised love, [4]the law's delay, the insolence of office, and the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes—when he, himself, might his quietus make, with a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear, to groan and sweat under a weary life?—but that the dread of something after Death— that undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveller returns!—puzzles the will; and makes us rather bear those ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of. Thus, Conscience does make cowards of us all: and thus, the native hue of Resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of Thought; and enterprises of great pith and moment,—with this regard,—their currents turn awry, and lose the name of action!

[1]Anxiety. [2]Doubt. [3]Affliction. Courage. Thoughtfulness with animation. Joy. Thoughtfulness. Sad conviction Apprehension. Conviction. [4]Indignation. [5]Anguish. Contempt. Fear. Resignation. Awe. Instruction. Solemnity.

V.—SPEECH OF SATAN TO HIS LEGIONS.—*Milton.*

VEHEMENT EXPRESSION—HIGH—LOUD—QUICK.

PRINCES, potentates, warriors! the flower of heaven, once yours; now lost, if such astonishment as this can seize eternal spirits: or, have ye chosen this Authority.

place after the toil of battle to repose your wearied
Irony. virtue, for the ease you find to slumber here as in
Anger. the vales of heaven? Or, in this abject posture, have
ye sworn to adore the Conqueror?—who now beholds
Warning. Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood, with scattered
arms and ensigns; till anon his swift pursuers from
heaven-gates discern the advantage, and, descend-
Reproach. ing, tread us down thus drooping; or, with linked
thunderbolts, transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
Energy. Awake! arise! or be for ever fallen!

VI.—THE LAST MINSTREL.—PATRIOTISM.—*Scott.*

NARRATIVE MANNER—PLAINTIVE EXPRESSION—MIDDLE TONE.

Sorrowful narrative. THE way was long, the wind was cold, the Minstrel
was infirm and old; his withered cheek, and tresses
gray, seemed to have known a better day: the
harp, his sole-remaining joy, was carried by an
Pity. orphan boy: the last of all the bards was he, who
sung of Border chivalry. For, well-a-day! their
date was fled, his tuneful brethren all were dead;
and he, neglected and oppressed, wished to be with
Regretful remembrance them, and at rest. No more, on prancing palfrey
borne, he carolled, light as lark at morn; no longer,
courted and caressed, high-placed in hall, a welcome
guest, he poured, to lord and lady gay, the unpre-
Sorrow. meditated lay; old times were changed—old manners
Dislike. gone—a stranger filled the Stuarts' throne. The
Upbraiding. bigots of the iron time had called his harmless art—
Pity. a crime: a wandering harper, scorned and poor, he
begged his bread from door to door; and tuned, to
Joy. please a peasant's ear, the harp, a king had loved
to hear.

Narrative. He passed, where Newark's stately tower looks
out from Yarrow's birchen bower: the Minstrel
Anxiety. gazed with wishful eye—no humbler resting-place
was nigh. With hesitating step, at last, the em-
Animation. battled portal-arch he passed; whose ponderous grate
and massy bar had oft rolled back the tide of war,
Pleasure. but never closed the iron door against the desolate
and poor. The Duchess marked his weary pace,
Kind pity. his timid mien, and reverend face; and bade her
page the menials tell, that they should tend the old
Sorrow. man well; for she had known adversity, though

born in such a high degree; in pride of power, in beauty's bloom, had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb.

When kindness had his wants supplied, and the old man was gratified, began to rise his minstrel pride; and he began to talk, anon, of good Earl Francis, dead and gone; and of Earl Walter—rest him God!—a braver, ne'er to battle rode: and how full many a tale he knew of the old warriors of Buccleugh; and, would the noble Duchess deign to listen to an old man's strain, though stiff his hand, his voice though weak, he thought, even yet,—the sooth to speak,—that, if she loved the harp to hear, he could make music to her ear. Pleased narrative. Exultation. Confident entreaty.

The humble boon was soon obtained; the aged Minstrel audience gained: but, when he reached the room of state, where she, with all her ladies, sat, perchance he wished his boon denied; for, when to tune his harp he tried, his trembling hand had lost the ease which marks security to please; and scenes, long past, of joy and pain, came wildering o'er his aged brain;—he tried to tune his harp, in vain. Kindness. Perplexity. Pity. Vacancy. Pity.

Amid the strings his fingers strayed, and an uncertain warbling made; and, oft, he shook his hoary head. But when he caught the measure wild, the old man raised his face, and smiled; and lighted up his faded eye, with all a poet's ecstacy! In varying cadence, soft or strong, he swept the sounding chords along; the present scene, the future lot, his toils, his wants, were all forgot; cold diffidence, and age's frost, in the full tide of soul were lost; each blank in faithless memory's void, the poet's glowing thought supplied; and, while his harp responsive rung, 'twas thus the latest Minstrel sung:— Hesitation. Joy increasing to Rapture.

EARNESTNESS—LOUD TONE—TIME QUICKER.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, This is my own, my native land!—whose heart hath ne'er within him burned, as home his footsteps he hath turned from wandering on a foreign strand? If such there breathe, go—mark him well; for him, no minstrel-raptures swell: high though his titles, proud his name, boundless his Indignation. Rapture. Contempt.

wealth, as wish can claim; despite those titles, power, and pelf, the wretch, concentred all in self, living, shall forfeit fair renown, and, doubly dying, shall go down to the vile dust from whence he sprung, unwept, unhonoured, and unsung!

VII.—A CHURCH-YARD SCENE.—*Blair.*

LOW TONE—SLOW TIME—SOLEMN EXPRESSION.

Solemn narrative

SEE yonder hallowed fane! the pious work of names once famed; now, dubious, or forgot, and buried

Awe

mid the wreck of things that were. The wind is up: hark! how it howls: methinks till now I never heard a sound so dreary. Doors creak, and windows

Increasing

clap, and night's foul bird, rooked in the spire, screams loud; the gloomy aisles black plaistered,

to

and hung round with shreds of scutcheons and tattered coats of arms, send back the sound laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults—the mansions

Fear

of the dead. Roused from their slumbers, in grim array the grisly spectres rise, grin horrible and

and

obstinately sullen, pass and repass, hushed as the foot of night. Again the screech-owl shrieks: un-

Terror.

gracious sound! I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill.

VIII.—APOLOGY FOR THE PIG.—*Southey.*

LIVELY AND COLLOQUIAL EXPRESSION—MIDDLE TONE—MODERATE TIME.

Remonstrance. Instructing

JACOB! I do not love to see thy nose turned up in scornful curve at yonder pig. It would be well, my friend, if we, like him, were perfect in our kind.

1 Dislike and 2 Disgust

And why despise the sow-born grunter? [1]"He is obstinate," thou answerest; "ugly; [2]and the filthiest beast that banquets upon offal."

Playful argument.

Now, I pray thee, hear the pig's counsel. Is he obstinate? We must not, Jacob, be deceived by words, by sophist sounds. A democratic beast—he knows that his unmerciful drivers seek their profit and not his. He hath not learned that pigs were

Sarcasm.

made for man, born to be brawned and baconized.

Appealing with much gravity.

And for his ugliness—nay, Jacob, look at him; those eyes have taught the lover flattery. Behold his tail, my friend; with curls like that, the wanton

hop marries her stately spouse. And what is beauty but the aptitude of parts harmonious? Give thy fancy scope, and thou wilt find that no imagined change can beautify the beast. All would but mar his pig perfection.

The last charge,—he lives a dirty life. Here I could shelter him with precedents right reverend and noble; and show, by sanction of authority, that 'tis a very honourable thing to thrive by dirty ways. But let me rest, on better ground, the unanswerable defence. The pig is a philosopher, who knows no prejudice. Dirt? Jacob, what is dirt? If matter, why, the delicate dish that tempts the o'ergorged epicure is nothing more. And there, that breeze pleads with me, and has won thee to the smile that speaks conviction. O'er yon blossomed field of beans it came—and thoughts of bacon rise!

Sarcastic gravity. Candour. Humorous expression. Triumphant satisfaction. Humour.

IX.—CHILDE HAROLD'S SONG.—*Byron.*

Adieu, adieu!—my native shore fades o'er the waters blue; the night-winds sigh, the breakers roar, and shrieks the wild sea-mew. Yon sun that sets upon the sea we follow in his flight: farewell awhile to him and thee: my native land—Good night! A few short hours, and he will rise to give the morrow birth; and I shall hail the main and skies—but not my mother, earth! Deserted is my own good hall, its hearth is desolate; wild weeds are gathering on the wall—my dog howls at the gate.

Stern melancholy. Contempt. Regret. Gloomily.

Come hither, hither, my little page: why dost thou weep and wail? Or dost thou dread the billow's rage, or tremble at the gale? But dash the tear-drop from thine eye; our ship is swift and strong: our fleetest falcon scarce can fly more merrily along.

Kindly. Encouragma.

"Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high, I fear not wave nor wind; yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I am sorrowful in mind: for I have from my father gone, a mother whom I love; and have no friend save these alone, but thee—and One above. My father blessed me fervently, yet did not much complain; but sorely will my mother sigh, till I come back again."

Grief. Affection. Sorrow. Awe. Grief with Affection.

Enough, enough, my little lad, such tears become

Concern.

Regret. thine eye: if I thy guiltless bosom had, mine own
Authoritatively. would not be dry!—Come hither, hither, my staunch
Reproof. yeoman, why dost thou look so pale? Or dost thou
dread a French foeman, or shiver at the gale?

Manly regret. "Deem'st thou I tremble for my life? Sir Childe,
I'm not so weak; but thinking on an absent wife
Affection. will blanch a faithful cheek. My spouse and boys
dwell near thy hall, along the bordering lake; and
when they on their father call, what answer shall
she make?"

Indifference. Enough, enough, my yeoman good, thy grief let
none gainsay; but I, that am of lighter mood, will
laugh to flee away. For, who would trust the
Sarcasm. seeming sighs of friend or paramour? fresh feres
will dry the bright blue eyes we late saw streaming
Resignation. o'er. For pleasures past I do not grieve, nor perils
gathering near; my greatest grief is—that I leave
Desolately. nothing that claims a tear. And now I'm in the
1 Sudden remonstrance. world alone, upon the wide, wild sea: 1but, why
should I for others groan, when none will sigh for
Contempt. me? Perchance my dog will whine in vain, till
fed by stranger-hands; but, long ere I come back
Bitterly. again, he'd tear me where he stands. With thee,
Joy. my bark, I'll swiftly go athwart the foaming brine;
nor care what land thou bear'st me to, so not again to
Desolately. mine! Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves!—
and, when you fail my sight, welcome, ye deserts
Contempt. and ye caves!—My native land,—Good night!

X.—MIDNIGHT.—*Thomson.*

LOW TONE—SLOW TIME—SOLEMN EXPRESSION.

Solemn narrative. As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds slow
meeting, mingle into solid gloom. Now, while the
drowsy world lies lost in sleep, let me associate
with the serious Night, and Contemplation, her
Languor. sedate compeer; let me shake off the intrusive cares
of day, and lay the meddling senses all aside.
Sorrowful reproach. Where now, ye lying vanities of life, ye ever-
tempting, ever-cheating train, where are ye now?
and what is your amount?—vexation, disappoint-
Regret. ment, and remorse. Sad, sickening thought! and
yet, deluded man,—a scene of crude disjointed
visions past, and broken slumbers,—rises still re-

solved, with new-flushed hopes, to run the giddy round.——Father of light and life! thou Good supreme! O, teach me what is good; teach me—Thyself: save me from folly, vanity, and vice; from every low pursuit; and feed my soul with knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure—sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss! Earnest prayer

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XI.—CURSE OF KEHAMA.—*Southey.*

VEHEMENT MANNER—LOUD TONE—QUICK TIME.

I CHARM thy life from the weapons of strife, from stone and from wood, from fire and from flood, from the serpent's tooth, and the beasts of blood; from sickness I charm thee, and time shall not harm thee, but earth, which is mine, its fruits shall deny thee; and water shall hear me, and know thee and fly thee; and the winds shall not touch thee when they pass by thee; and the dews shall not wet thee when they fall nigh thee: and thou shalt seek death to release thee, in vain; thou shalt live in thy pain, while Kehama shall reign with a fire in thy heart, and a fire in thy brain; and sleep shall obey me, and visit thee—never! and the curse shall be on thee for ever and ever! Indignant triumph. Malice. Hate. Revengeful joy Exultation. Desperate malice.

XII.—ON PROCRASTINATION.—*Young.*

BE wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer: next day, the fatal precedent will plead; thus on,—till Wisdom is pushed out of life. Procrastination is the thief of Time. Year after year it steals, till all are fled; and, to the mercies of a moment, leaves the vast concerns of an eternal scene. Remonstrance. Awe.

Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears the palm:—That all men are about to live: for ever on the brink of being born. All pay themselves the compliment to think, they, one day, shall not drivel; and their pride on this reversion takes up ready praise; at least their own: their future selves applaud, how excellent that life—they ne'er will lead! Time lodged in their own hands is Folly's vails; that lodged in Fate's, to Wisdom they consign: the thing they can't but purpose, they post- Surprise with remonstrance. Haughtiness. Displeasure.

Sneering with reproach. pone. 'Tis not in Folly, not to scorn a fool, and scarce in human Wisdom to do more. All promise is—poor dilatory man, and that through every stage. When young, indeed, in full content we sometimes Contempt. nobly rest, unanxious for ourselves; and only wish, as duteous sons, our fathers were more wise. At Serious reflection. thirty, man suspects himself a fool; knows it at forty, and reforms his plan; at fifty, chides his infamous delay; pushes his prudent purpose to resolve; in all the magnanimity of thought, re- 1 Pity. solves, and re-resolves, then—'dies the same.

And why? Because he thinks himself immortal. Serious reflection. All men think all men mortal, but themselves; themselves, when some alarming shock of fate strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread; but their hearts wounded,—like the wounded air,—soon close: where passed the shaft, no trace is found. As from the wing no scar the sky retains, the parted wave no furrow from the keel; so dies Regret with reproof. in human hearts the thought of death. Even with the tender tear, which Nature sheds o'er those we love, we drop it—in their grave!

XIII.—ADDRESS TO INDEPENDENCE.—*Smollett.*

VEHEMENT EXPRESSION—LOUD VOICE—MODERATE TIME.

Joyous wish. THY spirit, Independence, let me share: lord of the lion heart and eagle eye! thy steps I follow with Defiance. my bosom bare, nor heed the storm that howls Delight. along the sky. Thou, guardian genius, thou didst Scorn. teach my youth pomp and her tinsel livery to Delight. despise: my lips, by thee chastised to early truth, 1 Indignation. ne'er paid that homage 'which the heart denies.

Boastful indignation. Those sculptured halls my feet shall never tread, where varnished Vice and Vanity, combined to Contempt. dazzle and seduce, their banners spread, and forge vile shackles for the free-born mind: where Insolence his wrinkled front uprears, and all the flowers of spurious fancy blow; and Title his ill-woven chaplet wears—full often wreathed around the miscreant's brow: where ever-dimpling Falsehood, pert Disgust. and vain, presents her cup of stale profession's froth; and pale Disease, with all his bloated train, torments Contempt. the sons of gluttony and sloth. In Fortune's car

behold the minion ride, with either India's glittering spoils oppressed: so moves the sumpter-mule, in harnessed pride, that bears the treasure which he cannot taste. For him let venal bards disgrace Indignation.
the bay, and hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string; her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay, and all her jingling bells fantastic Folly ring;—
disquiet, doubt, and dread shall intervene; and Warning.
Nature, still to all her feelings just, in vengeance hang a damp on every scene, shook from the baneful pinions of Disgust.

Nature I'll court in her sequestered haunts, by Admiration.
mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove, or cell; where the poised lark his evening ditty chants, and
health, and peace, and contemplation dwell. There Delight.
Study shall with Solitude recline, and Friendship pledge me to his fellow-swains; and Toil and Temperance sedately twine the slender cord that fluttering life sustains; and fearless Poverty shall guard the door; and Taste unspoiled the frugal table spread; and Industry supply the humble store; and Sleep, unbribed, his dews refreshing shed: white-mantled Innocence, ethereal sprite, shall chase far
off the goblins of the night; and Independence o'er Defiance.
the day preside:—propitious power! my patron and Joy.
my pride.

XIV.—PLEASURES OF MEMORY.—*Rogers.*

MEDITATIVE MANNER—LOW VOICE—SLOW TIME.

SWEET Memory! wafted by thy gentle gale, oft up Delight.
the stream of time I turn my sail to view the fairy haunts of long-lost hours, blessed with far greener Regret.
shades, far fresher bowers.

When joy's bright sun has shed his evening ray, Sorrow.
and hope's delusive meteors cease to play, when clouds on clouds the smiling prospect close, still
through the gloom thy star serenely glows: like Delight.
yon fair orb she gilds the brow of night with the mild magic of reflected light.

And who can tell the triumphs of the mind by Exultation.
truth illumined and by taste refined? When age Tenderness.
has quenched the eye and closed the ear, still
nerved for action in her native sphere oft will she Energy.

rise; with searching glance pursue some long-loved image vanished from her view; dart through the deep recesses of the past, o'er dusky forms in chains
Joy. of slumber cast; with giant grasp fling back the folds of night, and snatch the faithless fugitive to light.

Delight. Hail, Memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine, from age to age unnumbered glories shine. Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey, and place and time are subject to thy sway. Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone, the only pleasures
Instruction. we can call our own. Lighter than air, hope's summer visions fly, if but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky: if but a beam of sober reason play, lo! fancy's fairy frost-work melts away: but can the wiles of
Delight. art, the grasp of power, snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour? These, when the trembling spirit
Calm admiration. wings her flight, pour round her path a stream of living light; and gild those pure and perfect realms of rest, where Virtue triumphs and her sons are blest.

XV.—BEAUTY AND EXPRESSION.—*Thomas Moore.*

Dislike. THERE's a beauty for ever unchangingly bright, like the long, sunny lapse of a summer-day's light,
Weariness. shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender:
1 Delight. 2 Dislike. [1]that was not her beauty—[2]that sameness of splen-
Pleasure. dour; but the loveliness ever in motion, which plays like the light upon autumn's soft shadowy days; now here and now there giving warmth, as it flies from the lips to the cheek, from the cheek to the
Gentleness. eyes. When pensive, it seemed as if that very grace, that charm of all others, was born with her
[3]Force—[4] archness. face; [3]and when angry,—[4]for e'en in the tranquillest climes light breezes will ruffle the flowers some-
Explanation. times—the short, passing anger but seemed to awaken new beauty, like flowers that are sweetest
Gentleness. when shaken. If tenderness touched her, the dark of her eye at once took a darker, a heavenlier dye; from the depth of whose shadow, like holy reveal-
Delight. ings from innermost shrines, came the light of her feelings. Then her mirth—oh! 'twas sportive as ever took wing from the heart with a burst, like the

wild-bird in spring; while her laugh, full of life, without any control but the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her soul: and where it most sparkled no glance could discover, in lip, cheek, or eyes; for she brightened all over, like any fair lake that the breeze is upon, when it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun. Gayety. Rapture.

XVI.—THE SLAVE'S REMONSTRANCE.—*Knowles.*

THAT I were dead! O, what is death compared to slavery! Brutes may bear bondage—they were made for it, when Heaven set man above them! but no mark, definite and indelible, it put upon one man to mark him from another, that he should live his slave. O heavy curse! To have thought, reason, judgment, feelings, tastes, passions, and conscience, like another man, and not have equal liberty to use them, but call his mood their master! Why was I born with passion to be free—with faculties to use enlargement—with desires that cleave to high achievements—and with sympathies attracting me to objects fair and noble,—and yet with power over myself as little as any beast of burden? Why should I live? There are of brutes themselves that will not tame, so high in them is nature; whom the spur and lash, instead of curing, only chafe into a prouder mettle;—that will let you kill them, ere they will suffer you to master them. I am a man, and live! Deprecation with agony. Indignant remonstrance. Anguish. Painful reflection. Humiliation. Proudly. Energy. Self-reproach.

XVII.—ALEXANDER'S FEAST.—*Dryden.*

'TWAS at the royal feast, for Persia won by Philip's warlike son:—aloft, in awful state, the god-like hero sat on his imperial throne. His valiant peers were placed around, their brows with roses and with myrtles bound: so should desert in arms be crowned. The lovely Thais, by his side, sat, like a blooming Eastern bride, in flower of youth and beauty's pride. Happy, happy, happy pair! None but the brave, none but the brave, none but the brave—deserves the fair. Pompous narrative. Dignity. Loftiness. Admiration. Rapture.

Narrative. Timotheus—placed on high amid the tuneful
Delight. choir—with flying fingers touched the lyre; the trembling notes ascend the sky, and heavenly joys inspire.

Loftiness. The song began from Jove, who left his blissful seat above—such is the power of mighty Love!—
Solemnity. A dragon's fiery form belied the god: sublime on
Surprise. radiant spheres he rode.——The listening crowd admire the lofty sound: "A present deity!" they shout around; "A present deity!" the vaulted roofs
Haughtiness. rebound!—With ravished ears, the monarch hears,
1 Playfulness. assumes the god, affects to nod, 'and seems to shake the spheres.

Jovially. The praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet Musician
Delight. sung; of Bacchus, ever fair and ever young!—"The jolly god in triumph comes! sound the trumpets! beat the drums! Flushed with a purple grace he shows his honest face! Now, give the hautboys
Rapture. breath!—he comes! he comes! Bacchus, ever fair and young, drinking joys did first ordain; Bacchus' blessings are a treasure; drinking is the soldier's pleasure: rich the treasure; sweet the
Increasing energy. pleasure; sweet is pleasure, after pain!"——Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain—fought all his battles o'er again—and thrice he routed all his foes,
1 Playfulness. and thrice he slew—'the slain!

Watching. The Master saw the madness rise, his glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes; and, while he heaven and
Sympathy. earth defied—changed his hand, and checked his
Pathos. pride. He chose a mournful muse, soft pity to infuse: he sang—"Darius, great, and good! by too severe a fate, fallen! fallen! fallen! fallen! fallen
Reproachful sorrow. from his high estate—and weltering in his blood! Deserted, at his utmost need, by those his former bounty fed, on the bare earth, exposed, he lies, with
Reflection—grief. not a friend to close his eyes!"——With downcast look the joyless Victor sat, revolving, in his altered soul, the various turns of fate below; and, now and then, a sigh he stole, and tears began to flow!

Satisfaction. The mighty Master smiled, to see that Love was in the next degree: 'twas but a kindred sound to
Delight. move; for Pity melts the mind to Love. Softly sweet, in Lydian measures, soon he soothed his soul
Dislike. to pleasures. "War," he sung, "is toil and trouble:

honour, but an empty bubble; never ending, still beginning, fighting still, and still destroying. If the world be worth thy winning, think, oh! think it worth enjoying! Lovely Thais sits beside thee, take the good the gods provide thee!"——The many rend the skies with loud applause. So Love was crowned; but Music won the cause. Rapture. Approbation.

"Now, strike the golden lyre again! a louder yet, and yet a louder strain! break his bands of sleep asunder, and [1]rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder!" Hark! hark!—The horrid sound has raised up his head, as awaked from the dead; and, amazed, he stares around! "Revenge! revenge!" Timotheus cries:—"See the furies arise! see the snakes that they rear, how they hiss in their hair, and the sparkles that flash from their eyes! Behold a ghastly band, each a torch in his hand! these are Grecian ghosts that in battle were slain, and, unburied, remain inglorious on the plain! Give the vengeance, due to the valiant crew! behold! how they toss their torches on high, how they point to the Persian abodes, and glittering temples of their hostile gods!"——The princes applaud, with a furious joy; and the King seized a flambeau, with zeal to destroy; Thais led the way to light him to his prey; and, like another Helen,—fired another Troy! Strong whisper. [1] Startling. Energy—amazement. Fury. Horror. Wild transport. Eagerness. Delight.

XVIII.—THE BARD.—*Gray.*

"RUIN seize thee, ruthless King! Confusion on thy banners wait; though, fanned by Conquest's crimson wing, they mock the air with idle state! Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail, nor even thy virtues—tyrant!—shall avail, to save thy secret soul from nightly fears; from Cambria's curse—from Cambria's tears." Such were the sounds that, o'er the crested pride of the first Edward, scattered wild dismay, as, down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side, he wound, with toilsome march, his long array. Stout Gloucester [1]stood aghast in speechless trance! "To [2]arms!" cried Mortimer, and couched his quivering lance. Vehement imprecation. Contempt. Prophetic threatening. Fear. [1] Terror. [2] Courage.

On a rock, whose haughty brow frowns o'er old Solemn narration.

Conway's foaming flood, robed in the sable garb of woe, with haggard eyes the Poet stood; (loose, his beard and hoary hair streamed like a meteor to the troubled air;) and, with a master's hand, and prophet's fire, struck the deep sorrows of his lyre. "Hark! how each giant oak, and desert cave, sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath! O'er thee, O King! their hundred arms they wave, revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe:—vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day, to high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

Awe.

Prophetic threatening.

Lamentation.

Mournful description.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue, that hushed the stormy main: brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed: Mountains, ye mourn in vain Modred, whose magic song made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topped head:—on dreary Arvon's shore they lie, smeared with gore, and ghastly pale: far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail: the famished eagle screams, and passes by. Dear, lost companions of my tuneful art! Dear—as the light that visits these sad eyes! dear—as the ruddy drops that warm my heart! ye died amidst your dying country's cries!—No more I weep. They do not sleep. On yonder cliffs,—a grisly band,—I see them sit! they linger yet, avengers of their native land: with me in dreadful harmony they join, and weave, with bloody hands, the tissue of thy line.

Awe.

Horror.

Fear.

Affectionate remembrance

Mournful admiration.

Rejoicing with awe.

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,—the winding sheet of Edward's race; give ample room, and verge enough, the characters of hell to trace: mark the year, and mark the night, when Severn shall re-echo with affright the shrieks of death, through Berkley's roofs that ring—shrieks of an agonizing king! She-wolf of France—with unrelenting fangs that tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,—from thee be born, who, o'er thy country, hangs, the scourge of Heaven. What terrors round him wait! Amazement in his van, with Flight combined; and Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude, behind.

Authority.

Joy with revenge.

Horror.

Execration.

Piteous horror.

Intense joy.

"Mighty victor! mighty lord! low on his funeral couch he lies! No pitying heart, no eye, afford a tear to grace his obsequies. Is the sable warrior fled? Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead! The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were born?

Irony with exultation.

Contempt.

Joyous revenge.

Gone to salute the rising Morn. Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows, while, proudly riding o'er the azure realm, in gallant trim the gilded vessel goes—Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm; regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway, that, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey. Joyous description. Awe.

"Fill high the sparkling bowl, the rich repast prepare! Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:— Command. Irony.
Close by the regal chair fell Thirst and Famine scowl a baleful smile upon their baffled guest. Heard ye the din of battle bray, lance to lance, and horse to horse? Long years of havoc urge their destined course, and through the kindred squadrons mow their way! Ye towers of Julius—London's lasting shame!—with many a foul and midnight murder fed; revere his consort's faith, his father's fame, and spare the meek usurper's holy head. Above, below, the rose of snow, twined with the blushing foe, we spread; the bristled boar, in infant gore, wallows beneath the thorny shade. Now, Brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom, stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom. Joyous horror. Triumphant description. Revenge. Joy.

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)—half of thy heart we consecrate. (The web is wove. The work is done!)—— Stay, oh stay! nor thus, forlorn, leave me unblessed, unpitied, here to mourn: in yon bright track, that fires the western skies, they melt—they vanish from my eyes. But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height descending slow their glittering skirts unroll! Visions of glory, spare my aching sight! ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul! No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail: all hail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia's issue! hail! Revenge. Direction. Revenge. Narration with joy. Entreaty with grief. Surprise with awe. Entreaty with admiration. Extreme joy.

"Girt with many a Baron bold, sublime their starry fronts they rear; and gorgeous dames, and statesmen old, in bearded majesty appear. In the midst a form divine! her eye proclaims her of the Briton line; her lion-port, her awe-commanding face, attempered sweet to virgin grace! What strings symphonious tremble in the air! what strains of vocal transports round her play! Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear! they breathe a soul to animate thy clay. Joyous description. Admiration. Listening with rapture. Joyous entreating

Rapture. Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings, waves in the eye of Heaven her many-coloured wings.

Prophetic description. "The verse adorn again fierce War, and faithful Love, and Truth severe, by fairy Fiction dressed; in buskined measures, move pale Grief and pleasing Pain, with Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.

Listening with pleasure A voice, as of the cherub-choir, gales from blooming Eden bear; and distant warblings lessen on my ear,

Contempt. that lost in long futurity expire.——Fond, impious man! think'st thou yon sanguine cloud, raised by

Joyous reply. thy breath, has quenched the orb of day? To-morrow he repairs the golden flood, and warms the nations

Exultation. with redoubled ray. Enough for me: with joy I

Entreaty—hate. see the different doom our fates assign! Be thine

Satisfaction. Despair, and sceptred Care; to triumph, and to die,

Descriptive awe. are mine!"——He spoke; and, headlong, from the mountain's height, deep in the roaring tide he plunged—to endless night.

XIX.—THE LAST MAN.—*Campbell.*

Descriptive awe. All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom, the sun himself must die, before this mortal shall assume its

Solemn joy. immortality! I saw a vision in my sleep, that gave

Solemnity. my spirit strength to sweep adown the gulf of Time!

Plaintively. I saw the last of human mould—that shall Creation's

Troubled description. death behold, as Adam saw her prime! The Sun's eye had a sickly glare, the earth with age was wan; the skeletons of nations were around that lonely man! Some had expired in fight,—the brands still rusted in their bony hands; in plague and famine some. Earth's cities had no sound or tread; and ships were drifting with the dead to shores where

Dignified solemnity. all was dumb. Yet, prophet-like, that Lone One stood, with dauntless words and high, that shook the sere leaves from the wood as if a storm passed by—

Plaintively solemn. saying,—"We are twins in death, proud Sun! thy face is cold, thy race is run, 'tis mercy bids thee go;

Pity. for thou ten thousand thousand years hast seen the

Joy. tide of human tears—that shall no longer flow.

Melancholy remembrance. What though beneath thee, man put forth his pomp, his pride, his skill; and arts that made fire, flood,

Disclaiming. and earth, the vassals of his will?—yet mourn I

not thy parted sway, thou dim discrownéd king of day: for, all those trophied arts and triumphs, that beneath thee sprang, healed not a passion or a pang entailed on human hearts. Go! let oblivion's curtain fall upon the stage of men! nor with thy rising beams recall life's tragedy again! Its piteous pageants bring not back, nor waken flesh upon the rack of pain anew to writhe; stretched in disease's shapes abhorred, or mown in battle by the sword like grass beneath the scythe! Even I am weary in yon skies to watch thy fading fire: test of all sunless agonies, behold not me expire! My lips that speak thy dirge of death—their rounded gasp and gurgling breath to see, thou shalt not boast; the eclipse of Nature spreads my pall, the majesty of Darkness shall receive my parting ghost! This spirit shall return to Him who gave its heavenly spark; yet think not, Sun! it shall be dim, when thou thyself art dark! No! it shall live again, and shine in bliss unknown to beams of thine; by Him recalled to breath, who captive led Captivity, who robbed the Grave of victory, and took the sting from Death! Go, Sun! while Mercy holds me up, on Nature's awful waste, to drink this last and bitter cup of grief that man shall taste;—go! tell the night that hides thy face, thou saw'st the last of Adam's race, on earth's sepulchral clod, the darkening universe defy, to quench his Immortality, or shake his trust in God!

Disappointment. Earnest ejaculation. Piteous entreaty. Anguish. Earnest entreaty. Solemn joy. Awe. Disclaiming. Ardour. Triumphant veneration. Solemnly entreating. Anguish. Undaunted. Veneration.

XX.—THE PASSIONS.—*Collins.*

(A general imitation of the various passions to be observed throughout.)

When Music, (heavenly maid!) was young, ere yet in earliest Greece she sung, the Passions, oft, to hear her shell, thronged around her magic cell; exulting,—trembling;—raging,—fainting;—possessed, beyond the Muse's painting. By turns, they felt the glowing mind disturbed,—delighted,—raised,—refined; till once, 'tis said, when all were fired, filled with fury, rapt, inspired, from the supporting myrtles round they snatched her instruments of sound; and, as they oft had heard, apart, sweet lessons of her forceful art, each—for madness ruled the hour—would prove his own expressive power.

First, Fear—his hand, its skill to try, amid the chords

bewildered laid—and back recoiled—he knew not why:—even at the sound himself had made!

Next Anger rushed, his eyes on fire; in lightnings owned his secret stings; with one rude clash he struck the lyre, and swept, with hurried hands, the strings.

With woeful measures, wan Despair:—low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled; a solemn, strange, and mingled air; 'twas sad, by fits—by starts, 'twas wild. But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair, what was thy delighted measure! still it whispered promised pleasure, and bade the lovely scenes at distance "Hail!" Still would her touch the strain prolong; and, from the rocks, the woods, the vale, she called on Echo, still, through all her song; and, where her sweetest theme she chose, a soft, responsive voice was heard at every close!—and Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair!

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown, Revenge impatient rose: he threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down; and, with a withering look, the war-denouncing trumpet took, and blew a blast—so loud and dread, were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe: and ever and anon, he beat the doubling drum, with furious heat. And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between, dejected Pity, at his side, her soul-subduing voice applied, yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien; while each strained ball of sight—seemed bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fixed; sad proof of thy distressful state! of differing themes the veering song was mixed: and now, it courted Love—now, raving, called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired, pale Melancholy sat retired; and, from her wild, sequestered seat, in notes by distance made more sweet, poured, through the mellow horn, her pensive soul: and, dashing soft, from rocks around, bubbling runnels joined the sound. Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole; or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay—round a holy calm diffusing, love of peace and lonely musing—in hollow murmurs died away.

But, oh, how altered was its sprightlier tone, when Cheerfulness—a nymph of healthiest hue, her bow across her shoulder flung, her buskins gemmed with morning dew,—blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung; the hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known. The oak-crowned Sisters, and their chaste-eyed Queen, Satyrs, and Sylvan Boys, were seen peeping from forth their alleys green: brown Exercise rejoiced to hear; and Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last, came Joy's ecstatic trial: he, with viny crown advanc-

ing, first to the lively pipe his hand addressed; but soon he saw the brisk awakening viol, whose sweet, entrancing voice he loved the best. They would have thought, who heard the strain, they saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids, amid the festal-sounding shades to some unwearied minstrel dancing: while, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings, Love framed, with Mirth, a gay, fantastic round;—loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;—and he, amidst his frolic play, as if he would the charming air repay, shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

XXI.—SATAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.—*Milton.*

O THOU! that, with surpassing glory crowned, look'st from thy sole dominion, like the god of this new world!—at whose sight all the stars hide their diminished heads!—to thee I call, but with no friendly voice, and add thy name, O Sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams, that bring to my remembrance from what state I fell; how glorious once—above thy sphere—till pride, and worse, ambition, threw me down, warring in heaven against heaven's matchless King! Ah! wherefore? He deserved no such return from me, whom He created what I was in that bright eminence; and with His good upbraided none; nor was His service hard. What could be less than to afford Him praise, (the easiest recompense!) and pay Him thanks, how due! Yet, all His good proved ill in me, and wrought but malice! lifted up so high, I 'sdained subjection, and thought one step higher would set me highest, and in a moment quit the debt immense of endless gratitude, so burdensome—still paying, still to owe!

Forgetful what from Him I still received; and understood not that a grateful mind by owing owes not, but still pays; at once indebted and discharged;—what burden then? Oh! had His powerful destiny ordained me some inferior angel, I had stood then happy; no unbounded hope had raised ambition! Yet, why not? some other power as great, might have aspired; and me, though mean, drawn to his part: but other powers as great fell not, but stand unshaken; from within or from without, to all temptations armed. Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand? Thou hadst. Whom hast thou then, or what, to accuse—but Heaven's free love, dealt equally to all? Be then His love accursed! since, love or hate, (to me alike,) it deals eternal woe! Nay, cursed be thou! since, against His thy will chose freely, what it now so justly rues.

Me miserable! which way shall I fly infinite wrath, and infinite despair? Which way I fly is hell! myself am hell! and, in the lowest deep, a lower deep, still threatening to devour me, opens wide,—to which the hell I suffer seems a heaven! Oh, then, at last relent! Is there no place left for repentance? none for pardon left? none left—but by submission!—and that word disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame among the spirits beneath; whom I seduced with other promises, and other vaunts, than to submit, boasting I could subdue—the Omnipotent! Ah me! they little know how dearly I abide that boast so vain; under what torments inwardly I groan, while they adore me on the throne of hell. With diadem and sceptre high advanced, the lower still I fall—only supreme in misery! Such joy ambition finds!

But say I could repent, and could obtain, by act of grace, my former state; how soon would height recal high thoughts! how soon unsay what feigned submission swore! Ease would recant vows made in pain, as violent and void;—for never can true reconcilement grow, where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep;—which would but lead me to a worse relapse and heavier fall: so should I purchase dear short intermission—bought with double smart! This knows my Punisher, therefore as far from granting, He—as I from begging, peace! All hope excluded thus, behold,—instead of us, outcast! exiled! —his new delight, Mankind, created, and for him this world. So, farewell hope! and, with hope, farewell fear! Farewell remorse! all good to me is lost; Evil, be thou my good! by thee, at least divided empire with heaven's King I hold; by thee, and more than half perhaps, will reign—as man ere long, and this new world, shall know!

XXII.—ON THE BEING OF A GOD.—*Dr. Young.*

Retire;—the world shut out;—thy thoughts call home! Imagination's airy wing repress; lock up thy senses—let no passion stir—wake all to Reason, let her reign alone: then, in thy soul's deep silence, and the depth of Nature's silence, midnight, thus inquire, as I have done, and shall inquire no more. In Nature's channel, thus the questions run.

What am I? and from whence?—I nothing know, but that I am; and, since I am, conclude something eternal. Had there e'er been nought, nought still had been: eternal there must be. But what eternal?—Why not human race; and Adam's ancestors without an end?—That's hard to be con-

ceived; since every link of that long-chained succession is so frail: can every part depend, and not the whole? Yet, grant it true, new difficulties rise: I'm still quite out at sea, nor see the shore. Whence earth, and these bright orbs?—eternal too?—Grant matter was eternal; still these orbs would want some other father. Much design is seen in all their motions, all their makes. Design implies intelligence and art, that can't be from themselves—or man:—that art man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow? And nothing greater, yet allowed, than man. Who, motion, foreign to the smallest grain, shot through vast masses of enormous weight? Who bade brute matter's restive lump assume such various forms, and gave it wings to fly? Has matter innate motion? then, each atom, asserting its indisputable right to dance, would form a universe of dust. Has matter none? then, whence these glorious forms and boundless flights, from shapeless and reposed? Has matter more than motion? Has it thought, judgment, and genius? Is it deeply learn'd in mathematics? Has it framed such laws, which, but to guess, a Newton made immortal?—If so, how each sage atom laughs at me, who think a clod inferior to a man! If art, to form,—and counsel, to conduct,—and that with greater far than human skill,—resides not in each block; a Godhead reigns. And, if a God there is, that God how great!

XXIII.—A SNOW-STORM—THE MISERIES OF LIFE.—*Thomson.*

As thus the snows arise, and foul and fierce all winter drives along the darkened air, in his own loose-revolving fields the Swain disastered stands; sees other hills ascend, of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes of horrid prospect shag the trackless plain; nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid beneath the formless wild: but wanders on from hill to dale, still more and more astray; impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps, stung with the thoughts of home:—the thoughts of home rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth in many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul! What black despair, what horror, fill his heart! when,—for the dusky spot, which fancy feigned his tufted cottage, rising through the snow,—he meets the roughness of the middle waste, far from the track and blest abode of man: while, round him, night resistless closes fast; and every tempest. howling o'er his head, renders the savage wilderness more wild.

Then throng the busy shapes into his mind, of covered pits

unfathomably deep—a dire descent, beyond the power of frost! of faithless bogs; of precipices huge, smoothed up with snow; and what is land unknown, what water; of the still unfrozen spring, in the loose marsh or solitary lake, where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils. These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift, thinking o'er all the bitterness of death, mixed with the tender anguish nature shoots through the wrung bosom of the dying man—his wife, his children, and his friends, unseen!

In vain for him the officious wife prepares the fire fair-'blazing, and the vestment warm; in vain his little children, peeping out into the mingled storm, demand their sire with tears of artless innocence. Alas! nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold, nor friends, nor sacred home! On every nerve the deadly winter seizes; shuts up sense; and, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold, lays him along the snows, a stiffened corse, stretched out and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah! little think the gay licentious proud, whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround; they who, their thoughtless hours, in giddy mirth, and wanton, often cruel riot, waste; ah! little think they, while they dance along, how many feel, this very moment, death, and all the sad variety of pain! How many sink in the devouring flood, or more devouring flame! How many bleed, by shameful variance 'twixt man and man! How many pine in want, and dungeon-glooms, shut from the common air, and common use of their own limbs! How many drink the cup of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread of misery! Sore pierced by wintry winds, how many shrink into the sordid hut of cheerless poverty! How many shake with all the fiercer tortures of the mind—unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse! How many, racked with honest passions, droop in deep-retired distress! How many stand around the death-bed of their dearest friends, and point the parting anguish! Thought fond man of these, and all the thousand nameless ills, that one incessant struggle render life—one scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate; Vice, in his high career, would stand appalled, and heedless, rambling Impulse, learn to think: the conscious heart of Charity would warm, and her wide wish Benevolence dilate; the social tear would rise, the social sigh; and, into clear perfection, gradual bliss, refining still, the social passions work.

XXIV.—THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.—*Pope.*

VITAL spark of heavenly flame, quit, oh, quit this mortal frame!—trembling, hoping, lingering, flying; oh, the pain, the bliss of dying! Cease, fond nature! cease thy strife, and let me languish into life!——Hark, they whisper! Angels say, "Sister spirit, come away!" What is this absorbs me quite, steals my senses, shuts my sight, drowns my spirit, draws my breath? Tell me, my soul—can this be death? The world recedes!—it disappears! heaven opens on my eyes!—my ears with sounds seraphic ring! Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!——O grave! where is thy victory? O death! where is thy sting?

XXV.—THE FLIGHT OF IMAGINATION.—*Akenside.*

THE high-born soul disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing beneath its native quarry. Tired of earth and this diurnal scene, she springs aloft through fields of air; pursues the flying storm; rides on the volleyed lightning through the heavens; or, yoked with whirlwinds and the northern blast, sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars the blue profound, and, hovering round the sun, beholds him pouring the redundant stream of light; beholds his unrelenting sway bend the reluctant planets, to absolve the fated rounds of Time. Thence far effused, she darts her swiftness up the long career of devious comets; through its burning signs, exulting, measures the perennial wheel of nature, and looks back on all the stars,—whose blended light, as with a milky zone, invests the orient. Now, amazed, she views the empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold, beyond this concave heaven, their calm abode; and fields of radiance, whose unfading light has travelled the profound six thousand years, nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things. Even on the barriers of the world, untired, she meditates the eternal depth below; till, half recoiling, down the headlong steep she plunges: soon o'erwhelmed, and swallowed up, in that immense of being. There her hopes rest, at the fated goal. For, from the birth of mortal man, the Sovereign Maker said,—that not in humble or in brief delight, not in the fading echoes of renown, Power's purple robes, or Pleasure's flowery lap, the soul should find enjoyment; but from these turning disdainful to an equal good, through all the ascent of things enlarge her view—till every bound at length should disappear, and infinite perfection close the scene.

XXVI.—INSTABILITY OF HUMAN GLORY.—*Henry Kirke White.*

O HOW weak is mortal man! how trifling—how confined his scope of vision! Puffed with confidence, his phrase grows big with immortality; and he, poor insect of a summer's day! dreams of eternal honours to his name, of endless glory and perennial bays. He idly reasons of eternity, as of the train of ages,—when, alas! ten thousand thousand of his centuries are, in comparison, a little point too trivial for account. O, it is strange, 'tis passing strange, to mark his fallacies; behold him proudly view some pompous pile, whose high dome swells to emulate the skies, and smile, and say, "My name shall live with this, till Time shall be no more;" while, at his feet, yea, at his very feet, the crumbling dust of the fallen fabric of the other day preaches the solemn lesson.—He *should* know that Time must conquer; that the loudest blast that ever filled Renown's obstreperous trump fades in the lapse of ages, and expires. Who lies inhumed in the terrific gloom of the gigantic pyramid? or who reared its huge walls? Oblivion laughs and says, "The prey is mine."—They sleep, and never more their names shall strike upon the ear of man—their memory burst its fetters.

XXVII.—THE JACKDAW.—*Cowper.*

THERE is a bird, who, by his coat, and by the hoarseness of his note, might be supposed a crow; a great frequenter of the church, where, bishop-like, he finds a perch and dormitory too. Above the steeple shines a plate that turns and turns, to indicate from what point blows the weather: look up—your brains begin to swim; 'tis in the clouds—that pleases him; he chooses it the rather. Fond of the speculative height, thither he wings his airy flight; and thence securely sees the bustle and the raree-show that occupy mankind below—secure and at his ease. You think, no doubt, he sits and muses on future broken bones and bruises, if he should chance to fall: no, not a single thought like that employs his philosophic pate, or troubles it at all. He sees that this great round-about, the world, with all its motley rout, church, army, physic, law, its customs and its businesses, are no concern at all of his, and says—what says he?—Caw. Thrice happy bird! I, too, have seen much of the vanities of men; and, sick of having seen them, would cheerfully these limbs resign for such a pair of wings as thine, and—such a head between them.

XXVIII.—UNIVERSAL ADORATION.—*Thomas Moore.*

THE turf shall be my fragrant shrine; my temple, Lord, that arch of thine; my censer's breath the mountain airs, and silent thoughts my only prayers. My choir shall be the moonlit waves, when murmuring homeward to their caves; or when the stillness of the sea, even more than music, breathes of Thee. I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown, all light and silence, like Thy throne; and the pale stars shall be, at night, the only eyes that watch my rite. Thy heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look, shall be my pure and shining book; where I shall read, in words of flame, the glories of Thy wondrous name. I'll read Thy anger, in the rack that clouds awhile the day-beam's track; Thy mercy, in the azure hue of sunny brightness breaking through!—There's nothing bright, above, below, from flowers that bloom to stars that glow, but in its light my soul can see some feature of thy Deity! There's nothing dark, below, above, but in its gloom I trace Thy love; and meekly wait that moment, when Thy touch shall turn all bright again!

XXIX.—JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER TO HER FATHER.—*Byron.*

SINCE our country, our God, O my sire, demand that thy daughter expire; since thy triumph was bought by thy vow, strike the bosom that's bared for thee now!—and the voice of my mourning is o'er, and the mountains behold me no more. If the hand that I love lay me low, there cannot be pain in the blow: and of this, O my father, be sure, that the blood of thy child is as pure as the blessing I beg ere it flow, and the last thought that soothes me below. Though the virgins of Salem lament, be the judge and the hero unbent: I have won the great battle for thee, and my father and country are free! When this blood of thy giving hath gushed, when the voice that thou lovest is hushed; let my memory still be thy pride, and forget not I smiled—as I died!

XXX.—THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

WHAT hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells, thou hollow-sounding and mysterious Main?—pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-coloured shells, bright things which gleam unrecked of, and in vain. Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea! we ask not such from thee.—Yet more, the Depths have more! What wealth untold, far down and shining through their

stillness lies! Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold, won from ten thousand royal argosies. Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main; earth claims not these again!——Yet more, the Depths have more! Thy waves have rolled above the cities of a world gone by! Sand hath filled up the palaces of old, sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry! Dash o'er them, Ocean! in thy scornful play: man yields them to decay!——Yet more! the Billows and the Depths have more! High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast! They hear not now the booming waters roar, the battle-thunders will not break their rest: keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave—give back the true and brave! ——Give back the lost and lovely! those for whom the place was kept at board and hearth so long; the prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom, and the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song! Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown,—but all is not thine own!——To thee the love of woman hath gone down; dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head, o'er youth's bright locks and beauty's flowery crown;—yet must thou hear a voice—"Restore the Dead!" Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee: "Restore the Dead, thou Sea!"

XXXI.—THE COMMON LOT.—*James Montgomery.*

Once, in the flight of ages past, there lived a man; and who was he? Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast, that man resembled thee. Unknown the region of his birth; the land in which he died, unknown: his name has perished from the earth: this truth survives alone;—that joy, and grief, and hope, and fear, alternate triumphed in his breast: his bliss, and woe—a smile, a tear: oblivion hides the rest. The bounding pulse, the languid limb, the changing spirits' rise and fall; we know that these were felt by him, for these are felt by all. He suffered—but his pangs are o'er; enjoyed—but his delights are fled; had friends—his friends are now no more; had foes—his foes are dead. He loved—but whom he loved, the grave hath lost in its unconscious womb: O, she was fair! but nought could save her beauty from the tomb. He saw—whatever thou hast seen; encountered—all that troubles thee; he was—whatever thou hast been; he is—what thou shalt be! The rolling seasons, day and night, sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,—erewhile his portion,—life and light; to him exist in vain. The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye

that once their shades and glory threw, have left, in yonder silent sky, no vestige where they flew. The annals of the human race, their ruins since the world began, of him afford no other trace than this,—THERE LIVED A MAN!

XXXII.—A VIEW OF DEATH.—*Bryant.*

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds communion with her visible forms, she speaks a various language: for his gayer hours, she has a voice of gladness, and a smile, and eloquence of beauty; and she glides into his darker musings, with a mild and gentle sympathy, that steals away their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts of the last bitter hour come like a blight over thy spirit; and sad images of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall, and breathless darkness, and the narrow house, make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart; go forth under the open sky, and list to Nature's teachings; while from all around,—earth, and her waters, and the depths of air,—comes a still voice:—

"Yet a few days, and thee the all-beholding sun shall see no more in all his course; nor yet in the cold ground, where thy pale form was laid with many tears, nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim thy growth to be resolved to earth again; and, lost each human trace, surrendering up thine individual being, thou shalt go to mix for ever with the elements; to be a brother to the insensible rock; and to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain turns with his share and treads upon. The oak shall send his roots abroad and pierce thy mould.

"Yet not to thine eternal resting-place, shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down with patriarchs of the infant world—with kings—the powerful of the earth—the wise—the good—fair forms—and hoary seers of ages past;—all in one mighty sepulchre. The hills, rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales, stretching in pensive quietness between; the venerable woods; rivers, that move in majesty; and the complaining brooks, that make the meadows green; and, poured round all, old ocean's grey and melancholy waste,—are but the solemn decorations all of the great tomb of man. The golden sun, the planets, all the infinite host of heaven, are shining on the sad abodes of Death, through the still lapse of ages. All that tread the globe are but a handful, to the tribes that slumber in its bosom. Take the wings of morning, and

the Barcan desert pierce; or lose thyself in the continuous woods where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound save his own dashings—yet the dead are there; and millions, in those solitudes, since first the flight of years began, have laid them down in their last sleep:——the dead reign there alone! So shalt thou rest:—and what if thou shalt fall unnoticed by the living, and no friend take note of thy departure? All that breathe will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh when thou art gone; the solemn brood of care plod on; and each one, as before, will chase his favourite phantom: yet all these shall leave their mirth and their employments, and shall come and make their bed with thee. As the long train of ages glides away, the sons of men,—the youth in life's green spring, and he who goes in the full strength of years; matron and maid; the bowed with age; the infant in the smiles and beauty of its innocent life cut off,—shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side, by those who, in their turn, shall follow them.

"So live, that,—when thy summons comes to join the innumerable caravans that move to the pale realms of shade, where each shall take his chamber in the silent halls of Death,—thou go not like the quarry-slave at night scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed by an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

XXXIII.—HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.—*Coleridge.*

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star in his steep course?—so long he seems to pause on thy bald, awful head, O sovran Blanc! The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base rave ceaselessly: but thou, most awful form! risest from forth the silent sea of pines, how silently! Around thee and above, deep is the air and dark, substantial-black, an ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it, as with a wedge! But when I look again, it is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine, thy habitation from eternity!—O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee, till thou, still present to the bodily sense, didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer, I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody, so sweet we know not we are listening to it, thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought, yea, with my life and life's own secret joy·

till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused into the mighty vision passing,—there, as in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven.

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise thou owest! not alone these swelling tears, mute thanks and secret ecstasy! Awake, voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake! green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn!

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale! O, struggling with the darkness all the night, and visited all night by troops of stars, or when they climb the sky, or when they sink! Companion of the morning-star at dawn, thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn co-herald! wake, O wake, and utter praise!—Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth? Who filled thy countenance with rosy light? Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad! who called you forth from night and utter death; from dark and icy caverns called you forth, down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks, for ever shattered, and the same for ever? Who gave you your invulnerable life, your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy; unceasing thunder and eternal foam? And who commanded (and the silence came), "Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?"

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow adown enormous ravines slope amain—torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice, and stopped at once amid their maddest plunge! motionless torrents! silent cataracts!—who made you glorious as the gates of heaven, beneath the keen, full moon? Who bade the sun clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet!—God!——Let the torrents, like a shout of nations, answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!—God! Sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice! ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds! And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow, and in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost! Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest! Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm! Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds! Ye signs and wonders of the element! Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Once more, hoar mount, with thy sky-pointing peaks, oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard, shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—thou too, again, stupendous mountain!

thou, that, as I raise my head, awhile bowed low in adoration, upward from thy base slow travelling, with dim eyes suffused with tears, solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud, to rise before me,—rise, O ever, rise! rise like a cloud of incense from the earth! Thou kingly spirit, throned among the hills, thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven; great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky, and tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun, earth, with her thousand voices, praises God!

XXXIV.—LINES ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE WYE.—*Wordsworth.*

Five years have passed; five summers, with the length of five long winters; and again I hear these waters, rolling from their mountain-springs, with a sweet inland murmur. Once again do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs, which, on a wild secluded scene, impress thoughts of more deep seclusion, and connect the landscape with the quiet of the sky. The day is come when I again repose here, under this dark sycamore, and view these plots of cottage ground, these orchard-tufts, which, at this season, with their unripe fruits, are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves among the woods and copses, nor disturb the wild green landscape. Once again I see these hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines of sportive wood run wild; these pastoral farms, green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke sent up in silence from among the trees, with some uncertain notice, as might seem, of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods, or of some hermit's cave, where, by his fire, the hermit sits alone.

Though absent long, these forms of beauty have not been to me as is a landscape to a blind man's eye; but oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din of towns and cities, I have owed to them, in hours of weariness, sensations sweet, felt in the blood, and felt along the heart, and passing even into my purer mind with tranquil restoration—feelings, too, of unremembered pleasure; such, perhaps, as may have had no trivial influence on that best portion of a good man's life—his little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust, to them I may have owed another gift of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood in which the burthen of the mystery, in which the heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world, is lightened;—that serene and blessed mood in which the affections gently lead us on, until the breath of this corporeal frame, and even the motion of our

human blood, almost suspended, we are laid asleep in body, and become a living soul; while, with an eye made quiet by the power of harmony, and the deep power of joy, we see into the life of things.

If this be but a vain belief—yet, oh! how oft, in darkness, and amid the many shapes of joyless daylight, when the fretful stir unprofitable, and the fever of the world, have hung upon the beatings of my heart, how oft in spirit have I turned to thee, O sylvan Wye!—thou wanderer through the woods; how often has my spirit turned to thee! And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought, with many recognitions dim and faint, and somewhat of a sad perplexity, the picture of the mind revives again; while here I stand, not only with the sense of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts that in this moment there is life and food for future years. And so I dare to hope, though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first I came among these hills; when .like a roe I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides of the deep rivers and the lonely streams—wherever nature led; more like a man flying from something that he dreads, than one who sought the thing he loved. For nature then (the coarser pleasures of my boyish days, and their glad animal movements all gone by) to me was all in all. I cannot paint what then I was. The sounding cataract haunted me like a passion; the tall rock, the mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood, their colours, and their forms, were then to me an appetite; a feeling and a love, that had no need of a remoter charm by thought supplied, or any interest unborrowed from the eye. That time is past, and all its aching joys are now no more, and all its dizzy raptures. Not for this faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur; other gifts have followed—for such loss, I would believe, abundant recompense. For I have learned to look on nature, not as in the hour of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes the still sad music of humanity, nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power to chasten and subdue. And I have felt a presence that disturbs me with the joy of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime of something far more deeply interfused, whose dwelling is the light of setting suns, and the round ocean and the living air, and the blue sky, and in the mind of man; a motion and a spirit that impels all thinking things, all objects of all thought, and rolls through all things. Therefore am I still a lover of the meadows, and the woods, and mountains, and of all that we behold from this green earth; of all the mighty world of eye and ear, both what they half create,

and what perceive; well pleased to recognise, in nature and the language of the sense, the anchor of my purest thoughts—the nurse, the guide, the guardian of my heart—and soul of all my moral being.

XXXV.—ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.—*Byron.*

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods; there is a rapture on the lonely shore; there is society, where none intrudes—by the deep Sea,—and music in its roar. I love not Man the less, but Nature more, from these our interviews; in which I steal from all I may be, or have been before, to mingle with the Universe—and feel what I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on! thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll! Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain; man marks the earth with ruin—his control stops with the shore: upon the watery plain the wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain a shadow of man's ravage—save his own, when, for a moment, like a drop of rain, he sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan, without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown! His steps are not upon thy paths; thy fields are not a spoil for him; thou dost arise and shake him from thee: the vile strength he wields for earth's destruction thou dost all despise, spurning him from thy bosom to the skies: and send'st him, shivering, in thy playful spray, and howling, to his Gods, where haply lies his petty hope in some near port or bay; then dashest him again to earth—there let him lay!——The armaments which thunderstrike the walls of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake, and monarchs tremble in their capitals; the oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make their clay creator the vain title take of lord of thee, and arbiter of war,—these are thy toys; and, as the snowy flake, they melt into thy yeast of waves—which mar alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar. Thy shores are empires, changed in all, save thee: Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they? Thy waters wasted them while they were free, and many a tyrant since; their shores obey the stranger, slave, or savage; their decay has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou, unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play; time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—such as Creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form glasses itself in tempests; in all time,—calm or convulsed; in breeze,

or gale, or storm; icing the pole, or in the torrid clime dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime; the image of Eternity, the throne of the Invisible: even from out thy slime the monsters of the deep are made; each zone obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless—alone!

XXXVI.—THE HOSTAGE. DAMON AND PYTHIAS.—*J. C. Mangan.*

THEY seize in the tyrant of Syracuse' halls a youth with a dagger in's vest: he is bound by the tyrant's behest: the tyrant beholds him—rage blanches his cheek: "Why hiddest yon dagger, conspirator? Speak!"—"To pierce to the heart such as thou!"—"Wretch! Death on the cross is thy doom even now!"—"It is well," spake the youth; "I am harnessed for death, and I sue not thy sternness to spare; yet would I be granted one prayer:—three days would I ask, till my sister be wed: as a hostage, I leave thee my friend in my stead; if *I* be found false to my truth, nail *him* to thy cross without respite or ruth!"—Then smiled with a dark exultation the king, and he spake, after brief meditation:—"I grant thee three days' preparation; but see thou outstay not the term I allow, else by the high thrones of Olympus I vow that if *thou* shalt go scathless and free, the best blood of thy friend shall be forfeit for thee!"

And Pythias repairs to his friend—"I am doomed to atone for my daring emprize, by Death in its shamefullest guise; but the monarch three days ere I perish allows, till I give a loved sister away to her spouse; thou, therefore, my hostage must be, till I come the third day, and again set thee free." And Damon in silence embraces his friend, and he gives himself up to the despot; while Pythias makes use of his respite:—and ere the third morning in orient is burning, behold the devoted already returning to save his friend ere it be later, by dying himself the vile death of a traitor!

But the rain, the wild rain, dashes earthwards in floods, upswelling the deluging fountains; strong torrents rush down from the mountains, and lo! as he reaches the deep river's border the bridgeworks give way in terrific disorder; and the waves, with a roaring like thunder, sweep o'er the rent wrecks of the arches, and under. To and fro by the brink of that river he wanders;—in vain he looks out through the offing—the fiends of the tempest are scoffing his outcries for aid;—from the opposite strand no pinnace puts off to convey him to land; and, made mad by the stormy commotion, the river-

waves foam like the surges of Ocean. Then he drops on his knees, and he raises his arms to Jupiter, Strength-and-Help-giver—"O, stem the fierce force of this river! The hours are advancing—noon wanes—in the west soon Apollo will sink—and my zeal and my best aspirations and hopes will be baffled—and Damon, my Damon, will die on a scaffold!"

But the tempest abates not, the rapid flood waits not; on, billow o'er billow comes hasting; day, minute by minute, is wasting—and, daring the worst that the desperate dare, he casts himself in with a noble despair, and he buffets the tyrannous waves; and Jupiter pities the struggler—and saves. The hours will not linger: his speed is redoubled—"Forth, faithfullest! bravest, exert thee! The gods cannot surely desert thee!" Alas! as Hope springs in his bosom renewed, a band of barbarians rush out of the wood, and they block up the wanderer's path, and they brandish their weapons in clamorous wrath. "What will ye?" he cries; "I have nought but my life, and that must be yielded ere night: force me not to defend it by fight!" But they swarm round him closer, that truculent band: so he wrests the huge club from one savage's hand, and he fells the first four at his feet; and the remnant, dismayed and astounded, retreat.

The storm-burst is over—low glows the red sun, making earth and air fainter and hotter; the knees of the fugitive totter—"Alas!" he cries, "have I then breasted the flood, have I vanquished those wild men of rapine and blood, but to perish from languor and pain; while my hostage, my friend, is my victim in vain?" When, hark! a cool sound, as of murmuring water! he hears it—it bubbles—it gushes;—hark! louder and louder it rushes! he turns him, he searches, and lo! a pure stream ripples forth from a rock, and shines out in the beam of the sun ere he fireily sinks; and the wanderer bathes his hot limbs and he drinks.

The sun looks his last!—On the oft-trodden pathway hies homeward the weariful reaper; the shadows of evening grow deeper, when, pressing and hurrying anxiously on, two strangers pass Pythias—and list! he hears one to the other exclaiming, "O shame on the wretch that betrayed the magnanimous Damon!" Then Horror lends wings to his faltering feet, and he dashes in agony onward; and soon a few roofs, looking sunward, gleam faintly where Syracuse' suburbs extend; and the good Philodemus, his freedman and friend, now comes forward in tears to his master, who gathers despair from that face of disaster. "Back, Master! Preserve thine

own life at the least! *His*, I fear me, thou canst not redeem, for the last rays of eventide beam: O! though hour after hour travelled on to its goal, he expected thy coming with confident soul; and, though mocked by the king as forsaken, his trust in thy truth to the last was unshaken!" "Eternal Avenger! and is it too late?" cried the youth with a passionate fervour; "and dare not I be his preserver? Then Death shall unite whom not Hell shall divide!—we will die, he and I, on the rood, side by side; and the bloody Destroyer shall find that there *be* souls whom friendship and honour can bind!"

And on, on, unresting, he bounds like a roe:—see! they lay the long cross on the ground! See! the multitude gather all round! See! already they hurry their victim along! When, with giant-like strength, a man bursts through the throng, and—"Oh stay, stay your hands!" is his cry;—"I am come!—I am here!—I am ready to die!" And astonishment masters the crowd at the sight, while the friends in the arms of each other weep tears that they struggle to smother. Embarrassed, the lictors and officers bring the strange tidings at length to the ears of the king; and a human emotion steals o'er him, and he orders the Friends to be summoned before him. And. admiring, he looks at them long ere he speaks:—"You have conquered, O marvellous pair, by a friendship as glorious as rare! You have melted to flesh the hard heart in my breast! go in peace!—you are free! But accord one request to my earnest entreaties and wishes—accept a *third* friend in your king, Dionysius."

XXXVII.—THE LEGEND OF HORATIUS.—*Macaulay.*

MEANWHILE the Tuscan army, right glorious to behold, came flashing back the noonday light, rank behind rank, like surges bright of a broad sea of gold. Four hundred trumpets sounded a peal of warlike glee; as that great host, with measured tread, and spears advanced, and ensigns spread, rolled slowly towards the bridge's head, where stood the dauntless Three. The Three stood calm and silent, and looked upon the foes, and a great shout of laughter from all the vanguard rose: and forth three chiefs came spurring before that mighty mass; to earth they sprang, their swords they drew, and lifted high their shields, and flew to win the narrow pass.

But all Etruria's noblest felt their hearts sink to see on the earth the bloody corpses, in the path the dauntless Three: and, from the ghastly entrance where those bold Romans stood, all

shrank, like boys who unaware, ranging the woods to start a hare, come to the mouth of the dark lair, where, growling low, a fierce old bear lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost to lead such dire attack; but those behind cried "Forward!" and those before cried "Back!" And backward now and forward wavers the deep array; and, on the tossing sea of steel, to and fro the standards reel; and the victorious trumpet-peal dies fitfully away.

But meanwhile axe and lever have manfully been plied; and now the bridge hangs tottering above the boiling tide. "Come back, come back, Horatius!" loud cried the Fathers all. "Back, Lartius! back, Herminius! back, ere the ruin fall!" Back darted Spurius Lartius; Herminius darted back: and, as they passed, beneath their feet they felt the timbers crack. But when they turned their faces, and on the farther shore saw brave Horatius stand alone, they would have crossed once more. But with a crash like thunder fell every loosened beam, and, like a dam, the mighty wreck lay right athwart the stream: and a long shout of triumph rose from the walls of Rome, as to the highest turret-tops was splashed the yellow foam. And, like a horse unbroken when first he feels the rein, the furious river struggled hard, and tossed his tawny mane, and burst the curb, and bounded, rejoicing to be free; and whirling down, in fierce career, battlement, and plank, and pier, rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius, but constant still in mind; thrice thirty thousand foes before, and the broad flood behind. "Down with him!" cried false Sextus, with a smile on his pale face: "Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena, "now yield thee to our grace." Round turned he, as not deigning those craven ranks to see; nought spake he to Lars Porsena, to Sextus nought spoke he: but he saw on Palatinus the white porch of his home; and he spake to the noble river that rolls by the towers of Rome. "Oh, Tiber! father Tiber! to whom the Romans pray; a Roman's life, a Roman's arms, take thou in charge this day!" So he spake, and speaking sheathed the good sword by his side, and, with his harness on his back, plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow was heard from either bank; but friends and foes in dumb surprise, with parted lips and straining eyes, stood gazing where he sank; and when above the surges they saw his crest appear, all Rome sent forth a ...ous cry; and even the ranks of Tuscany could scarce to cheer. But fiercely ran the current, swollen high

by months of rain: and fast his blood was flowing, and he was sore in pain, and heavy with his armour, and spent with changing blows: and oft they thought him sinking, but still again he rose. Never, I ween, did swimmer, in such an evil case, struggle through such a raging flood safe to the landing place: but his limbs were borne up bravely by the brave heart within, and our good father Tiber bare bravely up his chin.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus; "will not the villain drown? But for this stay, ere close of day we should have sacked the town!" "Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena, "and bring him safe to shore; for such a gallant feat of arms was never seen before." And now he feels the bottom; now on dry earth he stands; now round him throng the Fathers to press his gory hands; and now with shouts and clapping, and noise of weeping loud. he enters through the river-gate, borne by the joyous crowd.

XXXVIII.—THE SKYLARK.—*Shelley.*

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit! bird thou never wert; that, from heaven, or near it, pourest thy full heart in profuse strains of unpremeditated art. Higher still and higher from the earth thou springest, like a cloud of fire; the blue deep thou wingest, and singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest. In the golden lightening of the sunken sun, o'er which clouds are brightening, thou dost float and run, like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun. The pale purple Even melts around thy flight; like a star of heaven in the broad daylight, thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight. Keen as are the arrows of that silver sphere, whose intense lamp narrows in the white dawn clear, until we hardly see, we feel that it is there. All the earth and air with thy voice is loud; as, when night is bare, from one lonely cloud the moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art, we know not;—what is most like thee?—From rainbow-clouds there flow not drops so bright to see, as from thy presence showers a rain of melody!—Like a poet hidden in the light of thought, singing hymns unbidden, till the world is wrought to sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not. Like a high-born maiden in a palace tower, soothing her love-laden soul in secret hour, with music, sweet as love, which overflows her bower. Like a glow-worm golden in a dell of dew, scattering unbeholden its aërial hue among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view. Like a rose

embowered in its own green leaves, by warm Winds deflowered, till the scent it gives makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd thieves. Sound of vernal showers on the twinkling grass, rain-awakened flowers, all that ever was joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass!

Teach us, sprite or bird, what sweet thoughts are thine: I have never heard praise of love or wine that panted forth a flood of rapture so divine. Chorus hymeneal, or triumphal chant, matched with thine would be all but an empty vaunt—a thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.——What objects are the fountains of thy happy strain? what fields, or waves, or mountains? what shapes of sky or plain? what love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain? With thy clear keen joyance languor cannot be: shadow of annoyance never came near thee: thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety. Waking or asleep, thou of death must deem things more true and deep than we mortals dream; or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after, and pine for what is not: our sincerest laughter with some pain is fraught; our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought. Yet, if we could scorn hate, and pride, and fear; if we were things born not to shed a tear; I know not how thy joys we ever should come near. Better than all measures of delightful sound, better than all treasures that in books are found, thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground! Teach me half the gladness that thy brain must know; such harmonious madness from my lips would flow, the world should listen then, as I am listening now.

XXXIX.—HYMN OF THE MORAVIAN NUNS, ON CONSECRATING PULASKI'S BANNER.—*Longfellow.*

When the dying flame of day through the chancel shot its ray, far the glimmering tapers shed faint light on the cowlèd head; and the censer burning swung, where before the altar hung that proud banner, which with prayer had been consecrated there. And the Nuns' sweet hymn was heard the while, sung low in the dim, mysterious aisle:—

"Take thy banner!—may it wave proudly o'er the good and brave; when the battle's distant wail breaks the Sabbath of our vale,—when the clarion's music thrills to the hearts of these lone hills,—when the spear in conflict shakes, and the strong lance shivering breaks! Take thy banner!—and beneath the war-clouds' encircling wreath guard it—till our

homes are free;—guard it—God will prosper thee! In the dark and trying hour, in the breaking forth of power, in the rush of steeds and men, His right hand will shield thee then. Take thy banner!—But when night closes round the ghastly fight, if the vanquished warrior bow, spare him! By our holy vow, by our prayers and many tears, by the mercy that endears, spare him—he our love hath shared! spare him—as thou wouldst be spared! Take thy banner!—and if e'er thou shouldst press the soldier's bier, and the muffled drum should beat to the tread of mournful feet, then this crimson flag shall be martial cloak and shroud for thee!"

And the warrior took that banner proud—and it was his martial cloak and shroud!

XL.—THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.—*Hood.*

One more unfortunate, weary of breath, rashly importunate, gone to her death! Take her up tenderly—lift her with care: fashioned so slenderly, young, and so fair! Look at her garments, clinging like cerements; whilst the wave constantly drips from her clothing: take her up instantly, loving, not loathing. Touch her not scornfully, think of her mournfully, gently and humanly; not of the stains of her:—all that remains of her now is pure womanly. Make no deep scrutiny into her mutiny, rash and undutiful: past all dishonour, Death has left on her only the beautiful. Still, for all slips of hers, one of Eve's family, wipe those poor lips of hers, oozing so clammily. Loop up her tresses escaped from the comb—her fair auburn tresses!—whilst wonderment guesses, Where was her home? who was her father? who was her mother? had she a sister? had she a brother? or was there a dearer one still, and a nearer one yet than all other? Alas! for the rarity of Christian charity under the sun! Oh! it was pitiful! near a whole city full, home she had none. Sisterly, brotherly, fatherly, motherly feelings had changed: love, by harsh evidence, thrown from its eminence: even God's providence seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver so far in the river, with many a light from window and casement, from garret to basement, she stood with amazement, houseless by night. The bleak wind of March made her tremble and shiver; but not the dark arch, or the black-flowing river: mad from life's history, glad to death's mystery; swift to be hurled any where, any where, out of the world! In she plunged boldly, no matter how

coldly the rough river ran:—over the brink of it, picture it, think of it, dissolute Man! lave in it, drink of it, then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly, lift her with care: fashioned so slenderly, young and so fair! Ere her limbs frigidly stiffen too rigidly, decently, kindly, smooth and compose them; and her eyes—close them, staring so blindly! Dreadfully staring, through muddy impurity; as when with the daring last look of despairing fixed on futurity. Perishing gloomily; spurred by contumely, cold inhumanity, burning insanity, into her rest.—Cross her hands humbly, as if praying dumbly, over her breast; owning her weakness, her evil behaviour—and leaving, with meekness, her sins to her Saviour!

XLI.—THE DEATH OF ARTHUR.—*Tennyson.*

So all day long the noise of battle rolled among the mountains by the winter sea; until King Arthur's table, man by man, had fallen in Lyonness about their lord, King Arthur: then, because his wound was deep, the bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him, (Sir Bedivere the last of all his knights,) and bore him to a chapel nigh the field—a broken chancel with a broken cross, that stood on a dark strait of barren land: on one side lay the ocean, and on one lay a great water; and the moon was full. Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:—"The sequel of to-day unsolders all the goodliest fellowship of famous knights whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep they sleep—the men I loved. I think that we shall never more at any future time, delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds, walking about the gardens and the halls of Camelot, as in the days that were. I perish by this people which I made,—though Merlin sware that I should come again to rule once more; but let what will be, be. I am so deeply smitten through the helm, that without help I cannot last till morn. Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur, which was my pride: for thou rememberest how, in those old days, one summer noon, an arm rose up from out the bosom of the lake, clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful, holding the sword—and how I rowed across and took it, and have worn it, like a king: and wheresoever I am sung or told in after time, this also shall be known. but now delay not; take Excalibur, and fling him far into the middle mere: watch what thou seest and lightly bring me word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:—"It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus, aidless, alone, and smitten through the helm. A little thing may harm a wounded man.

Yet I thy hest will all perform at full, watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saying, from the ruined shrine he stept, and in the moon athwart the place of tombs where lay the mighty bones of ancient men, old knights; and over them the sea-wind sang, shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down by zigzag paths, and juts of pointed rock, came on the shining levels of the lake. There drew he forth the brand Excalibur, and o'er him drawing it, the winter moon, brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth and sparkled keen with frost against the hilt: for all the haft twinkled with diamond studs, myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long that both his eyes were dazzled; as he stood, this way and that dividing the swift mind, in act to throw: but at the last it seemed better to leave Excalibur concealed there in the many-knotted waterflags, that whistled stiff and dry about the marge. So strode he back slow to the wounded king.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:—"Hast thou performed my mission which I gave? What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:—"I heard the ripple washing in the reeds, and the wild water lapping on the crag."

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:—"Thou hast betrayed thy nature and thy name, not rendering true answer, as beseemed thy feälty, nor like a noble knight: for surer sign had followed—either hand, or voice, or else a motion of the meer. This is a shameful thing for men to lie. Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again as thou art lief and dear; and do the thing I bade thee—watch, and lightly bring me word."

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time, counting the dewy pebbles, fixed in thought; but when he saw the wonder of the hilt, how curiously and strangely chased, he smote his palms together, and he cried aloud:—"And if indeed I cast the brand away, surely, a precious thing, one worthy note, should thus be lost for ever from the earth, which might have pleased the eyes of many men. What good should follow this, if this were done? What harm, undone? Deep harm to disobey, seeing obedience is the bond of rule. Were it well to obey, then, if a king demand an act unprofitable, against himself? The king is sick, and knows not what he does. What record, or what relic of my lord should be to after-time, but empty breath and rumours of a doubt? But were this kept, stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings, some one might show it at a

joust of arms, saying 'King Arthur's sword, Excalibur, wrought by the lonely maiden of the lake; nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps upon the hidden bases of the hills.' So might some old man speak in after-time to all the people, winning reverence. But now, much honour and much fame were lost." So spake he, clouded with his own conceit, and hid Excalibur the second time, and so strode back slow to the wounded king.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily:—"What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:—"I heard the water lapping on the crag, and the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:—"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue, unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me! Authority forgets a dying king, laid widowed of the power in his eye that bowed the will. I see thee what thou art. For thou, the latest left of all my knights, in whom should meet the offices of all, thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt; either from lust of gold, or, like a girl, valuing the giddy pleasure of the eye. Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice, and the third time may prosper, get thee hence: but, if thou spare to fling Excalibur, I will arise and slay thee with my hands." Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere and ran, and, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged among the bulrush-beds, and clutched the sword, and strongly wheeled and threw it. The great brand made lightnings in the splendour of the moon, and, flashing round and round, and whirled in an arch, shot like a streamer of the northern morn,—seen where the moving isles of winter shock by night, with noises of the northern sea. So flashed and fell the brand Excalibur; but, ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful, and caught him by the hilt, and brandished him three times, and drew him under in the meer:—and lightly went the other to the king.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:—"Now see I by thine eyes that this is done. Speak out: what is it thou hast heard or seen?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:—"Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems should blind my purpose, for I never saw, nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die, not though I live three lives of mortal men, so great a miracle as yonder hilt. Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him; but when I looked again, behold an arm, clothed in white

samite, mystic, wonderful, that caught him by the hilt, and brandished him three times, and drew him under in the meer."

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:—"My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone. Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight, and bear me to the margin; yet I fear my wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."

So saying, from the pavement he half rose, slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm, and looking wistfully with wide blue eyes as in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere remorsefully regarded through his tears, and would have spoken, but he found not words; then took with care, and, kneeling on one knee, o'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands, and rising bore him through the place of tombs. But as he walked, King Arthur panted hard, like one that feels a nightmare on his bed when all the house is mute. So sighed the king, muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quick! I fear it is too late, and I shall die." But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge, clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walked, larger than human on the frozen hills. He heard the deep behind him, and a cry before. His own thought drove him like a goad. Dry clashed his harness in the icy caves and barren chasms, and all to left and right the bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based his feet on juts of slippery crag, that rang sharp-smitten with the dint of armèd heels—and on a sudden, lo! the level lake, and the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge, dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern, beneath them; and descending they were ware that all the decks were dense with stately forms, black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream;—by these three queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose a cry that shivered to the tingling stars, and, as it were one voice, an agony of lamentation, like a wind that shrills all night in a waste land, where no one comes, or hath come since the making of the world.

Then murmured Arthur:—"Place me in the barge." And to the barge they came. There those three queens put forth their hands and took the king, and wept; but she that rose, the tallest of them all and fairest, laid his head upon her lap, and loosed the shattered casque, and chafed his hands, and called him by his name, complaining loud, and dropping bitter tears, against his brow striped with dark blood!—for all his face was white and colourless, and like the withered moon smote by the fresh beam of the springing east; and all his

greaves and cuisses dashed with drops of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—that made his forehead like a rising sun high from the dais-throne—were parched with dust; or, clotted into points and hanging loose, mixed with the knightly growth that fringed his lips: so like a shattered column lay the king; not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest, from spur to plume a star of tournament, shot through the lists of Camelot, and charged before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:—"Ah! my lord Arthur, whither shall I go? where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes? for now I see the true old times are dead, when every morning brought a noble chance, and every chance brought out a noble knight. Such times have been not since the light that led the holy elders with the gift of myrrh. But now the whole Round Table is dissolved, which was an image of the mighty world; and I, the last, go forth companionless; and the days darken round me, and the years, among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge:—"The old order changeth, yielding place to new, and God fulfils himself in many ways, lest one good custom should corrupt the world. Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me? I have lived my life, and that which I have done, may He within himself make pure! but thou, if thou shouldst never see my face again, pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice rise like a fountain for me, night and day. For what are men better than sheep or goats that nourish a blind life within the brain, if, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer, both for themselves and those who call them friend? for so the whole round earth is every way bound by gold chains about the feet of God. But now, farewell!—I am going a long way with these thou seest—if indeed I go—(for all my mind is clouded with a doubt) to the island valley of Avilion; where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow, nor ever wind blows loudly: but it lies deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard-lawns and bowery hollows crowned with summer sea—where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail moved from the brink like some full-breasted swan, that, fluting a wild carol ere her death, ruffles her pure cold plume and takes the flood with swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere revolving many memories, till the hull looked one black dot against the verge of dawn, and on the meer the wailing died away.

XLII.—RETREAT OF THE FRENCH ARMY FROM MOSCOW.—*Dr. Croly.*

MAGNIFICENCE of ruin! What has time,
In all it ever gazed upon of war,
Of the wild rage of storm, or deadly clime,
Seen, with that battle's vengeance to compare?
How glorious shone the invaders' pomp afar!
Like pampered lions from the spoil they came;
The land before them, silence and despair,
The land behind them, massacre and flame:
Blood will have tenfold blood:—What are they now? A name.

Homeward by hundred thousands,—column deep,
Broad square, loose squadron,—rolling like the flood
When mighty torrents from their channels leap,
Rushed through the land the haughty multitude,
Billow on endless billow: on, through wood,
O'er rugged hill, down sunless marshy vale,
The death-devoted moved; to clangour rude
Of drum, and horn, and dissonant clash of mail,
Glancing disastrous light before that sunbeam pale.

Again they reached thee, Borodino! Still
Upon the loaded soil the carnage lay;
The human harvest, now stark, stiff, and chill—
Friend, foe, stretched thick together, clay to clay!
In vain the startled legions burst away;
The land was all one naked sepulchre:
The shrinking eye still glanced on grim decay—
Still did the hoof and wheel their passage tear,
Through cloven helms, and arms, and corpses mouldering drear.

The field was as they left it: fosse and fort
Streaming with slaughter still, but desolate;
The cannon flung dismantled by its port:
Each knew the mound, the black ravine, whose strait
Was won, and lost, and thronged with dead; till Fate
Had fixed upon the victor, half undone.
There was the hill, from which their eyes elate
Had seen the burst of Moscow's golden zone;—
But Death was at their heels!—they shuddered and rushed on.

The hour of vengeance strikes! Hark to the gale,
As it bursts hollow through the rolling clouds,
That from the north in sullen grandeur sail,
Like floating Alps! Advancing darkness broods

Upon the wild horizon; and the woods,
Now sinking into brambles, echo shrill,
As the gust sweeps them; and those upper floods
Shoot on the leafless boughs the sleet-drops chill,
That, on the hurrying crowds, in freezing showers distil.

They reach the wilderness! The majesty
Of solitude is spread before their gaze—
Stern nakedness, dark earth, and wrathful sky!
If ruins were there, they had ceased to blaze;
If blood were shed, the ground no more betrays,
E'en by a skeleton, the crime of man:
Behind them rolls the deep and drenching haze,
Wrapping their rear in night; before their van,
The struggling daylight shows the unmeasured desert wan.

Still on they sweep, as if the hurrying march
Could bear them from the rushing of His wheel,
Whose chariot is the whirlwind. Heaven's clear arch
At once is covered with a livid veil;
In mixed and fighting heaps the deep clouds reel:
Upon the dense horizon hangs the sun
In sanguine light, an orb of burning steel;
The snows wheel down through twilight thick and dun:
Now tremble, men of blood!—the Judgment has begun!

The trumpet of the northern winds has blown,
And it is answered by the dying roar
Of armies, on that boundless field o'erthrown:
Now, in the awful gusts, the desert hoar
Is tempested—a sea without a shore,
Lifting its feathery waves. The legions fly!
Volley on volley down the hailstones pour!
Blind, famished, frozen, mad, the wanderers die,
And, dying, hear the storm more wildly thunder by.

Such is the hand of Heaven!—A human blow
Had crushed them in the fight, or flung the chain
Round them, where Moscow's stately towers were low
And all be stilled. Napoleon! thy war plain
Was a whole empire: thy devoted train
Must war, from day to day, with storm and gloom;
(Man following, like the wolves, to rend the slain;)
Must lie, from night to night, as in a tomb;
Must fly, toil, bleed for home—yet never see that home!

XLIII.—HUMAN LIFE.—*Rogers.*

The lark has sung his carol in the sky,
The bees have hummed their noontide lullaby:
Still, in the vale, the village bells ring round,
Still, in Llewellyn-hall, the jests resound:
For, now, the caudle-cup is circling there;
Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,
And, crowding, stop the cradle, to admire
The babe,—the sleeping image of his sire!
A few short years, and then these sounds shall hail
The day again, and gladness fill the vale;
So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
Eager to run the race his fathers ran:
Then, the huge ox shall yield the broad sirloin;
The ale (now brewed) in floods of amber shine;
And, basking in the chimney's ample blaze,
'Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,
The Nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,
"'Twas on these knees he sat so oft and smiled!"
And soon, again, shall music swell the breeze:
Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees
Vestures of nuptial white; and hymns be sung,
And violets scattered round; and old and young,
In every cottage porch, with garlands green,
Stand still to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene;
While, her dark eyes declining, by his side,
Moves, in her virgin veil, the gentle bride.
And once, alas! nor in a distant hour,
Another voice shall come from yonder tower;
When, in dim chambers, long black weeds are seen,
And weepings heard, where only joy hath been;
When, by his children borne, and from his door
Slowly departing to return no more,
He rests in holy earth, with them who went before.
And such is Human Life! So gliding on,
It glimmers, like a meteor—and is gone!

XLIV.—ON SLAVERY.—*Cowper.*

Oh! for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more! My ear is pained,

My soul is sick, with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage, with which earth is filled.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart:
It does not feel for man. That natural bond
Of brotherhood is severed, as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
He finds his fellow guilty—of a skin
Not coloured like his own; and, having power
To enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause,
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith,
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;
And, worse than all, and most to be deplored,
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that Mercy, with a bleeding heart,
Weeps, when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then, what is man? And what man seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush
And hang his head, to think himself a man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earned.
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home—then why abroad?
And they themselves, once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall!
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
And let it circulate through every vein
Of all your empire; that, where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

XLV.—ON MAN.—*Pope.*

Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of Man:
A mighty maze! but not without a plan;
A wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot;
Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield;
The latent tracts, the giddy heights explore,
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise;
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;
But vindicate the ways of God to Man.
  Say first, of God above, or Man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?
Of Man, what see we, but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
Through worlds unnumbered though the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace Him only in our own.
He, who through vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What varied being peoples every star,
May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.
But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
The strong connexions, nice dependencies,
Gradations just,—has thy pervading soul
Looked through? or, can a part contain the whole?
Is the great chain that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?
  Presumptuous Man! the reason wouldst thou find,
Why formed so weak, so little, and so blind?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why formed no weaker, blinder, and no less.
Ask of thy mother Earth, why oaks are made
Taller and stronger than the weeds they shade;
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove?
  Of systems possible, if 'tis confessed
That wisdom infinite must form the best;

Where all must fall, or not coherent be,
And all that rises, rise in due degree;
Then, in the scale of reasoning life, 'tis plain
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man:
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this—If God has placed him wrong?
  Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, though laboured on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain:
In God's, one single can its end produce;
Yet serves to second too some other use.
So Man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal:
'Tis but a part we see, and not the whole.
  When the proud steed shall know why Man restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god;
Then shall Man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's use and end;
Why doing, suffering; checked, impelled; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.
  Then say not Man's imperfect, Heaven in fault;
Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought;
His knowledge measured to his state and place;
His time a moment, and a point his space.

XLVI.—WAR.—*Robert Montgomery.*

Spirit of Light and Life! When Battle rears
Her fiery brow and her terrific spears;
When red-mouthed cannon to the clouds uproar,
And gasping thousands make their bed in gore;
While, on the billowy bosom of the air,
Roll the dread notes of anguish and despair;
Unseen, Thou walk'st upon the smoking plain,
And hear'st each groan that gurgles from the slain!
  List!—war-peals thunder on the battle-field;
And many a hand grasps firm the glittering shield,
As on, with helm and plume, the warriors come,
And the glad hills repeat the stormy drum!

And now are seen the youthful and the gray,
With bosoms firing to partake the fray:
The first, with hearts that consecrate the deed,
All eager rush to vanquish or to bleed;
Like young waves racing in the morning sun,
That rear and leap with reckless fury on!
  But mark yon war-worn man, who looks on high
With thought and valour mirrored in his eye.
Not all the gory revels of the day
Can fright the visions of his home away;
The home of love and its associate smiles,
His wife's endearments and his baby's wiles:—
Fights he less brave through recollected bliss,
With step retreating, or with sword remiss?
Ah no! *remembered home's* the warrior's charm,
Speed to his sword, and vigour to his arm;
For this he supplicates the Power afar,
Fronts the steeled foe, and mingles in the war!
  The cannon's hushed!—nor drums, nor clarion sound;
Helmet and hauberk gleam upon the ground;
Horseman and horse lie weltering in their gore;
Patriots are dead, and heroes dare no more;
While solemnly the moonlight shrouds the plain,
And lights the lurid features of the slain!
  And see! on this rent mound, where daisies sprung,
A battle-steed beneath his rider flung;
Oh! never more he'll rear with fierce delight,
Roll his red eyes, and rally for the fight!
Pale on his bleeding breast the warrior lies,
While, from his ruffled lids, the white-swelled eyes
Ghastly and grimly stare upon the skies!
  Afar, with bosom bared unto the breeze,
White lips, and glaring eyes, and shivering knees,
A widow o'er her martyred soldier moans,
Loading the night-wind with delirious groans;
Her blue-eyed babe, unconscious orphan he,
While sweetly prattling in his cherub glee,
Leers on his lifeless sire with infant-wile,
And plays and plucks him for a parent's smile.
  But who, upon the battle-wasted plain,
Shall count the faint, the gasping, and the slain?—
Angel of Mercy! ere the blood-fount chill,
And the brave heart be spiritless and still,

Amid the havoc, Thou art hovering nigh
To calm each groan, and close each dying eye,
And waft the spirit to that halcyon shore,
Where war's loud thunders lash the winds no more.

XLVII.—THE PARISH POOR-HOUSE.—*Crabbe.*

THERE, in yon house, that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;
There, where the putrid vapours flagging play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day;
There children dwell, who know no parent's care;
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there:
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed;
Dejected widows, with unheeded tears;
And crippled age with more than childhood's fears:
The lame—the blind—and, far the happiest they,
The moping idiot, and the madman gay!
Here, too, the sick their final doom receive,
Here brought, amid the scenes of grief, to grieve;
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
Mixed with the clamour of the crowd below:
Here, sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man!
Whose laws, indeed, for ruined age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride;
But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride embitters what it can't deny!
Say, ye,—oppressed by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
With timid eye, to read the distant glance;
Who, with sad prayers, the weary doctor teaze,
To name the nameless, ever new disease;
Who, with mock patience, dire complaint endure,
Which real pain—and that alone—can cure;—
How would ye bear, in real pain to lie,
Despised, neglected, left alone to die?
How would ye bear, to draw your latest breath,
Where all that's wretched paves the way for death?
Such is that room, which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters form the sloping sides;

Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
And lath and mud are all that lie between,—
Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patched, gives way
To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day;
There, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head!
For him, no hand the cordial cup supplies,
Nor wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes;
No friends, with soft discourse, his pangs beguile,
Nor promise hope, till sickness wears a smile.

XLVIII.—THE MARINER'S HYMN.—*Mrs. Southey.*

LAUNCH thy bark, Mariner! Christian, God speed thee!
Let loose the rudder-bands!—good angels lead thee!
Set thy sails warily; tempests will come;
Steer thy course steadily! Christian, steer home!

Look to the weather-bow, breakers are round thee!
Let fall the plummet now—shallows may ground thee.
Reef-in the fore-sail there! hold the helm fast!
So—let the vessel ware! there swept the blast.

What of the night, watchman? What of the night?
"Cloudy—all quiet—no land yet—all's right."
Be wakeful, be vigilant!—danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth securest to thee.

How! gains the leak so fast? Clean out the hold—
Hoist up thy merchandise—heave out thy gold!
There—let the ingots go!—now the ship rights;
Hurrah! the harbour's near—lo, the red lights!

Slacken not sail yet at inlet or island;
Straight for the beacon steer—straight for the high land;
Crowd all thy canvas on, cut through the foam—
Christian! cast anchor now—HEAVEN IS THY HOME!

XLIX.—TO MARY IN HEAVEN.—*Burns.*

THOU lingering star with lessening ray
That lov'st to greet the early morn!
Again thou usherest in the day,
My Mary from my soul was torn!
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?—
  Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where, by the winding Ayr, we met
  To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
  Those records dear of transports past!
Thy image at our last embrace—
  Ah! little thought we, 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
  O'er-hung with wild woods, thickening green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
  Twined amorous round the raptured scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be pressed;
  The birds sang love on every spray;
Till, too, too soon, the glowing west
  Proclaimed the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
  And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression deeper makes,—
  As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary! dear departed shade!
  Where is thy blissful place of rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
  Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

L.—INSTABILITY OF FRIENDSHIP.—*Thomas Moore.*

Alas!—how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!
Hearts, that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off—
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven is all tranquillity!
A something light as air—a look—
  A word unkind, or wrongly taken—
Oh! love, that tempests never shook
  A breath, a touch like this, hath shaken.
And ruder words will soon rush in
To spread the breach that words begin;
And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day;

And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said;
Till, fast declining, one by one,
The sweetnesses of love are gone;
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
Like broken clouds—or like the stream
That smiling left the mountain's brow,
As though its waters ne'er could sever,
Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
Breaks into floods, that part for ever!

LI.—THE DESERTED VILLAGE.—*Goldsmith.*

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain;
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please;
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm;—
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighbouring hill;
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil, remitting, lent its turn to play;
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending, as the old surveyed;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round:
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired:—
The dancing pair, that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love;
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove;—

These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please.
Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There as I passed, with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below:
The swain, responsive as the milk-maid sung;
The sober herd, that lowed to meet their young;
The noisy geese, that gabbled o'er the pool;
The playful children, just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice, that bayed the whispering wind;
And the loud laugh, that spoke the vacant mind;—
These, all, in sweet confusion, sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

LII.—THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.—*Goldsmith.*

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village Preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won:
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His Pity gave, ere Charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings leaned to Virtue's side;
But, in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all:
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt her new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway;
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The Service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile:
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its breast, the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

LIII.—MATERNAL HOPE.—*Campbell.*

Lo! at the couch where infant beauty sleeps,
Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps:
She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies,
Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive eyes,
And weaves a song of melancholy joy:—
"Sleep, image of thy father!—sleep, my boy!
"No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine;
"No sigh, that rends thy father's heart and mine.
"Bright, as his manly sire, the son shall be
"In form and soul; but, ah! more bless'd than he!

"Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last,
"Shall soothe *his* aching heart for all the past;
"With many a smile *my* solitude repay,
"And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away.
"And say, when, summoned from the world and thee,
"I lay my head beneath the willow-tree,
"Wilt thou, sweet mourner! at my stone appear,
"And soothe my parted spirit lingering near?
"Oh! wilt thou come at evening hour, to shed
"The tears of memory o'er my narrow bed;
"With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
"Muse on the last 'Farewell!' I leave behind;
"Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
"And think on all my love, and all my woe?"
So speaks affection, ere the infant eye
Can look regard, or brighten in reply:
But, when the cherub lip hath learned to claim
A mother's ear by that endearing name;
Soon as the playful innocent can prove
A tear of pity, or a smile of love;
Or cons his murmuring task beneath her care,
Or lisps, with holy look, his evening prayer;
Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear,—
How fondly looks admiring Hope the while,
At every artless tear, and every smile!
How glows the joyous parent, to descry
A guileless bosom, true to sympathy!

LIV.—TO-MORROW.—*Cotton.*

To-MORROW, didst thou say?
Methought I heard Horatio say, To-morrow.
Go to—I will not hear of it—To-morrow!
'Tis a sharper, who stakes his penury
Against thy plenty; who takes thy ready cash,
And pays thee nought, but wishes, hopes, and promises,
The currency of idiots: injurious bankrupt,
That gulls the easy creditor!—To-morrow!
It is a period no-where to be found
In all the hoary registers of Time,
Unless, perchance, in the fool's calendar!
Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society
With those who own it. No, my Horatio,

'Tis Fancy's child, and folly is its father;
Wrought of such stuff as dreams are, and baseless
As the fantastic visions of the evening.
But, soft, my friend—arrest the present moments;
For, be assured, they all are arrant tell-tales:
And, though their flight be silent, and their path
Trackless as the wingèd couriers of the air,
They post to heaven, and there record thy folly;—
Because, though stationed on the important watch,
Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,
Didst let them pass, unnoticed, unimproved.
And know, for that thou slumberedst on the guard,
Thou shalt be made to answer, at the bar,
For every fugitive; and when thou thus
Shalt stand impleaded, at the high tribunal
Of hood-winked Justice, who shall tell thy audit?
Then, stay the present instant, dear Horatio!
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings;
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms! far more precious
Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain!—
O! let it not elude thy grasp; but, like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast, until he bless thee!

LV.—ODE TO ADVERSITY.—*Gray.*

Daughter of Jove! relentless Power,
Thou tamer of the human breast;
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain;
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied, and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue—his darling child—designed,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade thee form her infant mind.
Stern, rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learned to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,—
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,—
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flattering foe;
By vain Prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom, in sable garb arrayed,
Immersed in rapturous thought profound;
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground;
Still on thy solemn steps attend:—
Warm Charity, the general friend;
With Justice, to herself severe;
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently, on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Not circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thundering voice and threatening mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty!

Thy form benign, oh Goddess, wear!
Thy milder influence impart!
Thy philosophic train be there,
To soften, not to wound my heart.
The generous spark, extinct, revive;
Teach me to love, and to forgive;
Exact my own defects to scan;
What others are, to feel; and know myself—a man!

LVI.—THE PULPIT.—*Cowper.*

I VENERATE the man whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,
Co-incident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.
To such I render more than mere respect,
Whose actions say that they respect themselves.
But, loose in morals, and in manners vain,
In conversation frivolous, in dress

Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse;
Frequent in park with lady at his side,
Ambling and prattling scandal as he goes!
But rare at home, and never at his books,
Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card;
Constant at routs, familiar with a round
Of ladyships—a stranger to the poor;
Ambitious of preferment for its gold;
And well prepared, by ignorance and sloth.
By infidelity and love of world,
To make God's work a sinecure; a slave
To his own pleasures and his patron's pride:—
From such apostles, oh, ye mitred heads,
Preserve the church! and lay not careless hands
On skulls that cannot teach, and will not learn.
  Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,
Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
His master-strokes, and draw from his design.
I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture; much impressed
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty man.
Behold the picture!—Is it like?—Like whom?
The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
And then, skip down again; pronounce a text;
Cry—hem; and reading what they never wrote,
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene!
  In man or woman, but far most in man,
And most of all in man that ministers
And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe
All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn;
Object of my implacable disgust.
What!—will a man play tricks, will he indulge
A silly, fond conceit of his fair form,
And just proportion, fashionable mien,
And pretty face, in presence of his God?
Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,

As with the diamond on his lily hand;
And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
When I am hungry for the bread of life?
He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames
His noble office, and, instead of truth,
Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock!
Therefore, avaunt all attitude, and stare,
And start theatric, practised at the glass!
I seek divine simplicity in him
Who handles things divine; and all besides,
Though learn'd with labour, and though much admired
By curious eyes and judgments ill-informed,
To me is odious as the nasal twang
Heard at conventicle, where worthy men,
Misled by custom, strain celestial themes
Through the pressed nostril spectacle bestrid.
Some, decent in demeanour while they preach,
That task performed, relapse into themselves;
And, having spoken wisely, at the close
Grow wanton, giving proof to every eye,
Whoe'er was edified, themselves were not!
Forth comes the pocket mirror. First, we stroke
An eye-brow; next, compose a straggling lock;
Then, with an air most gracefully performed,
Fall back into our seat, extend an arm,
And lay it at its ease,
With handkerchief in hand depending low:
The better hand, more busy, gives the nose
Its bergamot, or aids the indebted eye
With opera-glass, to watch the moving scene,
And recognise the slow-retiring fair.—
Now this is fulsome; and offends me more
Than in a churchman slovenly neglect
And rustic coarseness would. A heavenly mind
May be indifferent to her house of clay,
And slight the hovel as beneath her care;
But how a body so fantastic, trim,
And quaint, in its deportment and attire,
Can lodge a heavenly mind—demands a doubt.

LVII.—ODE IN IMITATION OF ALCŒUS.—*Sir W. Jones.*

What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement, or laboured mound,
Thick wall, or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays, and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride:—
No:—Men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude:
Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing dare maintain;
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain.
These constitute a state;
And sovereign Law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning Good, repressing Ill;
Smit by her sacred frown
The fiend, Dissension, like a vapour, sinks;
And e'en the all-dazzling Crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.—
Such was this heaven-loved Isle,
Than Lesbos fairer, and the Cretan shore:
No more shall Freedom smile?
Shall we now languish, and be men no more?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

LVIII.—ON SACRED READING.*—*Professor Bell.*

The sacred services in which the soul
Adores with awe the Power whence she sprung,
May well the culture of the tongue demand.
Alas! our solemn pulpits often show,
In the recital of the Book of Life,

* From "The Tongue," a poem in two parts. By Alexander Bell, Professor of Elocution. London, 1846.

How coldly even cordial subjects fall
From crude outpourings of untutored lips.
The lifeless page contains the word of God;
But power to call the holy influence forth
Within the human voice alone resides.
In sounds confused, and heartless utterance,
The Scriptures lose their character divine;
The heavenly rays reach not the darkened soul,
So thick the density of clouded speech;
Deaf is the cheated and offended ear,
And closed is every entrance to the soul:
The promises, the pains, the hopes, the fears,
Are lost in chaos of discordant noise.
O you who at God's holy altar tend,
Who are removèd from the grovelling herd
Of wrangling, trafficking, and sordid men,
To preach good tidings to the meek in soul—
To heal the contrite and the broken heart—
To set at liberty the slaves of sin—
To ope the prison doors—to wipe the tears
From sorrow's face, and comfort all that mourn;—
Know you, ye men of God, your sacred charge?
Your feeble ministrations answer this.
The public execution of this trust
Can reach the heart—if there it find the way—
But through the porches of the outward ear:
This organ is the minister of sound,
And trieth words as doth the mouth its food.
The vulgar speech performeth not aright
The soul's commands. To give her dictates breath,
To set them in the happy form of words,
Requires the laggard vocal parts well trained,—
Each pliant organ working in accord;
That she to rich expression may attune
The wonderful, complex machine, and make
The voice delightful to the charmèd sense.
Are, then, religion's cause, the hopes, the fears
The destiny of man, the call of heaven,
Not worthy of man's highest, noblest powers?
Are vulgar accents, uttered with grimace,
Or mumbling, stuttering, and ill-formed sounds,
Deemed good enough to do God's holy work?
Or are mankind so hungry for the truth,
So very thirsty after righteousness,

That, with the eagerness of appetite,
Though coarsely may be spread the sacred food,
Their famished souls will instantly devour!
Alas! their hunger craves forbidden fruit—
Their thirst indulges in unhallowed streams.
The man of God must knock at stony hearts,
And bend the stubborn will, and make the soul
Awe-struck with deep conviction of its guilt.
For this the thunder of his eloquence
Will roll its threatenings in the sinner's ear;
Till the reverberating peals arouse
The trembling fear which bends the feeble knees,
And melts the conscious rebel into prayer:—
"O thou who rul'st the tempest, hear and save!"
Then will the tones of sweetest melody
Allay the terrors of the startled mind;
And, mild as angels to the shepherds sung,
The messenger of God will whisper, peace!

LIX.—THE LEPER.—*Willis.*

"Room for the leper! room!"—And, as he came
The cry passed on—"Room for the leper! room!"—
Sunrise was slanting on the city's gates,
Rosy and beautiful; and from the hills
The early-risen poor were coming in,
Duly and cheerfully to their toil; and up
Rose the sharp hammer's clink, and the far hum
Of moving wheels, and multitudes a-stir,
And all that in a city-murmur swells,—
Unheard but by the watcher's weary ear,
Aching with night's dull silence; or the sick,
Hailing the welcome light and sounds, that chase
The death-like images of the dark away.
"Room for the leper!" And aside they stood—
Matron, and child, and pitiless manhood,—all
Who met him on his way,—and let him pass.
And onward through the open gate he came,
A Leper with the ashes on his brow,
Sackcloth about his loins, and on his lip
A covering,—stepping painfully and slow;
And with a difficult utterance, like one
Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down,
Crying, "Unclean! Unclean!"

'Twas now the first
Of the Judean autumn; and the leaves,
Whose shadows lay so still upon his path,
Had put their beauty forth beneath the eye
Of Judah's loftiest noble. He was young,
And eminently beautiful; and life
Mantled in elegant fulness on his lip,
And sparkled in his glance; and in his mien
There was a gracious pride that every eye
Followed with benisons;—*and this was he!*
And he went forth—alone! Not one of all
The many whom he loved, nor she whose name
Was woven in the fibres of his heart
Breaking within him now, to come and speak
Comfort unto him. Yea, he went his way,
Sick, and heart-broken, and alone,—to die!
For, God had cursed the leper!
It was noon,
And Helon knelt beside a stagnant pool
In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow
Hot with the burning leprosy, and touched
The loathsome water to his fevered lips;
Praying that he might be so blest—to die!
—Footsteps approached; and, with no strength to flee,
He drew the covering closer on his lip,
Crying, "Unclean! Unclean!" and, in the folds
Of the coarse sackcloth shrouding up his face,
He fell upon the earth till they should pass.
Nearer the Stranger came, and, bending o'er
The leper's prostrate form, pronounced his name,
"Helon!"—The voice was like the master-tone
Of a rich instrument,—most strangely sweet;
And the dull pulses of disease awoke,
And, for a moment, beat beneath the hot
And leprous scales with a restoring thrill!——
"Helon! arise!"—and he forgot his curse,
And rose and stood before Him.
Love and awe
Mingled in the regard of Helon's eye,
As he beheld the Stranger.—He was not
In costly raiment clad, nor on his brow
The symbol of a princely lineage wore;
No followers at his back,—nor in his hand
Buckler, or sword, or spear;—yet, if he smiled,

A kingly condescension graced his lips,
A lion would have crouched-to in his lair.
His garb was simple, and his sandals worn;
His stature modeled with a perfect grace;
His countenance the impress of a God,
Touched with the opening innocence of a child;
His eye was blue and calm, as is the sky
In the serenest noon; his hair unshorn
Fell to his shoulders; and his curling beard
The fulness of perfected manhood bore.
—He looked on Helon earnestly awhile,
As if his heart were moved; and, stooping down,
He took a little water in his hand,
And laid it on his brow, and said, "Be clean!"
And lo! the scales fell from him; and his blood
Coursed with delicious coolness through his veins;
And his dry palms grew moist, and on his brow
The dewy softness of an infant's sole:
His leprosy was cleansed; and he fell down
Prostrate at Jesus' feet, and worshiped Him.

LX.—THE BATTLE-FLAG OF SIGURD.—*Motherwell.*

The eagle hearts of all the North have left their stormy strand;
The warriors of the world are forth to choose another land!
Again, their long keels sheer the wave, their broad sheets court the breeze;
Again, the reckless and the brave ride lords of weltering seas.
Nor swifter from the well-bent bow can feathered shaft be sped,
Than o'er the ocean's flood of snow their snoring galleys tread.—
Then lift the can to bearded lip, and smite each sounding shield;
Wassaile! to every dark-ribbed ship, to every battle-field!
So proudly the Scalds raise their voices of triumph,
As the Northmen ride over the broad-bosomed billow.

Aloft, Sigurdir's battle-flag streams onward to the land;
Well may the taint of slaughter lag on yonder glorious strand.
The waters of the mighty deep, the wild birds of the sky,
Hear it, like vengeance, shoreward sweep, where moody men must die.
The waves wax wroth beneath our keel—the clouds above us lower;
They know the battle-sign, and feel all its resistless power!

"Who now uprears Sigurdir's flag, nor shuns an early tomb?
Who shoreward, through the swelling surge, shall bear the
scroll of doom?"
So shout the Scalds as the long ships are nearing
The low-lying shores of a beautiful land.

Silent the Self-devoted stood beside the massive tree;
His image mirrored in the flood was terrible to see!
As, leaning on his gleaming axe, and gazing on the wave,
His fearless soul was churning up the death-rune of the brave.
Upheaving then his giant form upon the brown bark's prow,
And tossing back the yellow storm of hair from his broad
brow,
The lips of song burst open, and the words of fire rushed out,
And thundering through that martial crew pealed Harald's
battle shout;—
(It is Harald the dauntless that lifteth his great voice,
As the Northmen roll on with the Doom-written banner.)

"I bear Sigurdir's battle-flag through sunshine or through
gloom;
Through swelling surge on bloody strand I plant the scroll of
doom!
On Scandia's lonest, bleakest waste, beneath a starless sky,
The shadowy Three like meteors passed, and bade young
Harald die;—
They sang the war-deeds of his sires, and pointed to their
tomb:
They told him that this glory-flag was his by right of doom.
Since then, where hath young Harald been, but where Jarl's
son should be?
'Mid war and waves—the combat keen that raged on land or
sea!"
So sings the fierce Harald, the thirster for glory,
As his hand bears aloft the dark death-laden banner.

"Mine own death's in this clenchèd hand! I know the noble
trust;
These limbs must rot on yonder strand—these lips must lick
its dust:
But shall this dusky standard quail in the red slaughter day;
Or shall this heart its purpose fail—this arm forget to slay?
I trample down such idle doubt; Harald's high blood hath
sprung
From sires whose hands in martial bout have ne'er belied
tongue;

Nor keener from their castled rock rush eagles on their prey,
Than, panting for the battle-shock, young Harald leads the way."
It is thus that tall Harald, in terrible beauty,
Pours forth his big soul to the joyance of heroes.

"The ship-borne warriors of the North, the sons of Woden's race,
To battle as to feast go forth, with stern and changeless face;
And I, the last of a great line, the Self-devoted, long
To lift on high the Runic sign which gives my name to song.
In battle-field young Harald falls amid a slaughtered foe,
But backward never bears this flag, while streams to ocean flow;—
On, on above the crowded dead this Runic scroll shall flare,
And round it shall the lightnings spread, from swords that never spare."
So rush the hero-words from the Death-doomed one,
While Scalds harp aloud the renown of his fathers.

"Green lie those thickly-timbered shores fair sloping to the sea;
They're cumbered with the harvest-stores that wave but for the free:
Our sickle is the gleaming sword, our garner the broad shield,
Let peasants sow, but still he's lord who's master of the field;
Let them come on, the bastard-born, each soil-stain'd churl!—alack!
What gain they but a splitten skull, a sod for their base back?
They sow for us these goodly lands, we reap them in our might,
Scorning all title but the brands that triumph in the fight!"
It was thus the land-winners of old gained their glory,
And grey stones voiced their praise in the bays of far isles.

"The rivers of yon island low glance redly in the sun,
But ruddier still they're doomed to glow, and deeper shall they run;
The torrent of proud life shall swell each river to the brim,
And in that spate of blood, how well the headless corpse will swim!
The smoke of many a shepherd's cot curls from each peopled glen;
And, hark! the song of maidens mild, the shout of joyous men!
But one may hew the oaken tree, the other shape the shroud;
As the LANDEYDA o'er the sea sweeps like a tempest cloud."—
So shouteth fierce Harald—so echo the Northmen,
As shoreward their ships like mad steeds are careering.

"Sigurdir's battle-flag is spread abroad to the blue sky,
And spectral visions of the dead are trooping grimly by;
The spirit-heralds rush before Harald's destroying brand,
They hover o'er yon fated shore and death-devoted band.
Marshal, stout Jarls, your battle fast! and fire each beacon height;
Our galleys anchor in the sound, our banner heaves in sight!
And through the surge and arrowy shower that rain on this broad shield,
Harald uplifts the sign of power which rules the battle-field!"
So cries the Death-doomed on the red strand of slaughter
While the helmets of heroes like anvils are ringing..

On rolled the Northmen's war—above the Raven Standard flew;
Nor tide nor tempest ever strove with vengeance half so true.
'Tis Harald—'tis the Sire-bereaved—who goads the dread career,
And high amid the flashing storm the flag of Doom doth rear.
"On, on!" the tall Death-seeker cries, "these earth-worms soil our heel,
Their spear-points crash like crisping ice on ribs of stubborn steel!"
Hurrah! hurrah! their whirlwinds sweep, and Harald's fate is sped;
Bear on the flag—he goes to sleep with the life-scorning dead.
Thus fell the young Harald, as of old fell his sires,
And the bright hall of heroes bade hail to his spirit.

LXI.—THE CLOUD.—*Shelley.*

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noon-day dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.
I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white.
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.

Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls by fits:
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea:
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The spirit he loves remains;—
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor-eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain-crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit, one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above;
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof.
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanos are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof—
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when, with never a stain
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph;
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I rise and unbuild it again.

LXII.—THE ARAB MAID'S SONG.—*Thomas Moore.*

Fly to the desert! fly with me!
Our Arab tents are rude for thee;
But, oh! the choice what heart can doubt
Of tents with love, or thrones without?

Our rocks are rough—but, smiling there,
The acacia waves her yellow hair
Lonely and sweet; nor loved the less
For flowering in a wilderness.

Our sands are bare—but, down their slope
The silvery-footed antelope
As gracefully and gaily springs,
As o'er the marble courts of kings.

Then, come!—thy Arab maid will be
The loved and lone acacia-tree,

The antelope, whose feet shall bless,
With their light sound, thy loneliness.

Oh! there are looks and tones, that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart;
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure, it through life had sought;

As if the very lips and eyes,
Predestined to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled, and spoke before us then!

So came thy every glance and tone,
When first on me they breathed and shone;
New—as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome—as if loved for years!

Then fly with me!—if thou hast known
No other flame, nor falsely thrown
A gem away, that thou hast sworn
Should ever in thy heart be worn:

Come!—if the love thou hast for me
Is pure and fresh, as mine for thee—
Fresh, as the fountain under ground,
When first 'tis by the lapwing found—

But if, for me, thou dost forsake
Some other maid, and rudely break
Her worshiped image from its base,
To give to me the ruined place;

Then, fare thee well!—I'd rather make
My bower upon some icy lake,
When thawing suns begin to shine,
Than trust to love so false as thine!

LXIII.—THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.—*Furlong*

Oh! if the atheist's words were true,
If those we seek to save
Sink—and in sinking from our view
Are lost beyond the grave!
If life thus closed, how dark and drear
Would this bewildered earth appear—
Scarce worth the dust it gave:
A tract of black sepulchral gloom,
One yawning, ever-opening tomb!

Blest be that strain of high belief,
More heavenlike, more sublime,
Which says, that souls who part in grief
Part only for a time!
That, far beyond this speck of pain,
Far o'er the gloomy grave's domain,
There spreads a brighter clime—
Where care, and toil, and trouble o'er,
Friends meet, and meeting, weep no more!

LXIV.—TO A SEA GULL.—*Gerald Griffin.*

White bird of the tempest! O beautiful thing,
With the bosom of snow, and the motionless wing;
Now sweeping the billow, now floating on high,
Now bathing thy plumes in the light of the sky;
Now poising o'er ocean thy delicate form,
Now breasting the surge with thy bosom so warm;
Now darting aloft, with a heavenly scorn,
Now shooting along, like a ray of the morn;
Now lost in the folds of the cloud-curtained dome,
Now floating abroad like a flake of the foam;
Now silently poised o'er the war of the main,
Like the Spirit of Charity brooding o'er pain;
Now gliding with pinion all silently furled,
Like an Angel descending to comfort the world!
Thou seem'st to my spirit, as upward I gaze,
And see thee, now clothèd in mellowest rays,
Now lost in the storm-driven vapours, that fly
Like hosts that are routed across the broad sky,
Like a pure spirit, true to its virtue and faith,
'Mid the tempests of nature, of passion, and death!
Rise! beautiful emblem of purity, rise,
On the sweet winds of Heaven, to thine own brilliant skies;
Still higher! still higher! till, lost to our sight,
Thou hidest thy wings in a mantle of light;
And I think how a pure spirit gazing on thee,
Must long for that moment—the joyous and free—
When the soul, disembodied from Nature, shall spring
Unfettered, at once to her Maker and King;
When the bright day of service and suffering past,
Shapes, fairer than thine, shall shine round her at last,
While, the standard of battle triumphantly furled,
She smiles like a victor serene on the world!

LIV.—THE STAR OF HEAVEN.—*Callanan.*

SHINE on, thou bright beacon, unclouded and free,
From thy high place of calmness, o'er life's troubled sea;
Its morning of promise, its smooth waves are gone,
And the billows roar wildly; then, bright one, shine on.

The wings of the tempest may rush o'er thy ray;
But tranquil thou smilest, undimmed by its sway;
High, high o'er the worlds where storms are unknown,
Thou dwellest all beauteous, all glorious,—alone.

From the deep womb of darkness the lightning-flash leaps,
O'er the bark of my fortunes each mad billow sweeps
From the port of her safety by warring-winds driven;
And no light o'er her course—but yon lone one of Heaven.

Yet fear not, thou frail one, the hour may be near,
When our own sunny head-land far off shall appear;
When the voice of the storm shall be silent and past,
In some island of heaven we may anchor at last.

But, bark of eternity, where art thou now?
The wild waters shriek o'er each plunge of thy prow
On the world's dreary ocean thus shatter'd and tost;—
Then, lone one, shine on! "If I lose thee, I'm lost!"

LXVI.—THE VOICE AND PEN.—*D. F. M'Carthy.*

OH! the orator's Voice is a mighty power
As it echoes from shore to shore—
And the fearless Pen has more sway o'er men
Than the murderous cannon's roar.
What burst the chain far o'er the main,
And brightens the captive's den?
'Tis the fearless Voice and the Pen of power—
Hurrah! for the Voice and Pen!
Hurrah!
Hurrah! for the Voice and Pen!

The tyrant knaves who deny our rights,
And the cowards who blanch with fear,
Exclaim with glee, "No arms have ye—
Nor cannon, nor sword, nor spear!
Your hills are ours; with our forts and towers
We are masters of mount and glen."
Tyrants, beware! for the arms we bear
Are the Voice and the fearless Pen!

Though your horsemen stand with their bridles in hand,
And your sentinels walk around—
Though your matches flare in the midnight air,
And your brazen trumpets sound;
Oh! the orator's tongue shall be heard among
These listening warrior men;
And they'll quickly say, "Why should we slay
Our friends of the Voice and Pen?"

When the Lord created the earth and sea,
The stars and the glorious sun,
The Godhead *spoke*, and the universe woke—
And the mighty work was done!
Let a word be flung from the orator's tongue,
Or a drop from the fearless Pen,
And the chains accurs'd asunder burst,
That fettered the minds of men!

Oh! these are the swords with which we fight,
The arms in which we trust;
Which no tyrant hand will dare to brand,
Which time cannot dim or rust!
When these we bore, we triumphed before,
With these we'll triumph again—
And the world will say, "No power can stay
The Voice and the fearless Pen!"
Hurrah!
Hurrah! for the Voice and Pen!

LXVII.—THE FAIRY THORN.—*Samuel Ferguson.*

"Get up, our Anna dear, from the weary spinning wheel;
For your father's on the hill, and your mother is asleep:
Come up above the crags, and we'll dance a highland reel
Around the fairy thorn on the steep."

At Anna Grace's door 'twas thus the maidens cried,
Three merry maidens fair in kirtles of the green;
And Anna laid the rock and the weary wheel aside,
The fairest of the four, I ween.

They're glancing through the glimmer of the quiet eve,
Away in milky wavings of neck and ankle bare;
The heavy-sliding stream in its sleepy song they leave,
And the crags in the ghostly air:

And linking hand in hand, and singing as they go,
The maids along the hill-side have ta'en their fearless way,
Till they come to where the rowan-trees in lonely beauty grow
Beside the Fairy Hawthorn gray.

The hawthorn stands between the ashes tall and slim,
Like matron with her twin grand-daughters at her knee;
The rowan berries cluster o'er her low head gray and dim.
In ruddy kisses sweet to see.

The merry maidens four have ranged them in a row,
Between each lovely couple a stately rowan-stem;
And away in mazes wavy, like skimming birds they go—
Oh, never carolled bird like them!

But solemn is the silence of the silvery haze
That drinks away their voices in echoless repose,
And dreamily the evening has stilled the haunted braes,
And dreamier the gloaming grows.

And sinking one by one, like lark-notes from the sky
When the falcon's shadow saileth across the open shaw,
Are hushed the maiden's voices, as cowering down they lie
In the flutter of their sudden awe.

For, from the air above, and the grassy ground beneath,
And from the mountain-ashes, and the old white-thorn between,
A power of faint enchantment doth through their beings breathe,
And they sink down together on the green.

Thus clasped and prostrate all, with their heads together bowed,
Soft o'er their bosoms' beating—the only human sound—
They hear the silky footsteps of the silent fairy crowd,
Like a river in the air, gliding round.

Nor scream can any raise, nor prayer can any say,
But wild, wild, the terror of the speechless three—
For they feel fair Anna Grace drawn silently away,
By whom they dare not look to see.

They feel their tresses twine with her parting locks of gold,
And the curls elastic falling, as her head withdraws;
They feel her sliding arms from their trancèd arms unfold,
But they dare not look to see the cause:

For heavy on their senses the faint enchantment lies
Through all that night of anguish and perilous amaze;
And neither fear nor wonder can ope their quivering eyes,
Or their limbs from the cold ground raise.

Till out of Night the Earth has rolled her dewy side,
With every haunted mountain and streamy vale below;
When, as the mist dissolves in the yellow morning tide,
The maidens' trance dissolveth so.

Then fly the ghastly three as swiftly as they may,
And tell their tale of sorrow to anxious friends in vain;
They pined away and died within the year and day—
And ne'er was Anna Grace seen again.

LXVIII.—GOUGAUNE BARRA.—*Callanan.*

THERE is a green island in lone Gougaune Barra,
Where Allua of songs rushes forth as an arrow;
In deep-valleyed Desmond:—a thousand wild fountains
Come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains;
There grows the wild ash, and a time-stricken willow
Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow;
As, like some gay child, that sad monitor scorning,
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.

And its zone of dark hills—oh! to see them all bright'ning
When the tempest flings out its red banner of lightning;
And the waters rush down, 'mid the thunder's deep rattle,
Like clans from their hills at the voice of the battle;
And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,
And wildly from Mullagh the eagles are screaming:—
Oh! where is the dwelling in valley, or high land,
So meet for a bard as this lone little island?

How oft, when the summer sun rested on Clara,
And lit the dark heath on the hills of Ivera,
Have I sought thee, sweet spot, from my home by the ocean,
And trod all thy wilds with a minstrel's devotion;
And thought of thy bards, when assembling together
In the cleft of thy rocks, or the depth of thy heather,
They fled from the foemen's dark bondage and slaughter,
And waked their last song by the rush of thy water.

High sons of the lyre, oh! how proud was the feeling,
To think while alone through that solitude stealing,
Though loftier minstrels green Erin can number,
I only awoke your wild harp from its slumber,
And mingled once more with the voice of those fountains
The songs even Echo forgot on her mountains;
And gleaned each gray legend, that darkly was sleeping
Where the mist and the rain o'er their beauty were creeping.

Least bard of the hills! were it mine to inherit
The fire of thy harp, and the wing of thy spirit,
With the wrongs which like thee to our country has bound me,
Did your mantle of song fling its radiance round me,
Still, still in those wilds might young Liberty rally,
And send her strong shout over mountain and valley;
The star of the west might yet rise in its glory,
And the land that was darkest, be brightest in story.

I too shall be gone;—but my name shall be spoken
When Erin awakes, and her fetters are broken;
Some Minstrel will come, in the summer eve's gleaming,
When Freedom's young light on his spirit is beaming,
And bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion,
Where calm Avon-Buee seeks the kisses of ocean;
Or plant a wild wreath, from the banks of that river,
O'er the heart, and the harp, that are sleeping for ever.

LXIX.—SIR TURLOUGH, OR THE CHURCH-YARD BRIDE.—*W. Carleton.*

The bride she bound her golden hair—
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And her step was light as the breezy air
When it bends the morning flowers so fair,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

And oh, but her eyes they danced so bright,
As she longed for the dawn of to-morrow's light,
Her bridal vows of love to plight.

The bridegroom is come with youthful brow,
To receive from his Eva her virgin vow;
"Why tarries the bride of my bosom now?"

A cry! a cry!—'twas her maidens spoke,
"Your bride is asleep—she has not awoke;
And the sleep she sleeps will never be broke."

Sir Turlough sank down with a heavy moan,
And his cheek became like the marble stone—
"Oh, the pulse of my heart is for ever gone!"

The keen is loud, it comes again,
And rises sad from the funeral train,
As in sorrow it winds along the plain.

And oh, but the plumes of white were fair,
When they fluttered all mournful in the air,
As rose the hymn of the requiem prayer.

There is a voice that but one can hear,
And it softly pours, from behind the bier,
Its note of death on Sir Turlough's ear.

The keen is loud, but that voice is low,
And it sings its song of sorrow slow,
And names young Turlough's name with woe.

Now the grave is closed, and the mass is said,
And the bride she sleeps in her lonely bed,
The fairest corpse among the dead.

The wreaths of virgin-white are laid,
By virgin hands, o'er the spotless maid;
And the flowers are strewn, but they soon will fade.

"Oh! go not yet—not yet away,
Let us feel that *life* is near our clay,"
The long-departed seem to say.

But the tramp and the voices of *life* are gone,
And beneath each cold forgotten stone,
The mouldering dead sleep all alone.

But who is he that lingereth yet?
The fresh green sod with his tears is wet,
And his heart in the bridal grave is set.

Oh, who but Sir Turlough, the young and brave,
Should bend him o'er that bridal grave,
And to his death-bound Eva rave?

"Weep not—weep not:" said a lady fair,
"Should youth and valour thus despair,
And pour their vows to the empty air?"

There's charmèd music upon her tongue,
Such beauty—bright, and warm, and young—
Was never seen the maids among.

A laughing light, a tender grace,
Sparkled in beauty around her face,
That grief from mortal heart might chase.

"The maid for whom thy salt tears fall,
Thy grief or love can ne'er recal;
She rests beneath that grassy pall.

"My heart it strangely cleaves to thee,
And now that thy plighted love is free,
Give its unbroken pledge to me."

The charm is strong upon Turlough's eye,
His faithless tears are already dry,
And his yielding heart has ceased to sigh.

"To thee," the charmèd chief replied,
"I pledge that love o'er my buried bride;
Oh! come, and in Turlough's hall abide."

Again the funeral voice came o'er
The passing breeze, as it wailed before,
And streams of mournful music bore.

"If I to thy youthful heart am dear,
One month from hence thou wilt meet me here,
Where lay thy bridal, Eva's bier."

He pressed her lips as the words were spoken,
And his *banshee's* wail—now far and broken—
Murmured "Death," as he gave the token.

"Adieu! adieu!" said this lady bright,
And she slowly passed like a thing of light,
Or a morning cloud, from Sir Turlough's sight.

Now Sir Turlough has death in every vein,
And there's fear and grief o'er his wide domain,
And gold for those who will calm his brain.

"Come, haste thee, leech, right swiftly ride,
Sir Turlough the brave, Green Truagha's pride,
Has pledged his love to the church-yard bride."

The leech groaned loud, "Come tell me this,
By all thy hopes of weal and bliss,
Has Sir Turlough given the fatal kiss?"

"The banshee's cry is loud and long,
At eve she weeps her funeral song,
And it floats on the twilight breeze along."

"Then the fatal kiss is given;—the last
Of Turlough's race and name is past,
His doom is sealed, his die is cast."

"Leech, say not that thy skill is vain;
Oh, calm the power of his frenzied brain,
And half his lands thou shalt retain."

The leech has failed, and the hoary priest
With pious shrift his soul released,
And the smoke is high of his funeral feast.

The minstrels now are assembled all;
And the songs of praise, in Sir Turlough's hall,
To the sorrowing harp's dark music fall.
And there are trophy, banner, and plume;
And the pomp of death, with its darkest gloom,
O'ershadows the Irish chieftain's tomb.
The month is closed, and Green Truagha's pride,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
Is married to Death—and, side by side,
He slumbers now with his church-yard bride,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

LXX.—THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.—*Samuel Ferguson.*

Come, see the Dolphin's anchor forged—'tis at a white heat now:
The bellows ceased, the flames decreased—though on the forge's brow
The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound,
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round;
All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare—
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass there.
The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black mound heaves below,
And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every throe:
It rises, roars, rends all outright—O, Vulcan, what a glow!
'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright—the high sun shines not so!
The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery fearful show;
The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy lurid row
Of smiths that stand, an ardent band, like men before the foe:
As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing-monster slow
Sinks on the anvil—all about the faces fiery grow.
"Hurrah!" they shout, "leap out—leap out;" bang, bang the sledges go;
Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low—
A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing blow;
The leathern mail rebounds the hail, the rattling cinders strow
The ground around: at every bound the sweltering fountains flow,
And thick and loud the swinking crowd at every stroke pant "Ho!"

Leap out, leap out, my masters; leap out and lay on load!
Let's forge a goodly anchor—a bower thick and broad;
For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,
And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous road—
The low reef roaring on her lee—the roll of ocean poured
From stem to stern, sea after sea; the mainmast by the board;
The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove at the chains!
But courage still, brave mariners—the bower yet remains!
And not an inch to flinch he deigns, save when ye pitch sky-high;
Then moves his head, as though he said, "Fear nothing—here am I."

Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep time;
Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's chime.
But while you sling your sledges, sing—and let the burden be,
"The anchor is the anvil king, and royal craftsmen we!"
Strike in, strike in—the sparks begin to dull their rustling red;
Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be sped.
Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array,
For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of clay;
Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen here,
For the "Yeo-heave-o'!" and the "Heave-away!" and the sighing seaman's cheer;
When, weighing slow, at eve they go—far, far from love and home;
And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom he darkens down at last;
A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from cat was cast.
O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,
What pleasures would thy toils reward beneath the deep green sea!

O deep Sea-diver, who might then behold such sights as thou?
The hoary-monster's palaces! Methinks what joy 't were now
To go plumb plunging down amid the assembly of the whales,
And feel the churn'd sea round me boil beneath their scourging tails!
Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea-unicorn,
And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his ivory horn;
To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony blade forlorn;
And for the ghastly-grinning shark to laugh his jaws to scorn;
To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid Norwegian isles
He lies, a lubber-anchorage for sudden-shallowed miles;

'Till snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls;
Meanwhile to swing, a-buffetting the far astonished shoals
Of his back-browsing ocean-calves; or, haply in a cove,
Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some Undiné's love,
To find the long-haired mermaidens; or, hard by icy lands,
To wrestle with the Sea-serpent, upon cerulean sands.

O broad-armed Fisher of the deep, whose sports can equal thine?
The Dolphin weighs a thousand tons, that tugs thy cable line;
And night by night, 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,
Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant-game to play—
But, shamer of our little sports! forgive the name I gave—
A Fisher's joy is to destroy—thine office is to save.

O Lodger in the sea-kings' halls, couldst thou but understand
Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that dripping band
Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about thee bend,
With sounds like breakers in a dream blessing their ancient friend—
Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps round thee,
Thine iron side would swell with pride; thou'dst leap within the sea!

Give honour to their memories who left the pleasant strand,
To shed their blood so freely for the love of Father-land—
Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy church-yard grave
So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave—
Oh, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,
Honour him for their memory, whose bones he goes among!

LXXI.—TO THE NIGHTINGALE.—*Keats.*

O, FOR a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt Mirth!
O, for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim
And purple-stainèd mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with *thee* fade away, into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known—
The weariness, the fever, and the fret,
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where Palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs;
Where Youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think, is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,—
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,—
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! Tender is the night,
And haply the queen Moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown,
Through verdurous blooms, and winding mossy ways.

Darkling, I listen; and, for many a time,
I have been half in love with easeful Death;
Called him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath:
Now, more than ever, seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While *thou* art pouring forth thy soul abroad,
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod!

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night, was heard
In ancient days, by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song, that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

"Forlorn!"—The very sound is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self:
Adieu!—The fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! Thy plaintive anthem fades—
Past the near meadows,—over the still stream,—
Up the hill-side;—and now, 'tis buried deep
In the next valley's glades:—
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music!—Do I wake or sleep?

LXXII.—MY GRAVE.—*Thomas Davis.*

SHALL they bury me in the deep,
Where wind-forgetting waters sleep?
Shall they dig a grave for me,
Under the greenwood tree?
Or on the wild heath,
Where the wilder breath
Of the storm doth blow?
Oh, no! oh, no!

Shall they bury me in the Palace Tombs,
Or under the shade of Cathedral domes?—
Sweet 'twere to lie on Italy's shore;
Yet not there—nor in Greece, though I love it more.
In the wolf or the vulture my grave shall I find?
Shall my ashes career on the world-seeing wind?
Shall they fling my corpse in the battle mound,
Where coffinless thousands lie under the ground?
Just as they fall they are buried so—
Oh, no! oh, no!

No! on an Irish green hill-side,
On an opening lawn—but not too wide;
For I love the drip of the wetted trees:—
On me blow no gales, but a gentle breeze
To freshen the turf: put no tombstone there,
But green sods decked with daisies fair.
Nor sods too deep: but so that the dew
The matted grass-roots may trickle through.
Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind,
"He served his country, and loved his kind."—
Oh! 'twere merry unto the grave to go,
If one were sure to be buried so.

MISCELLANEOUS READINGS

IN

PROSE.

I.—THE OPERATIONS OF NATURE.—*Sir H. Davy.*

NATURE never deceives us—the rocks, the mountains, the streams, always speak the same language: a shower of snow may hide the verdant woods in spring, a thunder-storm may render the blue limpid streams foul and turbulent; but these effects are rare and transient;—in a few hours, or at least days, all the sources of beauty are renovated. And Nature affords no continued trains of misfortunes and miseries, such as depend upon the constitution of humanity; no hopes for ever blighted in the bud; no beings full of life, beauty, and promise, taken from us in the prime of youth. Her fruits are all balmy, bright, and sweet: she affords none of those blighted ones so common in the life of man, and so like the fabled apples of the Dead-Sea—fresh and beautiful to the sight, but, when tasted, full of bitterness and ashes.

The operations of Nature, though slow, are sure: however man may for a time usurp dominion over her, she is certain of recovering her empire. He converts her rocks, her stones, her trees, into forms of palaces, houses, and ships; he employs the metals found in the bosom of the earth as instruments of power, and the sands and clays which constitute its surface, as ornaments and resources of luxury; he imprisons air by water, and tortures water by fire, to change, to modify, or destroy the natural forms of things. But, in some lustrums, his works begin to change, and, in a few centuries, they decay and are in ruins; and his mighty temples, framed, as it were, for immortal and divine purposes; and his bridges, formed of granite, and ribbed with iron; and his walls for defence, and the splendid monuments by which he has endeavoured to give eternity even to his perishable remains,—are gradually destroyed: and these structures, which have resisted the waves of the ocean, the tempests of the sky, and the stroke of the lightning, shall yield to the operation of the dews of heaven, of frost, rain, vapour, and perceptible atmospheric

influences: and as the worm devours the lineaments of man's mortal beauty, so the lichens, and the moss, and the most insignificant plants, shall feed upon his columns and his pyramids; and the most humble and insignificant insects shall undermine and sap the foundations of his colossal works, and make their habitations amongst the ruins of his palaces, and the falling seats of his earthly glory.

Time is almost a human word, and Change entirely a human idea; in the system of nature we should rather say progress than change. The sun appears to sink in the ocean in darkness, but it rises in another hemisphere; the ruins of a city fall, but they are often used to form more magnificent structures: even when they are destroyed so as to produce only dust, Nature asserts her empire over them; and the vegetable world rises in constant youth, in a period of annual successions, by the labours of man—providing food, vitality, and beauty, upon the wrecks of monuments which were raised for purposes of glory, but which are now applied to objects of utility.

II.—THE PLANETARY AND TERRESTRIAL WORLDS.—*Addison.*

To us, who dwell on its surface, the earth is by far the most extensive orb that our eyes can anywhere behold: it is also clothed with verdure, distinguished by trees, and adorned with a variety of beautiful decorations; whereas, to a spectator placed on one of the planets, it wears a uniform aspect, looks all luminous, and no larger than a spot. To beings who dwell at still greater distances, it entirely disappears. That which we call alternately the morning and the evening star—as, in one part of the orbit, she rides foremost in the procession of night; in the other, ushers in and anticipates the dawn—is a planetary world; which, with those others that so wonderfully vary their mystic dance, are in themselves dark bodies, and shine only by reflection; have fields, and seas, and skies of their own; are furnished with all accommodations for animal subsistence, and are supposed to be the abodes of intellectual life: all which, together with our earthly habitation, are dependent on that grand dispenser of divine munificence, the sun; receive their light from the distribution of his rays, and derive their comfort from his benign agency.

The sun, which seems to perform its daily stages through the sky, is, in this respect, fixed and immovable: it is the great axle of heaven, about which the globe we inhabit, and other more spacious orbs, wheel their stated courses. The

sun, though seemingly smaller than the dial it illuminates, is abundantly larger than this whole earth, on which so many lofty mountains rise, and such vast oceans roll. A line extending from side to side through the centre of that resplendent orb, would measure more than eight hundred thousand miles: a girdle formed to go round its circumference, would require a length of millions. Were its solid contents to be estimated, the account would overwhelm our understanding, and be almost beyond the power of language to express. Are we startled at these reports of philosophy? Are we ready to cry out, in a transport of surprise, "How mighty is the Being who kindled such a prodigious fire; and keeps alive, from age to age, such an enormous mass of flame!" Let us attend our philosophic guides, and we shall be brought acquainted with speculations more enlarged and more inflaming.

This sun, with all its attendant planets, is but a very little part of the grand machine of the universe: every star, though in appearance no bigger than the diamond that glitters upon a lady's ring, is really a vast globe, like the sun in size and in glory; no less spacious, no less luminous, than the radiant source of day. So that every star is not barely a world, but the centre of a magnificent system; has a retinue of worlds, irradiated by its beams, and revolving round its attractive influence; all which are lost to our sight, in immeasurable wilds of ether. That the stars appear like so many diminutive and scarcely-distinguishable points, is owing to their immense and inconceivable distance. Immense and inconceivable indeed it is; since a ball, shot from the loaded cannon, and flying with unabated rapidity, must travel, at this impetuous rate, almost seven hundred thousand years, before it could reach the nearest of these twinkling luminaries!

While, beholding this vast expanse, I learn my own extreme meanness, I would also discover the abject littleness of all terrestrial things. What is the earth with all her ostentatious scenes, compared with this astonishingly grand furniture of the skies? What, but a dim speck, hardly perceivable in the map of the universe! It is observed by a very judicious writer, that, if the sun himself, which enlightens this part of the creation, were extinguished, and all the host of planetary worlds, which move about him, were annihilated, they would not be missed by an eye that can take-in the whole compass of nature, any more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The bulk of which they consist, and the space which they occupy, are so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole,

that their loss would scarcely leave a blank in the immensity of God's works. If then, not our globe only, but this whole system, be so very diminutive, what is a kingdom or a country? What are a few lordships, or the so-much-admired patrimonies of those who are styled wealthy? When I measure them with my own little pittance, they swell into proud and bloated dimensions; but, when I take the universe for my standard, how scanty is their size! how contemptible their figure! They shrink into pompous nothings.

III.—ON THE APPROACH OF EVENING.—*Hervey.*

EVERY object, a little while ago, glared with light; but now, all appear with softened lustre. The animals harmonize with the insensible creation; and what was gay in those, as well as glittering in this, gives place to a universal gravity. Should I, at such a season, be vain and trifling, the heavens and the earth would rebuke my unseasonable levity. Therefore, be this moment devoted to thoughts, solemn as the close of day, sedate as the face of things. However my social hours are enlivened with innocent pleasantry, let the Evening, in her sober habit, toll the bell to serious consideration. Every meddling and intrusive avocation is excluded. Silence holds the door against the strife of tongues, and all the impertinences of idle conversation. The busy swarm of vain images and cajoling temptations, which beset us, with a buzzing importunity, amid the gayeties of life, are chased by these thickening shades. Here I may, without disturbance, commune with my own heart, and learn that best of sciences—TO KNOW MYSELF.

IV.—SORROW FOR THE DEAD.—*Washington Irving.*

THE sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved; when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal;—who would accept of consolation that

must be bought by forgetfulness? No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gayety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom; yet who would exchange it, even for a song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead, to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave!—the grave! It buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave, even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth, that lies mouldering before him?

But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up, in long review, the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments, lavished upon us—almost unheeded—in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness—the solemn, awful tenderness—of the parting scene. The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs—its noiseless attendance—its mute, watchful assiduities. The last testimonies of expiring love! The feeble, fluttering, thrilling—oh, how thrilling!—pressure of the hand. The last, fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us, even from the threshold of existence! The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Ay! go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience, for every past benefit unrequited—every past endearment unregarded—of that departed being, who can never—never—never return, to be soothed by thy contrition!——If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow, of an affectionate parent,—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth,—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or

word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee,—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet;—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul; then be sure that thou wilt lie down, sorrowing and repentant, on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear—more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing!

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret: but, take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

V.—ON HUMAN GRANDEUR.—*Goldsmith.*

An alehouse-keeper, near Islington, who had long lived at the sign of the French King, upon the commencement of the last war pulled down his old sign, and put up that of the Queen of Hungary. Under the influence of her red face and golden sceptre he continued to sell ale, till she was no longer the favourite of his customers; he changed her, therefore, some time ago, for the King of Prussia, who may probably be changed, in turn, for the next great man that shall be set up for vulgar admiration.

In this manner the great are dealt out, one after the other, to the gazing crowd. When we have sufficiently wondered at one of them, he is taken in, and another exhibited in his room, who seldom holds his station long;—for the mob are ever pleased with variety.

I must own, I have such an indifferent opinion of the vulgar, that I am ever led to suspect that merit which raises their shout; at least I am certain to find those great, and sometimes good men, who find satisfaction in such acclamations, made worse by it; and history has too frequently taught me, that the head which has grown this day giddy with the roar of the million, has, the very next, been fixed upon a pole.

There is scarce a village in Europe, and not one university, that is not furnished with its little great men. The head of a petty corporation, who opposes the designs of a prince, who would tyrannically force his subjects to save their best clothes

for Sundays; the puny pedant, who finds one undiscovered quality in the polypus, or describes an unheeded process in the skeleton of a mole, and whose mind, like his microscope, perceives nature only in detail; the rhymer, who makes smooth verses, and paints to our imagination when he should only speak to our hearts; all equally fancy themselves walking forward to immortality, and desire the crowd behind them to look on. The crowd takes them at their word. Patriot, philosopher, and poet, are shouted in their train. "Where was there ever so much merit seen? no times so important as our own! Ages, yet unborn, shall gaze with wonder and applause!" To such music the important pigmy moves forward, bustling and swelling, and aptly compared to a puddle in a storm.

I have lived to see generals, who once had crowds hallooing after them wherever they went, who were bepraised by newspapers and magazines,—those echoes of the voice of the vulgar,—and yet they have long sunk into merited obscurity, with scarce even an epitaph left to flatter. A few years ago the herring-fishery employed all Grub-street; it was the topic in every coffee-house, and the burden of every ballad. We were to drag up oceans of gold from the bottom of the sea; we were to supply all Europe with herrings upon our own terms. At present we hear no more of all this. We have fished up very little gold, that I can learn; nor do we furnish the world with herrings as was expected. Let us wait but a few years longer, and we shall find all our expectations—a herring-fishery!

VI.—THE PLEASURES OF SCIENCE.—*Lord Brougham.*

To pass our time in the study of the sciences, has, in all ages, been reckoned one of the most dignified and happy of human occupations; and the name of philosopher, or lover of wisdom, is given to him who leads such a life. But it is by no means necessary that a man should do nothing else than study known truths, and explore new, in order to earn this high title. Some of the greatest philosophers, in all ages, have been engaged in the pursuits of active life; and he who, in whatever station his lot may be cast, prefers the refined and elevating pleasures of knowledge, to the low gratification of the senses, richly deserves the name of a Philosopher.

It is easy to show that there is a positive gratification resulting from the study of the sciences. If it is a pleasure to gratify curiosity—to know what we are ignorant of—to have

our feelings of wonder called forth; how pure a delight of this very kind does natural science hold out to its students! Recollect some of the extraordinary discoveries of mechanical philosophy. Observe the extraordinary truths which optical science discloses. Chemistry is not behind in its wonders; and yet these are trifling when compared to the prodigies which astronomy opens to our view: the enormous masses of the heavenly bodies; their immense distances; their countless numbers; and their motions, whose swiftness mocks the uttermost efforts of the imagination. Then, if we raise our view to the structure of the heavens, we are again gratified with tracing accurate, but most unexpected resemblances. Is it not in the highest degree interesting to find that the power which keeps the earth in its shape, and in its path wheeling round the sun, extends over all the other worlds that compose the universe, and gives to each its proper place and motion; that the same power keeps the moon in her path round the earth; that the same power causes the tides upon our earth, and the peculiar form of the earth itself;—and that, after all, it is the same power which makes a stone fall to the ground? To learn these things, and to reflect upon them, produces certain as well as pure gratification.

We are raised, by science, to an understanding of the infinite wisdom and goodness, which the Creator has displayed in all his works. Not a step can we take in any direction without perceiving the most extraordinary traces of design; and the skill every where conspicuous, is calculated, in so vast a proportion of instances, to promote the happiness of living creatures—and especially of ourselves—that we feel no hesitation in concluding, if we knew the whole scheme of Providence, every part would appear to be in harmony with a plan of absolute benevolence. Independently, however, of this most consoling inference, the delight is inexpressible of being able to follow, as it were with our eyes, the marvellous works of the Great Architect of nature, and to trace the unbounded power and exquisite skill which are exhibited in the most minute, as well as in the mightiest parts of his system.

VII.—ON STUDY.—*Lord Bacon.*

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For, expert men can execute, and

perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general councils, and the plots, and marshaling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humour of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study: and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded-in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use,—but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read,—not to contradict and refute, not to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse,—but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read—but not curiously; and some few, to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts of them made by others; but that should be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else, distilled books are like common distilled waters,—flashy things. Reading maketh a full man; conference, a ready man; and writing, an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a present wit; if he confer little, he had need have a good memory; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know what he doth not.

VIII.—HUMAN LIFE, THE JOURNEY OF A DAY.—*Dr. Johnson.*

OBIDAH, the son of Abensina, left the caravansera early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Hindostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward over the valleys, and saw the hills gradually rising before him. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of Paradise; he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices; he sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring:—all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

Thus he went on, till the sun approached its meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw, on his right hand, a grove, that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way, bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road; and was pleased that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence, without suffering its fatigues. He therefore still continued to walk, for a time, without the least remission of his ardour, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, that the heat had assembled in the shades; and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers, that covered the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches.

At last the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with waterfalls. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but, remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might soothe or divert him. He listened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions.

In these amusements, the hours passed away uncounted; his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused; afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head.

He was now roused by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost, when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a peal of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power;—to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself upon the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with his sabre in his hand; for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every side were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration; all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him! The winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or to destruction. At length, not fear, but labour, began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled; and he was on the point of lying down in resignation to his fate, when he beheld, through the brambles, the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and, finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over—"Tell me," said the hermit, "by what chance thou hast been brought hither? I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderness, in which I never saw a man before." Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

"Son," said the hermit, "let the errors and follies, the dangers and escape, of this day, sink deep into thy heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigour, and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gayety and with diligence, and travel on a while in the straight road of piety, towards the mansions of rest. In a short time, we remit our fervour, and endeavour to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtain-

ing the same end. We then relax our vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach, what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides; we are then willing to inquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling; and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which we, for a while, keep in our sight, and to which we propose to return. But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we in time lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees, we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerge ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy, till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives, with horror, with sorrow, with repentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue.

"Happy are they, my son, who shall learn, from thy example, not to despair, but shall remember, that, though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavours ever unassisted; that the wanderer may at length return, after all his errors; and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go, now, my son, to thy repose; commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence; and, when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life."

IX.—MEANS OF ACQUIRING DISTINCTION.—*Sidney Smith.*

It is natural in every man to wish for distinction; and the praise of those who can confer honour by their praise, is, in spite of all false philosophy, sweet to every human heart; but, as eminence can be only the lot of a few, patience of obscurity is a duty, which we owe not more to our own happiness, than to the quiet of the world at large. Give a loose, if you are young and ambitious, to that spirit which throbs within you; measure yourself with your equals; and learn, from frequent

competition, the place which nature has allotted to you; make of it no mean battle, but strive hard; strengthen your soul to the search of Truth, and follow that spectre of Excellence which beckons you on beyond the walls of the world, to something better than man has yet done. It may be you shall burst out into light and glory at the last: but if frequent failure convince you of that mediocrity of nature, which is incompatible with great actions, submit wisely and cheerfully to your lot; let no mean spirit of revenge tempt you to throw off your loyalty to your country, and to prefer a vicious celebrity to obscurity crowned with piety and virtue. If you can throw new light upon moral truth, or, by any exertions, multiply the comforts or confirm the happiness of mankind, this fame guides you to the true ends of your nature; but, in the name of heaven, as you tremble at retributive justice; and in the name of mankind, if mankind be dear to you; seek not that easy and accursed fame which is gathered in the work of revolutions: and deem it better to be for ever unknown, than to found a momentary name upon the basis of anarchy and irreligion.

X.—LIBERTY AND SLAVERY.—*Sterne.*

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery! still thou art a bitter draught: and though thousands, in all ages, have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. It is thou, Liberty!—thrice sweet and gracious goddess, whom all in public or in private worship,—whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so till Nature herself shall change. No tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chemic power turn thy sceptre into iron:——with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled. Gracious Heaven! grant me but health, thou Great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion; and shower down thy mitres,—if it seem good unto thy divine providence,—upon those heads which are aching for them.

Pursuing these ideas, I sat down close by my table, and, leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures, born to no inheritance but slavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it

near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me——

—I took a single captive, and, having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it is, which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish: in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood—he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice. His children——

But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of small sticks was laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there: he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and, with a rusty nail, he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door—then cast it down—shook his head—and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter into his soul—I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my *fancy* had drawn.

XI.—THE GENIUS OF SHAKSPEARE.—*Lord Jeffrey.*

MANY persons are very sensible of the effect of fine poetry upon their feelings, who do not well know how to refer these feelings to their causes; and it is always a delightful thing to be made to see clearly the sources from which our delight has proceeded, and to trace the mingled stream that has flowed upon our hearts, to the remoter fountains from which it has been gathered; and when this is done with warmth as well as precision, and embodied in an eloquent description of the beauty which is explained, it forms one of the most attractive, and not the least instructive, of literary exercises. In all works of merit, however, and especially in all works of original genius, there are a thousand retiring and less obtrusive graces, which escape hasty and superficial observers, and only give out their beauties to fond and patient contemplation; a

thousand slight and harmonizing touches, the merit and the effect of which are equally imperceptible to vulgar eyes; and a thousand indications of the continual presence of that poetical spirit, which can only be recognised by those who are, in some measure, under its influence, and have prepared themselves to receive it, by worshipping meekly at the shrine which it inhabits.

In the exposition of these, there is room enough for originality, and more room than Mr. Hazlitt has yet filled. In many points, however, he has acquitted himself excellently; particularly in the development of the principal characters with which Shakspeare has peopled the fancies of all English readers; but principally, we think, in the delicate sensibility with which he has traced, and the natural eloquence with which he has pointed out, that familiarity with beautiful forms and images—that eternal recurrence to what is sweet or majestic, in the simple aspect of nature—that indestructible love of flowers and odours, and dews and clear waters, and soft airs and sounds, and bright skies, and woodland solitudes, and moonlight bowers, which are the material elements of poetry; and that fine sense of their undefinable relation to mental emotion, which is its essence and vivifying soul, and which, in the midst of Shakspeare's most busy and atrocious scenes, falls like gleams of sunshine on rocks and ruins; contrasting with all that is rugged and repulsive, and reminding us of the existence of purer and brighter elements, which *he alone* has poured out from the richness of his own mind, without effort or restraint; and contrived to intermingle with the play of all the passions, and the vulgar course of this world's affairs, without deserting, for an instant, the proper business of the scene, or appearing to pause or digress from love of ornament or need of repose;—he alone, who, when the subject requires it, is always keen, and worldly, and practical; and who yet, without changing his hand, or stopping his course, scatters around him, as he goes, all sounds and shapes of sweetness, and conjures up landscapes of immortal fragrance and freshness, and peoples them with spirits of glorious aspect and attractive grace, and is a thousand times more full of imagery and splendour than those who, for the sake of such qualities, have shrunk back from the delineation of character or passion, and declined the discussion of human duties and cares. More full of wisdom, and ridicule, and sagacity, than all the moralists and satirists in existence, he is more wild, airy, and inventive, and more pathetic and fantastic, than all

the poets of all regions and ages of the world; and has all those elements so happily mixed up in him, and bears his high faculties so temperately, that the most severe reader cannot complain of him for want of strength or of reason, nor the most sensitive for defect of ornament or ingenuity. Every thing in him is in unmeasured abundance and unequalled perfection; but every thing so balanced and kept in subordination, as not to jostle, or disturb, or take the place of another. The most exquisite poetical conceptions, images, and descriptions, are given with such brevity, and introduced with such skill, as merely to adorn, not to load, the sense they accompany. Although his sails are purple and perfumed, and his prow of beaten gold, they waft him on his voyage more rapidly and directly, than if they had been composed of baser materials. All his excellences like those of Nature herself, are thrown out together; and, instead of interfering with, support and recommend each other. His flowers are not tied up in garlands, nor his fruits crushed into baskets, but they spring living from the soil, in all the dew and freshness of youth; while the graceful foliage in which they lurk, and the ample branches, the rough and vigorous stem, and the wide-spreading roots on which they depend, are present along with them, and share, in their places, the equal care of their creator.

XII.—ON WAR.—*Dr. Channing.*

Public war is not an evil which stands alone, or has nothing in common with other evils. It belongs to a great family. It may be said that society, through its whole extent, is deformed by war. Even in families, we see jarring interests and passions, invasions of right, resistance of authority, violence, force; and in common life, how continually do we see men struggling with one another for property or distinction—injuring one another in word or deed—exasperated against one another by jealousies, neglects, and mutual reproach! All this is essentially war, but war restrained, hemmed in, disarmed, by the opinions and institutions of society. To limit its ravages, to guard reputation, property, and life; society has instituted government, erected the tribunal of justice, clothed the legislature with the power of enacting equal laws, put the sword into the hands of the magistrate, and pledged its whole force to its support. Human wisdom has been manifested in nothing more conspicuously than in civil institutions for repressing war, retaliation, and

passionate resort to force, among the citizens of the same state. But here it has stopped. Government, which is ever at work to restrain the citizen at home, often lets him loose, and arms him with fire and sword, against other communities, sends out hosts for desolation and slaughter, and concentrates the whole energies of a people in the work of spreading misery and death. Government, the peace officer at home, breathes war abroad, organizes it into a science, reduces it to a system, makes it a trade, and applauds it, as if it were the most honourable work of nations. Strange, that the wisdom which has so successfully put down the wars of individuals, has never been inspired and emboldened, to engage in the task of bringing to an end the more gigantic crimes and miseries of public war! What gives these miseries pre-eminence among human woes—what should compel us to look on them with peculiar terror—is, not their awful amount, but their origin, their source. They are miseries inflicted by man on man. They spring from depravity of will. They bear the impress of cruelty, of hardness of heart. The distorted features, writhing frames, and shrieks of the wounded and dying—these are not the chief horrors of war; they sink into unimportance, compared with the infernal passions which work this woe. Death is a light evil, when not joined with crime. Had the countless millions destroyed by war been swallowed up by floods or yawning earthquakes, we should look back awe-struck but submissive, on the mysterious Providence which had *thus* fulfilled the mortal sentence, originally passed on the human race. But that man, born of woman, bound by ties of brotherhood to man, and commanded—by an inward law and the voice of God—to love and do good, should, through selfishness, pride, or revenge, inflict these agonies, and shed these torrents of human blood;—here is an evil which combines, with exquisite suffering, fiendish guilt. All other evils fade before it.

The idea of honour is associated with war. But to whom does the honour belong? If to any, certainly not to the mass of the people, but to those who are particularly engaged in it. The mass of a people who stay at home, and hire others to fight—who sleep in their warm beds, and hire others to sleep on the cold and damp earth—who sit at their well-spread boards, and hire others to take the chance of starving—who nurse the slightest hurt in their own bodies, and hire others to expose themselves to mortal wounds, and to linger in comfortless hospitals—certainly this mass reaps little honour from

war. The honour belongs to those who are immediately engaged in it. Let me ask, then, What is the chief business of war? It is to destroy human life, to mangle the limbs, to gash and hew the body, to plunge the sword into the heart of a fellow-creature, to strew the earth with bleeding frames, and to trample them under foot with horses' hoofs. It is to batter down and burn cities, to turn fruitful fields into deserts, to level the cottage of the peasant, and the magnificent abode of the opulent, to scourge nations with famine, to multiply widows and orphans. Are these honourable deeds? Were you called to name exploits worthy of demons, would you not naturally select such as these? Grant that a necessity for them may exist: it is a dreadful necessity, such as a good man must recoil from, with instinctive horror; and though it may exempt them from guilt, it cannot turn them into glory. We have thought that it was honourable to heal, to save, to mitigate pain, to snatch the sick and sinking from the jaws of death. We have placed among the reverend benefactors of the human race, the discoverers of arts which alleviate human sufferings, which prolong, comfort, adorn, and cheer human life; and if these arts are honourable, where is the glory of multiplying and aggravating tortures and death?

XIII.—TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.—*Junius.*

My lord, if Nature had given you an understanding to keep pace with the wishes and principles of your heart, she would have made you, perhaps, the most formidable minister that ever was employed under a limited monarch, to accomplish the ruin of a free people. When neither the feelings of shame, the reproaches of conscience, nor the dread of punishment, form any bar to the designs of a minister, the people would have too much reason to lament their condition, if they did not find some resource in the weakness of his understanding. We owe it to the bounty of Providence, that the completest depravity of the heart is sometimes strangely united with a confusion of the mind, which counteracts the most favourite principles, and makes the same man treacherous without art, and a hypocrite without deceiving. The measures, for instance, in which your Grace's activity has been chiefly exerted, as they were adopted without skill, should have been conducted with more than common dexterity. But truly, my lord, the execution has been as gross as the design. By one decisive step, you have confounded the intrigues of opposition, and silenced the clamours of faction. You have now brought

the merits of your administration to an issue, on which every man, of the narrowest capacity, may determine for himself. With such a cause as yours, it is not sufficient that you have the Court at your devotion, unless you can find means to corrupt or intimidate the Jury. The collective body of the people form that jury, and from their decision there is but one appeal.

Whether you have talents to support you, at a crisis of such difficulty and danger, should long since have been considered. Judging truly of your disposition, you have, perhaps, mistaken the extent of your capacity. Good faith and folly have so long been received as synonymous terms, that the reverse of the proposition has grown into credit, and every villain fancies himself a man of abilities. It is the apprehension of your friends, my lord, that you have drawn some hasty conclusion of this sort; and that a partial reliance upon your moral character has betrayed you beyond the depth of your understanding. We have seen a system of government which may well be called a reign of experiments. Parties of all denominations have been employed and dismissed. But there were certain services to be performed, which your predecessors in office had the wisdom or the virtue not to undertake. The moment this refractory spirit was discovered, their disgrace was determined. A submissive administration was at length gradually collected from the deserters of all parties, interests, and connexions: and nothing remained but to find a leader for these gallant, well-disciplined troops. Stand forth, my lord, for thou art the man!

What is the merit of all the sacrifices you have made to your own unfortunate ambition? Was it for this you abandoned your earliest friendships, the warmest connexions of your youth, and all those honourable engagements by which you once solicited, and might have acquired, the esteem of your country? Have you secured no recompense for such a waste of honour? Unhappy man! what party will receive the common deserter of all parties? Without a client to flatter, without a friend to console you, you must now retire into a dreadful solitude. At the most active period of life, you must quit the busy scene, and conceal yourself from the world, if you would hope to save the wretched remains of a ruined reputation. The vices operate like age—bring on disease before its time, and, in the prime of youth, leave the character broken and exhausted.

If I were personally your enemy, I might pity and forgive

you. You have every claim to compassion that can arise from misery and distress. The condition you are reduced to, would disarm a private enemy of his resentment, and leave no consolation to the most vindictive spirit, but that such an object as you are would disgrace the dignity of revenge. But in the relation you have borne to this country, you have no title to indulgence; and if I had followed the dictates of my own opinion, I never should have allowed you the respite of a moment. I should scorn to keep terms with a man who preserves no measures with the public. Neither the abject submission of deserting his post in the hour of danger, nor even the sacred shield of cowardice, should protect him. I would pursue him through life, and try the last exertion of my abilities to preserve the perishable infamy of his name, and make it immortal!

XIV.—REYNO AND ALPIN.—*Ossian.*

Reyno. The wind and rain are over; calm is the noon of day. The clouds are divided in heaven; over the green hill, flies the inconstant sun; red, through the stony vale, comes down the stream of the hill. Sweet are thy murmurs, O stream! but more sweet is the voice I hear. It is the voice of Alpin, the son of song, mourning for the dead. Bent is his head of age, and red his tearful eye.—Alpin, thou son of song, why alone on the silent hill? Why complainest thou as a blast in the wood—as a wave on the lonely shore?

Alpin. My tears, O Reyno! are for the dead—my voice for the inhabitants of the grave. Tall thou art on the hill, fair among the sons of the plain; but thou shalt fall like Morar, and the mourner shall sit on thy tomb. The hills shall know thee no more; thy bow shall lie in the hall unstrung. Thou wert swift, O Morar! as a roe on the hill—terrible as a meteor of fire. Thy wrath was as the storm—thy sword, in battle, as lightning in the field. Thy voice was like a stream after rain—like thunder on distant hills. Many fell by thy arm—they were consumed in the flames of thy wrath. But when thou didst return from war, how peaceful was thy brow! Thy face was like the sun after rain; like the moon in the silence of night; calm as the breast of the lake, when the loud wind is hushed into repose. Narrow is thy dwelling now—dark the place of thine abode. With three steps I compass thy grave, O thou who wast so great before! Four stones with their heads of moss are the only memorial of thee. A tree

with scarce a leaf—long grass whistling in the wind—mark to the hunter's eye, the grave of the mighty Morar.—Morar! thou art low indeed: thou hast no mother to mourn thee; no maid with her tears of love: dead is she that brought thee forth; fallen is the daughter of Morglan.—Who, on his staff, is this? Who this, whose head is white with age, whose eyes are galled with tears, who quakes at every step? It is thy father, O Morar! the father of no son, but thee.—Weep, thou father of Morar! weep! but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead—low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice—no more awake at thy call.—When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake?—Farewell, thou bravest of men, thou conqueror in the field: but the field shall see thee no more, nor the gloomy wood be lightened with the splendour of thy steel. Thou hast left no son, but the song shall preserve thy name.

XV.—DEATH AND FUNERAL OF A PAUPER.—*Charles Dickens.*

THERE was neither knocker nor bell-handle at the open door, where Oliver and his master stopped; so, groping his way cautiously through the dark passage, and bidding Oliver keep close to him, and not be afraid, the undertaker mounted to the top of the first flight of stairs, and, stumbling against a door on the landing, rapped at it with his knuckles.

It was opened by a young girl of thirteen or fourteen. The undertaker at once saw enough of what the room contained, to know it was the apartment to which he had been directed. He stepped in, and Oliver followed him.

There was no fire in the room; but a man was crouching mechanically over the empty stove. An old woman, too, had drawn a low stool to the cold hearth, and was sitting beside him. There were some ragged children in another corner; and, in a small recess, opposite the door, there lay upon the ground *something* covered with an old blanket. Oliver shuddered as he cast his eyes towards the place, and crept involuntarily closer to his master; for, though it was covered up, the boy *felt* that it was a corpse.

The man's face was thin and very pale; his hair and beard were grizzly, and his eyes were bloodshot. The old woman's face was wrinkled, her two remaining teeth protruded over her under-lip, and her eyes were bright and piercing. Oliver was afraid to look at either her or the man; they seemed so like the rats he had seen outside.

"Nobody shall go near her," said the man, starting fiercely up, as the undertaker approached the recess. "Keep back! keep back, if you've a life to lose."

"Nonsense, my good man," said the undertaker, who was pretty well used to misery in all its shapes;—"nonsense!"

"I tell you," said the man, clenching his hands, and stamping furiously on the floor—"I tell you, I won't have her put into the ground! She couldn't rest there. The worms would worry—not eat her,—she is so worn away."

The undertaker offered no reply to this raving; but, producing a tape from his pocket, knelt down for a moment by the side of the body.

"Ah!" said the man, bursting into tears, and sinking on his knees at the feet of the dead woman; "kneel down, kneel down; kneel round her, every one of you, and mark my words. I say, she starved to death. I never knew how bad she was, till the fever came upon her, and then her bones were starting through the skin. There was neither fire nor candle; she died in the dark—in the dark! She couldn't even see her children's faces, though we heard her gasping out their names. I begged for her in the streets—and they sent me to prison! When I came back, she was dying; and all the blood in my heart has dried up, for they starved her to death! I swear it, before Heaven that saw it—they starved her!" He twined his hands in his hair, and, with a loud scream, rolled grovelling upon the floor; his eyes fixed, and the foam gushing from his lips.

The terrified children cried bitterly; but the old woman, who had hitherto remained as quiet as if she had been wholly deaf to all that passed, menaced them into silence; and, having unloosened the man's cravat, as he still remained extended on the ground, tottered towards the undertaker.

"She was my daughter," said the old woman, nodding her head in the direction of the corpse, and speaking with an idiotic leer, more ghastly than even the presence of death itself. "Ah! ah! Well, it *is* strange that I, who gave birth to her, and was a woman then, should be alive and merry now, and she lying there so cold and stiff! Ah, to think of it; it's as good as a play, as good as a play!"

As the wretched creature mumbled and chuckled in her hideous merriment, the undertaker turned to go away.

"Stop, stop!" said the old woman in a loud whisper; "will she be buried to-morrow, or next day, or to-night? I laid her out, and I must walk, you know. Send me a large cloak; a

good warm one, for it is bitter cold. We should have cake and wine, too, before we go! Never mind: send some bread; only a loaf of bread and a cup of water. Shall we have some bread?" she said eagerly, catching at the undertaker's coat as he once more moved towards the door.

"Yes, yes," said the undertaker, "of course; any thing, every thing." He disengaged himself from the old woman's grasp, and, dragging Oliver after him, hurried away.

The next day (the family having been meanwhile relieved with a half-quartern loaf and a piece of cheese,) Oliver and his master returned to the miserable abode; where Mr. Bumble had already arrived, accompanied by four men from the workhouse, who were to act as bearers. An old black cloak had been thrown over the rags of the old woman and the man; the bare coffin having been screwed down, was then hoisted on the shoulders of the bearers, and carried down stairs into the street.

When they reached the obscure corner of the church-yard, in which the nettles grew, and the parish graves were made, the clergyman had not arrived; and the clerk, who was sitting by the vestry-room fire, seemed to think it by no means improbable that it might be an hour or so before he came. So they set the bier down on the brink of the grave; and the two mourners waited patiently in the damp clay, with a cold rain drizzling down; while the ragged boys, whom the spectacle had attracted into the church-yard, played a noisy game at hide-and-seek among the tombstones, or varied their amusements by jumping backwards and forwards over the coffin.

At length, after the lapse of something more than an hour, Mr. Bumble, and Sowerberry, and the clerk, were seen running towards the grave; and immediately afterwards the clergyman appeared, putting on his surplice as he came along. Mr. Bumble then thrashed a boy or two to keep up appearances; and the reverend gentleman, having read as much of the burial-service as could be compressed into four minutes, gave his surplice to the clerk, and ran away again.

The grave-digger shovelled in the earth, stamped it loosely down with his feet, shouldered his spade, and walked off, followed by the boys, who murmured very loud complaints at the fun being over so soon.

"Come, my good fellow," said Bumble, tapping the man on the back; "they want to shut up the yard."

The man, who had never once moved since he had taken his station by the grave-side, started, raised his head, stared

at the person who had addressed him, walked forward for a few paces, and then fell down in a fit. The crazy old woman was too much occupied in bewailing the loss of her cloak (which the undertaker had taken off) to pay him any attention; so they threw a can of cold water over him, and, when he came to, saw him safely out of the church-yard, locked the gate, and departed on their different ways.

XVI.—INSIGNIFICANCE OF THIS WORLD.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

THOUGH the earth were to be burned up, though the trumpet of its dissolution were sounded, though yon sky were to pass away as a scroll, and every visible glory which the finger of the Divinity has inscribed on it, were extinguished for ever—an event, so awful to us, and to every world in our vicinity, by which so many suns would be extinguished, and so many varied scenes of life and population would rush into forgetfulness,—what is it in the high scale of the Almighty's workmanship? A mere shred, which, though scattered into nothing, would leave the universe one entire scene of greatness and of majesty. Though the earth and the heavens were to disappear, there are other worlds which roll afar; the light of other suns shines upon them, and the sky which mantles them is garnished with other stars. Is it presumption to say, that the moral world extends to these distant and unknown regions? that they are occupied with people? that the charities of home and of neighbourhood flourish there? that the praises of God are there lifted up, and his goodness rejoiced in? that there piety has its temples and its offerings; and the richness of the divine attributes is there felt and admired by intelligent worshippers?

And what is this world, in the immensity which teems with them? and what are they who occupy it? The universe at large would suffer as little in its splendour and variety, by the destruction of our planet, as the verdure and sublime magnitude of a forest would suffer by the fall of a single leaf. The leaf quivers on the branch which supports it. It lies at the mercy of the slightest accident. A breath of wind tears it from its stem, and it lights on the stream of water which passes underneath. In a moment of time, the life, which we know by the microscope it teems with, is extinguished; and an occurrence, so insignificant in the eye of man and on the scale of his observation, carries in it, to the myriads which people this little leaf, an event as terrible and as decisive as the destruction of a world. Now, on the

grand scale of the universe, we—the occupiers of this ball, which performs its little round among the suns and the systems that astronomy has unfolded—we may feel the same littleness and the same insecurity. We differ from the leaf only in this circumstance, that it would require the operation of greater elements to destroy us. But these elements exist. The fire which rages within, may lift its devouring energy to the surface of our planet, and transform it into one wide and wasting volcano. The sudden formation of elastic matter in the bowels of the earth—and it lies within the agency of known substances to accomplish this—may explode it into fragments. The exhalation of noxious air from below, may impart a virulence to the air that is around us; it may affect the delicate proportion of its ingredients; and the whole of animated nature may wither and die under the malignity of a tainted atmosphere. A blazing comet may cross this fated planet in its orbit, and realize all the terrors which superstition has conceived of it. We cannot anticipate with precision the consequences of an event, which every astronomer must know to lie within the limits of chance and probability. It may hurry our globe towards the sun—or drag it to the outer regions of the planetary system—or give it a new axis of revolution; and the effect, which I shall simply announce, without explaining it, would be to change the place of the ocean, and bring another mighty flood upon our islands and continents.

These are changes which may happen in a single instant of time, and against which nothing known in the present system of things provides us with any security. They might not annihilate the earth, but they would unpeople it; and we, who tread its surface with such firm and assured footsteps, are at the mercy of devouring elements, which, if let loose upon us by the hand of the Almighty, would spread solitude, and silence, and death, over the dominions of the world.

Now, it is this littleness, and this insecurity, which make the protection of the Almighty so dear to us, and bring, with such emphasis to every pious bosom, the holy lessons of humility and gratitude. The God who sitteth above, and presides in high authority over all worlds, is mindful of man; and though, at this moment, His energy is felt in the remotest provinces of creation, we may feel the same security in his providence as if we were the objects of His undivided care.

It is not for us to bring our minds up to this mysterious agency. But such is the incomprehensible fact, that the same

Being, whose eye is abroad over the whole universe, gives vegetation to every blade of grass, and motion to every particle of blood which circulates through the veins of the minutest animal; that, though His mind takes into its comprehensive grasp immensity and all its wonders, I am as much known to Him as if I were the single object of His attention; that He marks all my thoughts; that He gives birth to every feeling and every movement within me; and that—with an exercise of power which I can neither describe nor comprehend—the same God, who sits in the highest heaven, and reigns over the glories of the firmament, is at my right hand, to give me every breath which I draw, and every comfort which I enjoy.

XVII.—THE FATE OF BURNS—IMPORTANCE OF SELF-DENIAL.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

CONTEMPLATING the sad end of Burns—how he sank unaided by any real help, uncheered by any wise sympathy,—generous minds have sometimes figured to themselves, with a reproachful sorrow, that much might have been done for him; that, by counsel, true affection, and friendly ministrations, he might have been saved to himself and the world. But it seems dubious whether the richest, wisest, most benevolent individual could have lent Burns any effectual help.

Counsel,—which seldom profits any one,—he did not need. In his understanding, he knew the right from the wrong, as well, perhaps, as any man ever did; but the persuasion, which would have availed him, lies not so much in the head as in the heart, where no argument or expostulation could have assisted much to implant it.

As to money, we do not believe that this was his essential want; or well see that any private man could have bestowed on him an independent fortune, with much prospect of decisive advantage. It is a mortifying truth, that two men, in any rank of society, can hardly be found virtuous enough to give money, and to take it as a necessary gift, without an injury to the moral entireness of one or both. But so stands the fact: Friendship, in the old heroic sense of the term, no longer exists; it is in reality no longer expected, or recognised as a virtue among men. A close observer of manners has pronounced "patronage,"—that is, pecuniary or economic furtherance,—to be "twice cursed;" cursing him that gives, and him that takes! And thus, in regard to outward matters,

it has become the rule, as, in regard to inward, it always was and must be the rule, that no one shall look for effectual help to another; but that each shall rest contented with what help he can afford himself. Such is the principle of modern Honour; naturally enough growing out of the sentiment of Pride, which we inculcate and encourage as the basis of our whole social morality.

We have already stated our doubts whether direct pecuniary help, had it been offered, would have been accepted, or could have proved very effectual. We shall readily admit, however, that much was to be done for Burns; that many a poisoned arrow might have been warded from his bosom; many an entanglement in his path cut asunder by the hand of the powerful; light and heat, shed on him from high places, would have made his humble atmosphere more genial; and the softest heart then breathing, might have lived and died with fewer pangs. Still we do not think that the blame of Burns's failure lies chiefly with the world. The world, it seems to us, treated him with more, rather than with less kindness than it usually shows to such men. It has ever, we fear, shown but small favour to its teachers: hunger and nakedness, perils and reviling, the prison, the poison-chalice, the Cross, have, in most times and countries, been the market-price it has offered for wisdom—the welcome with which it has treated those who have come to enlighten and purify it. Homer and Socrates, and the Christian Apostles, belong to old days; but the world's martyrology was not completed with these. Roger Bacon, and Galileo, languish in priestly dungeons; Tasso pines in the cell of a mad-house; Camoens dies begging on the streets of Lisbon. So neglected, so "persecuted they the Prophets," not in Judea only, but in all places where men have been. We reckon that every poet of Burns's order is, or should be, a Prophet and Teacher to his age; that he has no right to expect kindness, but rather is bound to do it; that Burns, in particular, experienced fully the usual proportion of goodness; and that the blame of his failure, as we have said, lies not chiefly with the world.

Where then does it lie? We are forced to answer, WITH HIMSELF: it is his inward, not his outward misfortunes, that bring him to the dust. Seldom, indeed, is it otherwise; seldom is a life morally wrecked, but the grand cause lies in some internal mal-arrangement,—some want, less of good fortune than of good guidance. Nature fashions no creature without implanting in it the strength needful for its action and duration;

east of all does she neglect her master-piece and darling—the poetic soul! Neither can we believe that it is in the power of any external circumstances, utterly to ruin the mind of a man; nay,—if proper wisdom be given him,—even so much as to affect its essential health and beauty. The sternest sum-total of all worldly misfortunes is Death; nothing more can lie in the cup of human woe: yet many men, in all ages, have triumphed over death and led it captive; converting its physical victory into a moral victory for themselves—into a seal and immortal consecration for all that their past life had achieved. What has been done may be done again; nay, it is but the degree, and not the kind, of such heroism, that differs in different seasons: for, without some portion of this spirit, not of boisterous daring, but of silent fearlessness—of SELF-DENIAL in all its forms, no great man, in any scene or time, has ever attained to be good.

XVIII.—THE ELDER'S DEATH-BED.—*Wilson.*

FOR six years' Sabbaths, I had seen the Elder in his accustomed place beneath the pulpit;—and, with a sort of solemn fear, had looked on his steadfast countenance, during sermon, psalm, and prayer. I met the Pastor, going to pray by his death-bed:—and, with the privilege which nature gives us to behold, even in their last extremity, the loving and beloved, I turned to accompany him to the house of sorrow, of resignation, and of death.

And now, for the first time, I observed, walking close to the feet of his horse, a little boy about ten years of age, who kept frequently looking up in the Pastor's face, with his blue eyes bathed in tears. A changeful expression of grief, hope, and despair, made almost pale, cheeks which otherwise were blooming in health and beauty;—and I recognised, in the small features and smooth forehead of childhood, a resemblance to the aged man, who, we understood, was now lying on his death-bed. "They had to send his grandson for me through the snow, mere child as he is," said the Minister, looking tenderly on the boy; "but love makes the young heart bold;—and there is ONE, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

As we slowly approached the cottage through a deep snow-drift, we saw, peeping out from the door, brothers and sisters of our little guide, who quickly disappeared; and then their mother showed herself in their stead; expressing, by her raised eyes, and arms folded across her breast, how thankful she was

to see, at last, the Pastor,—beloved in joy, and trusted in trouble.

A few words sufficed to say who was the stranger:—and the dying man, blessing me by name, held out to me his cold shrivelled hand, in token of recognition. I took my seat at a small distance from the bed-side, and left a closer station for those who were more dear. The Pastor sat down near his Elder's head;—and by the bed, leaning on it with gentle hands, stood that matron, his daughter-in-law; a figure that would have sainted a higher dwelling, and whose native beauty was now more touching in its grief.

"If the storm do not abate," said the sick man after a pause, "it will be hard for my friends to carry me over the drifts to the church-yard." This sudden approach to the grave, struck, as with a bar of ice, the heart of the loving boy:—and, with a long deep sigh, he fell down, his face like ashes, on the bed; while the old man's palsied right hand had just strength enough to lay itself upon his head.

"God has been gracious to me, a sinner!" said the dying man. "During thirty years that I have been an Elder in your church, never have I missed sitting there one Sabbath. When the mother of my children was taken from me,—it was on a Tuesday she died,—and on Saturday she was buried. We stood together, when my Alice was let down into the narrow house made for all living. On the Sabbath, I joined in the public worship of God. She commanded me to do so, the night before she went away. I could not join in the psalm that Sabbath, for her voice was not in the throng.—Her grave was covered up, and grass and flowers grew there."

The old man then addressed himself to his grandchild:—"Jamie, thy own father has forgotten thee in thy infancy, and me in my old age; but, Jamie, forget not thou thy father, or thy mother; for that, thou knowest and feelest, is the commandment of God."

The broken-hearted boy could give no reply. He had, gradually, stolen closer and closer unto the loving old man; and now was lying, worn out with sorrow, drenched and dissolved in tears, in his grandfather's bosom. His mother had sunk down on her knees, and hid her face with her hand. "Oh! if my husband knew but of this, he would never, never desert his dying father!"—And I now knew, that the Elder was praying, on his death-bed, for a disobedient and wicked son.

The door was suddenly opened, and a tall fine-looking man

entered; but with a lowering and dark countenance, seemingly in sorrow, in misery, and remorse. Agitated, confounded, and awe-struck by the melancholy scene, he sat down on a chair, and looked with a ghastly face towards his father's death-bed. The Elder said, with a solemn voice, "Thou art come in time to receive thy father's blessing. May the remembrance of what will happen in this room, before the morning again shine over the Hazel-glen, win thee from the error of thy ways! Thou art here to witness the mercy of thy God and thy Saviour, WHOM THOU HAST FORGOTTEN."

The young man, with much effort, advanced to the bed-side; and, at last, found voice to say, "Father, I am not without the affections of nature;—and I hurried home, the moment I heard that the Minister had been seen riding towards our house. I hope that you will yet recover; and if I have ever made you unhappy, I ask your forgiveness; for, though I may not think as you do on matters of religion, I have a human heart. Father, I may have been unkind, but I am not cruel. I ask your forgiveness."

"Come near to me;—William, kneel down by the bed-side, and let my hand feel the head of my beloved son; for blindness is coming fast upon me. Thou wert my first-born, and thou art my only living child. All thy brothers and sisters are lying in the church-yard, beside her, whose sweet face, thine own, William, did once so much resemble. Long wert thou the joy, the pride of my soul,—ay, too much the pride; for there was not, in all the parish, such a man, such a son, as my own William. If thy heart has since been changed, God may inspire it again with right thoughts. I have sorely wept for thee—ay, William, when there was none near me;—even as David wept for Absalom—for thee, my son! my son!"

A long deep groan was the only reply: but the whole body of the kneeling man was convulsed; and it was easy to see his sufferings, his contrition, his remorse, and his despair. The Pastor said, with a sterner voice and austerer countenance than were natural to him, "Know you whose hand is now lying on your rebellious head? But what signifies the word 'father,' to him who has denied God, the Father of us all?"—"Oh! press him not too hardly," said his weeping wife, coming forward from a dark corner of the room, where she tried to conceal herself in grief, fear, and shame. "Spare, oh! spare my husband!—he has ever been kind to ME;" and, with that, she knelt down beside him, with her long, soft, white arms, mournfully and affectionately laid across his neck. "Go thou

likewise, my sweet little Jamie," said the Elder, "go even out of my bosom, and kneel down beside thy father and thy mother; so that I may bless you all at once, and with one yearning prayer." The child did as the solemn voice commanded, and knelt down somewhat timidly by his father's side; nor did the unhappy man decline encircling with his arm his son, too much neglected, but still dear to him as his own blood—in spite of the deadening and debasing influence of infidelity!

"Put the Word of God into the hands of my son, and let him read aloud, to his dying father, the eleventh chapter of the Gospel according to St. John." The Pastor went up to the kneelers, and said, "There was a time when none, William, could read the Scriptures better than couldst thou;—can it be that the son of my friend hath forgotten the lessons of his youth?" He had not forgotten them; there was no need of the repentant sinner to lift up his eyes from the bed-side. The sacred stream of the Gospel had worn a channel in his heart, and the waters were again flowing. With a choked voice, he read, "Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life: and whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die. Believest thou this? She said unto him, Yea, Lord: I believe thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world."

"That is not an unbeliever's voice," said the dying man triumphantly; "nor, William, hast thou an unbeliever's heart. Say that thou believest in what thou hast read, and thy father will die happy!" "I do believe, and as THOU forgivest me, so may I be forgiven by my FATHER, who is in heaven." The Elder seemed like a man suddenly inspired with a new life. His faded eyes kindled,—his pale cheeks glowed,—his palsied hands seemed to wax strong,—and his voice was clear, as that of manhood in its prime.—"Into thy hands, O God! I commit my spirit—" and so saying, he gently sank back on his pillow:—and I thought I heard a sigh. There was then a long, deep silence; and the father, the mother, and the child, rose from their knees. The eyes of us all were turned towards the white, placid face of the figure, now stretched in everlasting rest; and without lamentations, save the silent lamentations of the resigned soul, we stood around THE DEATH-BED OF THE ELDER.

XIX.—PUNISHMENT OF A SPY.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

I SHALL never forget the delightful sensation with which I exchanged the dark, smoky, smothering atmosphere of the Highland hut, for the refreshing fragrance of the morning air, and the glorious beams of the rising sun, which, from a tabernacle of purple and golden clouds, were darted full on such a scene of natural romance and beauty, as had never before greeted my eyes. To the left lay the valley, down which the Forth wandered on its easterly course, surrounding the beautiful detached hill with all its garland of woods. On the right, amid a profusion of thickets, knolls, and crags, lay the bed of a broad mountain-lake, lightly curled into tiny waves by the breath of the morning breeze; each glittering in its course, under the influence of the sunbeams. High hills, rocks, and banks, waving with natural forests of birch and oak, formed the borders of this enchanting sheet of water; and, as their leaves rustled to the wind and twinkled in the sun, gave to the depth of solitude a sort of life and vivacity. Man alone seemed to be placed in a state of inferiority, in a scene where all the ordinary features of nature were raised and exalted.

It was under the burning influence of revenge that the wife of Macgregor commanded that the hostage, exchanged for her husband's safety, should be brought into her presence. I believe her sons had kept this unfortunate wretch out of her sight, for fear of the consequences; but, if it was so, their humane precaution only postponed his fate. They dragged forward, at her summons, a wretch already half dead with terror, in whose agonised features I recognised, to my horror and astonishment, my old acquaintance Morris.

He fell prostrate before the female chief, with an effort to clasp her knees, from which she drew back, as if his touch had been pollution; so that all he could do, in token of the extremity of his humiliation, was to kiss the hem of her plaid. I never heard entreaties for life poured forth with such agony of spirit. The ecstacy of fear was such, that, instead of paralysing his tongue, as on ordinary occasions, it even rendered him eloquent; and, with cheeks as pale as ashes, hands compressed in agony, eyes that seemed to be taking their last look of all mortal objects, he protested, with the deepest oaths, his total ignorance of any design on the life of Rob Roy, whom he swore he loved and honoured as his own soul. In the inconsistency of his terror, he said he was but the agent of others, and he muttered the name of Rash-

leigh. He prayed but for life—for life he would give all he had in the world;—it was but life he asked—life, if it were to be prolonged under tortures and privations;—he asked only breath, though it should be drawn in the damps of the lowest caverns of their hills.

It is impossible to describe the scorn, the loathing, and contempt, with which the wife of Macgregor regarded this wretched petitioner for the poor boon of existence. "I could have bid you live," she said, "had life been to you the same weary and wasting burden that it is to me—that it is to every noble and generous mind. But you—wretch!—you could creep through the world, unaffected by its various disgraces, its ineffable miseries, its constantly accumulating masses of crime and sorrow; you could live and enjoy yourself, while the noble-minded are betrayed—while nameless and birthless villains tread on the neck of the brave and long-descended; you could enjoy yourself, like a butcher's dog in the shambles, battening on garbage, while the slaughter of the brave went on around you! This enjoyment you shall not live to partake of; you shall die, base dog! and that before yon cloud has passed over the sun."

She gave a brief command to her attendants, two of whom seized upon the prostrate suppliant, and hurried him to the brink of a cliff which overhung the flood. He set up the most piercing and dreadful cries that fear ever uttered;—I may well term them dreadful, for they haunted my sleep for years afterwards. As the murderers, or executioners,—call them as you will,—dragged him along, he recognised me even in that moment of horror, and exclaimed, in the last articulate words I ever heard him utter, "O, Mr. Osbaldiston, save me!—save me!"

I was so much moved by this horrid spectacle, that, although in momentary expectation of sharing his fate, I did attempt to speak in his behalf; but, as might have been expected, my interference was sternly disregarded. The victim was held fast by some; while others, binding a large heavy stone in a plaid, tied it round his neck; and others again eagerly stripped him of some part of his dress. Half naked, and thus manacled, they hurried him into the lake, there about twelve feet deep, drowning his last death-shriek with a loud halloo of vindictive triumph; over which, however, the yell of mortal agony was distinctly heard. The heavy burden splashed in the dark-blue waters of the lake; and the Highlanders, with their pole-axes and swords, watched an instant, to guard, lest, extri-

cating himself from the load to which he was attached, he might have struggled to regain the shore. But the knot had been securely bound; the victim sunk without effort; the waters, which his fall had disturbed, settled calmly over him; and the unit of that life, for which he had pleaded so strongly, was for ever withdrawn from the sum of human existence.

XX.—ON THE EFFECTS OF RELIGION.—*Wilberforce.*

When the pulse beats high, and we are flushed with youth, and health, and vigour; when all goes on prosperously, and success seems almost to anticipate our wishes, then we feel not the want of the consolations of religion: but, when fortune frowns, or friends forsake us; when sorrow, or sickness, or old age, comes upon us; then it is that the superiority of the pleasures of religion is established over those of dissipation and vanity, which are ever apt to fly from us when we are most in want of their aid.

There is scarcely a more melancholy sight, to a considerate mind, than that of an old man who is a stranger to those only true sources of satisfaction. How affecting, and at the same time how disgusting is it, to see such a one awkwardly catching at the pleasures of his younger years, which are now beyond his reach; or feebly attempting to retain them, while they mock his endeavours, and elude his grasp! To such a one, gloomily, indeed, does the evening of life set in! All is sour and cheerless. He can neither look backward with complacency, nor forward with hope: while the aged Christian, relying on the assured mercy of his Redeemer, can calmly reflect that his dismission is at hand; "that his redemption draweth nigh." While his strength declines, and his faculties decay, he can quietly repose himself on the fidelity of God; and, at the very entrance of the valley of the shadow of death, he can lift up an eye, dim, perhaps, and feeble, yet occasionally sparkling with hope, and confidently looking forward to the near possession of his heavenly inheritance, "to those joys which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive."

What striking lessons have we had, of the precarious tenure of all sublunary possessions! Wealth, and power, and prosperity, how peculiarly transitory and uncertain! But religion dispenses her choicest cordials in the seasons of exigence, in poverty, in exile, in sickness, and in death. The essential superiority of that support which is derived from religion, is

less felt, at least it is less apparent, when the Christian is in full possession of riches, and splendour, and rank, and all the gifts of nature and fortune. But, when all these are swept away by the rude hand of time, or the rough blasts of adversity, the true Christian stands, like the glory of the forest, erect and vigorous; stripped, indeed, of his summer foliage, but more than ever discovering, to the observing eye, the solid strength of his substantial texture.

XXI.—THE UNCERTAINTIES OF FORTUNE.—*Lord Bolingbroke.*

THE sudden invasion of an enemy overthrows such as are not on their guard; but they who foresee the war, and prepare themselves for it before it breaks out, stand, without difficulty, the first and the fiercest onset. I learned this important lesson long ago; and never trusted to Fortune, even while she seemed to be at peace with me. The riches, the honours, the reputation, and all the advantages, which her treacherous indulgence poured upon me, I placed so, that she might snatch them away without giving me any disturbance. I kept a great interval between me and them. She took them, but she could not tear them from me.

No man suffers by bad fortune, but he who has been deceived by good. If we grow fond of her gifts; if we fancy that they belong to us, and are perpetually to remain with us; if we lean upon them, and expect to be considered for them; we shall sink into all the bitterness of grief, as soon as these false and transitory benefits pass away,—as soon as our vain and childish minds, unfraught with solid pleasures, become destitute even of those which are imaginary. But, if we do not suffer ourselves to be transported with prosperity, neither shall we be reduced by adversity. Our souls will be proof against the dangers of both these states: and, having explored our strength, we shall be sure of it; for, in the midst of felicity, we shall have tried how we can bear misfortune.

Ignominy can take no hold on virtue; for virtue is in every condition the same, and challenges the same respect. We applaud the *world* when she prospers; and when she falls into adversity we applaud *her*. Like the temples of the gods, she is venerable even in her ruins. After this, must it not appear a degree of madness to defer one moment acquiring the only arms capable of defending us against attacks, to which at every moment we are exposed? Our being miserable or not miserable, when we fall into misfortunes, depends on the manner in which we have enjoyed prosperity.

XXII.—SALATHIEL'S ACCOUNT OF THE FALL OF JERUSALEM.—*Croly*

THE fall of our illustrious and happy city was supernatural. The destruction of the conquered was against the first principles of the Roman policy; and, to the last hour of our national existence, Rome held out offers of peace, and lamented our frantic disposition to be undone. But the decree was gone forth from a mightier throne. During the latter days of the siege, a hostility, to which that of man was as a grain of sand to the tempest that drives it on, overpowered our strength and senses; fearful shapes and voices in the air—visions starting us from our short and troublesome sleep—lunacy in its hideous forms—sudden death in the midst of vigour—the fury of the elements let loose upon our heads. We had every terror and evil that could beset human nature, but pestilence; the most probable of all, in a city crowded with the famishing, the diseased, the wounded, and the dead. Yet, though the streets were covered with unburied, though every well and trench was teeming, though six hundred thousand corpses were flung over the ramparts, and lay naked to the sun, pestilence came not;—for if it had come, the enemy would have been scared away. But "the abomination of desolation," the Pagan standard, was fixed where it was to remain until the plough had passed over the ruins of Jerusalem.

On this fatal night no man laid his head upon the pillow. Heaven and earth were in conflict. Meteors burned over us—the ground shook under our feet—the volcanoes blazed—the wind burst forth in irresistible blasts, and swept the living and the dead in whirlwinds far into the desert. We heard the bellowing of the distant Mediterranean, as if its waters were at our sides, swelled by the deluge. The lakes and rivers roared and inundated the land. The fiery sword shot out tenfold fire—showers of blood fell—thunder pealed from every quarter of the heavens—lightning, in immense sheets, of an intensity and duration that turned the darkness into more than day, withering eye and soul, burned from the zenith to the ground, and marked its track by forests of flame, and shattered the summits of the hills. Defence was unthought of, for the mortal enemy had passed from the mind. Our hearts quaked for fear; but it was to see the powers of heaven shaken. All cast away the shield and spear, and crouched before the descending judgment.

We were conscience-smitten. Our cries of remorse, anguish, and horror, were heard through the uproar of the storm. We

howled to caverns to hide us. We plunged into the sepulchres, to escape the wrath that consumed the living. We would have buried ourselves under the mountains. I knew the cause—the unspeakable cause, and knew that the last hour of crime was at hand. A few fugitives, astonished to see one man amongst them not sunk into the lowest feebleness of fear, came around me, and besought me to lead them to some place of safety, if such were now to be found on earth. I told them openly that they were to die, and counselled them to die in the hallowed ground of the Temple. They followed; and I led through streets encumbered with every shape of human sufferings, to the foot of Mount Moriah; but beyond that, we found advance impossible. Piles of clouds, whose darkness was palpable even in the midnight in which we stood, covered the holy hill. Impatient, and not to be daunted by any thing that man could overcome, I cheered my disheartened band, and attempted to lead the way up the ascents; but I had scarcely entered the cloud, when I was swept down by a gust that tore the rocks in a flinty shower around me.

Now came the last and most wonderful sign that marked the fate of rejected Israel. While I lay helpless, I heard the whirlwind roar through the cloudy hill, and vapours began to revolve. A pale light, like that of the rising moon, quivered on the edges of the horizon; and the clouds rose rapidly, shaping themselves into the forms of battlements and towers. The sound of voices was heard within, low and distinct, yet strangely sweet. Still the lustre brightened; and the airy building rose, tower on tower, and battlement on battlement, in awe that held us mute. We knelt and gazed on this more than mortal architecture, that continued rising and spreading, and glowing with a serener light, still soft and silvery, yet to which the broadest moonlight was dim. At last, it stood forth to earth and heaven, the colossal image of the first Temple—of the building raised by the wisest of men, and consecrated by the Visible Glory.

All Jerusalem saw the image; and the shout that, in the midst of their despair, ascended from the thousands and tens of thousands, told that proud remembrances were there. But a hymn was heard, that might have hushed the world beside. Never fell on my ears, never on the human sense, a sound so majestic, yet so subduing—so full of melancholy, yet of grandeur and command. The vast portal opened, and from it marched a host, such as man had never seen before, such as man shall never see but once again—the guardian angels of

the city of David. They came forth gloriously, but woe in all their steps—the stars upon their helmets dim—their robes stained—tears flowing down their celestial beauty. "*Let us go hence!*" was their song of sorrow. "*Let us go hence!*" was answered by sad echoes of the mountains. "*Let us go hence!*" swelled upon the night to the furthermost limits of the land.

The procession lingered long upon the summit of the hill. The thunders pealed, and they rose at the command, diffusing waves of light over the expanse of heaven. The chorus was heard, still magnificent and melancholy, when their splendour was diminished to the brightness of a star. Then the thunder roared again—the cloudy Temple was scattered on the wind —and darkness, the omen of the grave, settled upon Jerusalem.

XXIII.—OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.—*Macpherson's Ossian.*

O THOU that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O Sun; thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty—the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone: who can be a companion of thy course?

The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in heaven: but thou art for ever the same—rejoicing in the brightness of thy course.

When the world is dark with tempests; when thunder rolls, and lightning flies; thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more, whether thy yellow hairs flow on the Eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the West.

But thou art perhaps like me—for a season: thy years will have an end; thou shalt sleep in the clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult then, O Sun, in the strength of thy youth! Age is dark, and unlovely: it is like the glimmering light of the moon when it shines through broken clouds: the mist is on the hills; the blast of the north is on the plain; the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey.

XXIV.—EULOGIUM ON MARIE ANTOINETTE, QUEEN OF FRANCE.—*Burke.*

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in,—glittering like the morning star; full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh! what a revolution!—and what a heart must I have, to contemplate, without emotion, that elevation and that fall!

Little did I dream that, when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom;—little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men,—in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards, to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators, has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever.

Never, never more, shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone. It is gone,—that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.

XXV.—CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.—*Phillips.*

He is fallen! We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered amongst us like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted.

Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne, a sceptred hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality. A mind bold, independent, and decisive—a will, despotic in its dictates,—an energy that distanced expedition, and a

conscience pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character—the most extraordinary perhaps, that, in the annals of the world, ever rose, or reigned, or fell.

Flung into life in the midst of a Revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledged no superior, he commenced his course a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity. With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed into the lists where rank and genius had arrayed themselves; and competition fled from him as from the glance of destiny. He knew no motive but interest—he acknowledged no criterion but success—he worshiped no God but ambition; and with an Eastern devotion, he knelt at the altar of his idolatry. Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess, there was no opinion that he did not promulgate: in the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the crescent; for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the Cross; the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the republic; and, with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins both of the crown and the tribune, he reared the throne of his despotism. A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the Pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and, under the name of Brutus, he grasped without remorse, and wore without shame, the diadem of the Cæsars!

Through this pantomime of his policy, fortune played the clown to his caprices. At his touch, crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished, the wildest theories took the colour of his whims; and all that was venerable, and all that was novel, changed places with the rapidity of a drama. Even apparent defeat assumed the appearance of victory—his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny—ruin itself only elevated him to empire. But, if his fortune was great, his genius was transcendent; decision flashed upon his counsels; and it was the same to decide and to perform. To inferior intellects, his combinations appeared perfectly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable; but, in his hands, simplicity marked their development, and success vindicated their adoption. His person partook of the character of his mind; if the one never yielded in the cabinet, the other never bent in the field. Nature had no obstacles that he did not surmount, space no opposition that he did not spurn;—and whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity. The whole continent of Europe trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs,

and the miracle of their execution. Scepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance; romance assumed the air of history; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became common-places in his contemplation; kings were his people—nations were his outposts; and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chess-board.

Amid all these changes, he stood immutable as adamant. It mattered little whether in the field, or the drawing-room—with the mob, or the levee—wearing the jacobin bonnet, or the iron crown—banishing a Braganza, or espousing a Hapsburgh—dictating peace on a raft to the Czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsic—he was still the same military despot.

Cradled in the field, he was to the last hour the darling of the army; and whether in the camp or the cabinet, he never forsook a friend, or forgot a favour. Of all his soldiers, not one abandoned him, till affection was useless; and their first stipulation was for the safety of their favourite. They knew well that, if he was lavish of them, he was prodigal of himself; and that, if he exposed them to peril, he repaid them with plunder. For the soldier, he subsidized every people; to the people, he made even pride pay tribute. The victorious veteran glittered with his gains; and the capital, gorgeous with the spoils of art, became the miniature metropolis of the universe. In this wonderful combination, his affectation of literature must not be omitted. The gaoler of the press, he affected the patronage of letters; the proscriber of books, he encouraged philosophy; the persecutor of authors, and the murderer of printers, he yet pretended to the patronage of learning; the assassin of Palm, the silencer of De Stael, and the denouncer of Kotzebue, he was the friend of David, the benefactor of De Lille, and sent his academic prize to the philosopher of England.—Such a medley of contradictions, and at the same time such an individual consistency, were never united in the same character. A royalist, a republican, and an emperor—a Mahometan, a Catholic, and a patron of the Synagogue—a traitor and a tyrant—a Christian and an Infidel—he was, through all his vicissitudes, the same stern, impatient, inflexible original—the same mysterious, incomprehensible self—the man without a model, and without a

shadow. His fall, like his life, baffled all speculation. In short, his whole history was like a dream to the world; and no man can tell how or why he was awakened from the reverie.

Kings may learn from him that their safest study, as well as their noblest, is the interest of the people; the people are taught by him that there is no despotism however stupendous, against which they have not a resource; and to those who would rise upon the ruins of both, he is a living lesson, that, if ambition can raise them from the lowest station, it can also prostrate them from the highest.

XXVI.—"PRESS ON."—*Anonymous.*

THIS is a speech, brief, but full of inspiration, and opening the way to all victory. The mystery of Napoleon's career was this,—under all difficulties and discouragements, "PRESS ON!" It solves the problem of all heroes, it is the rule by which to weigh rightly all wonderful successes, and triumphal marches to fortune and genius. It should be the motto of all, old and young, high and low, fortunate and unfortunate so called.

"PRESS ON!" Never despair; never be discouraged, however stormy the heavens, however dark the way; however great the difficulties, and repeated the failures, "PRESS ON!"

If fortune has played false with thee to-day, do thou play true for thyself to-morrow. If thy riches have taken wings and left thee, do not weep thy life away; but be up and doing, and retrieve the loss by new energies and action. If an unfortunate bargain has deranged thy business, do not fold thy arms, and give up all as lost; but stir thyself and work the more vigorously.

If those whom thou hast trusted have betrayed thee, do not be discouraged, do not idly weep, but "PRESS ON!" find others; or, what is better, learn to live within thyself. Let the foolishness of yesterday make thee wise to-day. If thy affections have been poured out like water in the desert, do not sit down and perish of thirst, but "PRESS ON!"—a beautiful oasis is before thee, and thou mayest reach it if thou wilt. If another has been false to thee, do not thou increase the evil by being false to thyself. Do not say, the world hath lost its poetry and beauty; 'tis not so; and even if it is so, make thine own poetry and beauty—by a brave, a true, and, above all, a *religious* life.

XXVII.—CHARACTER OF PITT, (LORD CHATHAM.)—*Grattan.*

THE secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind overawed majesty; and one of his sovereigns thought royalty so impaired in his presence, that he conspired to remove him, in order to be relieved from his superiority. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, sunk him to the vulgar level of the great; but, overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame. Without dividing, he destroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France sunk beneath him. With one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite; and his schemes were to affect, not England, not the present age only, but Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished; always seasonable, always adequate; the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardour, and enlightened by prophecy.

The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties, no domestic weakness, reached him; but, aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system to counsel and to decide.

A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the Treasury trembled at the name of Pitt through all classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory, and the ruin of his victories; but the history of his country, and the calamities of the enemy, answered and refuted her. Nor were his political abilities his only talents: his eloquence was an era in the senate, peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instinctive wisdom; not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully; it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres. He did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtilty of argumentation, nor was he for ever on the rack of exertion; but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of the mind, which, like those of his eye, were felt, but could not be followed. Upon the whole, there was in this man something that could create, subvert, or reform; an understanding,

a spirit, and an eloquence, to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wildness of free minds with unbounded authority; something that could establish or overwhelm empire, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through the universe.

XXVIII.—THE STUDY OF NATURE.—*Humboldt.*

He who regards the influences of the study of Nature in their relations, not to particular grades of civilization, or the individual requirements of social life, but in their wider bearings upon mankind at large, promises himself, as the principal fruit of his researches, that the enjoyment of Nature will be increased and ennobled through insight into the connexion of her phenomena. Such increase, such nobility, however, is the work of observation, of intelligence, and of time, in which all the efforts of the understanding of man are reflected. How the human kind have been striving for thousands of years, amidst eternally recurring changes in the forms of things, to discover that which is stable in the law, and so, gradually, by the might of mind, to vanquish all within the wide-spread orbit of the earth; is familiar to him who has traced the trunk of our knowledge, through the thick strata of bygone ages, to its root. To question these ages is to trace the mysterious course of the idea, stamped with the same image as that which, in times of remoter antiquity, presented itself to the inward sense, in the guise of an harmoniously ordered whole; and which meets us at last as the prize of long and carefully accumulated experience.

In these two epochs in the contemplation of creation—the first dawn of consciousness among men, and the ultimate and simultaneous evolution of every element of human science—*two* distinct kinds of enjoyment are reflected. The mere presence of unbounded Nature, and an obscure feeling of the harmony that reigns amid the ceaseless changes of her silent workings, are the source of the *one*. The *other* belongs to a higher state of civilization of the species, and the reflection of this upon the individual; it springs from an insight into the order of the universe, and the co-ordination of the physical forces. Even as man now contrives instruments by which he may question Nature more closely, and step beyond the limited circle of his fleeting existence; as he no longer observes only, but has learned to produce phenomena under determinate conditions; as, in fine, the philosophy of Nature

has doffed her ancient poetical garb, and assumed the earnest character of a thinking impersonation of things observed; positive knowledge and definition have taken the place of obscure imaginings and imperfect inductions. The dogmatical speculations of former ages only exist at present in the prejudices of the vulgar, or in circumstances where, as if conscious of their weakness, they willingly keep themselves in the shade. They also maintain themselves as a heavy inheritance in language,—which is disfigured by symbolical words and phrases innumerable. A small number only of the elegant creations of the imagination which have reached us, surrounded, as it were, with the haze of antiquity, acquire a more definite outline and a renovated shape.

Nature, to the eye of the reflecting observer, is unity in multiplicity; it is combination of the manifold in form and composition; it is the conception of natural things and natural forces as a living whole. The most important consequences of physical researches are therefore these:—To acknowledge unity in multiplicity; from the individual to embrace all; amidst the discoveries of later ages to prove and separate the individuals, yet not to be overwhelmed with their mass; to keep the high destinies of man continually in view; and to comprehend the spirit of Nature, which lies hid beneath the covering of phenomena. In this way, our aspirations extend beyond the narrow confines of the world of sense; and we may yet succeed, comprehending Nature intimately, in mastering the crude matter of empirical observation through the might of mind.

XXIX.—DANTE AND MILTON.—*Macaulay.*

THE character of Milton was peculiarly distinguished by loftiness of thought; that of Dante by intensity of feeling. In every line of the Divine Comedy, we discern the asperity which is produced by pride struggling with misery. There is perhaps no work in the world so deeply and uniformly sorrowful. The melancholy of Dante was no fantastic caprice. It was not, as far as at this distance of time can be judged, the effect of external circumstances. It was from within. Neither love nor glory, neither the conflicts of the earth nor the hope of heaven, could dispel it. It twined every consolation and every pleasure into its own nature. It resembled that noxious Sardinian soil of which the intense bitterness is said to have been perceptible even in its honey. His mind

was, in the noble language of the Hebrew poet, "a land of darkness, as darkness itself, and where the light was as darkness!" The gloom of his character discolours all the passions of men and all the face of nature, and tinges with its own livid hue the flowers of paradise and the glories of the Eternal Throne.

Milton was, like Dante, a statesman and a lover; and, like Dante, he had been unfortunate in ambition and in love. He had survived his health and his sight, the comforts of his home and the prosperity of his party. Of the great men by whom he had been distinguished on his entrance into life, some had been taken away from the evil to come; some had carried into foreign climates their unconquerable hatred of oppression; some were pining in dungeons; and some had poured forth their blood on scaffolds. That hateful proscription—facetiously termed "The act of indemnity and oblivion"—had set a mark on the poor, blind, deserted poet, and held him up by name to the hatred of a profligate court and an inconstant people. Venal and licentious scribblers, with just sufficient talent to clothe the thoughts of a pander in the style of a bellman, were now the favourite writers of the sovereign and the public. It was a loathsome herd—which could be compared to nothing so fitly as to the rabble of Comus;—grotesque monsters, half bestial, half human,—dropping with wine, bloated with gluttony, and reeling in obscene dances. Amidst these his Muse was placed, like the chaste lady of the Masque,—lofty, spotless, and serene—to be chatted at, and pointed at, and grinned at, by the whole tribe of Satyrs and Goblins.

If ever despondency could be excused in any man, it might have been excused in Milton. But the strength of his mind overcame every calamity. Neither blindness, nor gout, nor penury, nor age, nor domestic afflictions, nor political disappointments, nor abuse, nor proscription, nor neglect, had power to disturb his sedate and majestic patience. His spirits do not seem to have been high, but they were singularly equable. His temper was serious, perhaps stern; but it was a temper which no sufferings could render sullen or fretful. Such as it was, when on the eve of great events he returned from his travels, in the prime of health and manly beauty, loaded with literary distinctions and glowing with patriotic hopes; such it continued to be—when, after having experienced every calamity which is incident to our nature, old, poor, sightless, and disgraced, he retired to his hovel to die!

XXX.—CONNEXION OF SCIENCE AND RELIGION.—*Wiseman.*

I KNOW not why any one who possesses but ordinary abilities, may not hope, by persevering diligence, somewhat to enlarge the evidences of truth. There are humble departments in this as in every other art; there are calm, retired walks, which lead not beyond the precincts of domestic privacy, over which the timid may wander, and, without exposure to the public gaze, gather sweet and lowly herbs,—that shall be as fragrant on the altar of God, as the costly perfume which Bezaleel and Oholiab compounded with so much art. The painted shell which the child picks up on the hill-side, may be sometimes as good evidence of a great catastrophe, as the huge bones of sea monsters which the naturalist digs out of the limestone rock; a little medal may attest the destruction of an empire, as certainly as the obelisk or triumphal arch. "While others," says St. Jerome, "contribute their gold and their silver to the service of the tabernacle, why should not I contribute my humble offerings,—at least of hair and skin?"

But whosoever shall try to cultivate a wider field, and follow, from day to day, the constant progress of every science, careful ever to note the influence which it exercises on his more sacred knowledge, shall have therein such pure joy, and such growing comfort, as the disappointing eagerness of mere human learning may not supply. Such a one I know not unto whom to liken; save to one who unites an enthusiastic love of Nature's charms to a sufficient acquaintance with her laws, and spends his days in a garden of the choicest bloom. And here he seeth one gorgeous flower, that has unclasped all its beauty to the glorious sun; and there, another is just about to disclose its modester blossom, not yet fully unfolded; and beside them, there is one only in the hand-stem, giving but slender promise of much display: and yet he waiteth patiently, well knowing that the law is fixed whereby it too shall pay, in due season, its tribute to the light and heat that feed it. Even so, the other doth likewise behold one science after the other, when its appointed hour is come and its ripening influences have prevailed, unclose some form which shall add to the varied harmony of universal truth; which shall recompense, to the full, the genial power that hath given it life; and, however barren it may have seemed at first, produce something that may adorn the temple and altar of God's worship.

And if he carefully register his own convictions, and add them to the collections already formed, of various converging

proof, he assuredly will have accomplished the noblest end for which man may live and acquire learning—his own improvement, and the benefit of his kind.

When learning shall once have been consecrated by such high motives, it will soon be hallowed by purer feelings, and assume a calmer and more virtuous character than human knowledge can ever possess. An enthusiastic love of truth will be engendered in the soul, which will extinguish every meaner and more earthly feeling in its pursuit. We shall never look with a partisan's eye upon the cause, nor estimate it by personal motives; but, following the advice of the excellent Schlegel, we shall "eschew all sorts of useless contention and uncharitable hate, and strive to keep alive a spirit of love and unity."

But these motives will have a still stronger power; they will insure us success. For if once a pure love and unmixed admiration of Religion animate our efforts, we shall find ourselves inflamed with a chivalrous devotion to her service, which will make us indefatigable and unconquerable when armed in her defence. Our quest may be long and perilous; there may come in our way enchantments and sorceries, giants and monsters, allurements and resistance; but onward we shall advance, in the confidence of our cause's strength; we shall dispel every phantasm, and fairly meet every substantial foe, and the crown will infallibly be ours. In other words, we shall submit with patience to all the irksomeness which such detailed examination may cause: when any objection is brought, instead of contenting ourselves with vague replies, we shall at once examine the very department of learning, sacred or profane, whence it hath been drawn; we shall sit down calmly, and address ourselves meekly, to the toilsome work; we shall endeavour to unravel all its intricacies, and diligently to untie every knot; and, however hopeless your task may have appeared at first, the result of your exertions will be surely recorded in the short expressive legend, preserved on an ancient gem,—"RELIGION, THOU HAST CONQUERED!"

XXXI.—THE ADVANTAGES OF EDUCATION.—*Dr. Doyle.*

NEXT to the blessing of redemption, and the graces consequent upon it, there is no gift bestowed by God equal in value to a good education; other advantages are enjoyed by the body, this belongs entirely to the spirit: whatever is great, or good,

or glorious, in the works of men, is the fruit of educated minds. Wars, conquests, commerce, all the arts of industry and peace, all the refinements of life, all the social and domestic virtues, all the delicacies of mutual intercourse; in a word, whatever is estimable amongst men, owes its origin, increase, and perfection, to the exercise of those faculties, whose improvement is the object of education. Religion herself loses half her beauty and influence, when not attended or assisted by education; and her power, splendour, and majesty, are never so exalted, as when cultivated genius and refined taste become her heralds or her handmaids. Many have become fools for Christ, and, by their simplicity and piety, exalted the glory of the cross; but Paul, not John, was the apostle of the nations; and doctors, more even than prophets, have been sent to declare the truths of religion, before kings, and princes, and the nations of the earth.

Education draws forth the mind, improves its faculties, increases its resources, and, by exercise, strengthens and augments its powers. I consider it, therefore, of inestimable value; but, like gold, which is the instrument of human happiness, it is, and always must be, unequally distributed amongst men. Some will always be unable or unwilling to acquire it; others will expend it prodigally, or pervert it to the worst ends; whilst the mass of mankind will always be more or less excluded from its possession. Doomed as we are to earn our bread by the sweat of our brow, the great bulk of Adam's posterity will ever be engaged in procuring for themselves the necessaries, or in supplying to others the comforts or luxuries of life; this is the order which providence has established on the earth, while, in justice to men, it has taken care that happiness should not depend on station. From this disposition, however, it appears, that, as we cannot all be legislators, or astronomers, or merchants, or agriculturists, so we cannot all be well educated—not having the means, nor the talent, nor the time, necessary to acquire much knowledge.

It behoves, however, the government of every well regulated society, to provide, as far as may be in its power, for each class of its subjects, as much education, and of the best kind, as the latter are capable of receiving with advantage to themselves, and security to the public interests.

READINGS

IN

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

I.—THE PRACTICE OF PATIENCE.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

At the first address and presence of sickness, stand still and arrest thy spirit, that it may without amazement or affright consider, that this was that thou lookedst for, and wert always certain should happen; and that now thou art to enter into the actions of a new religion, the agony of a strange constitution. At no hand suffer thy spirits to be dispersed with fear or wildness of thought, but stay their looseness and dispersion by a serious consideration of the present and future employment. For so doth the Lybian lion, spying the fierce huntsman: he first beats himself with the strokes of his tail, and curls up his spirits, making them strong with union and recollection; till, being struck with a Mauritanian spear, he rushes forth into his defence and noblest contention; and either 'scapes into the secrets of his own dwelling, or else dies the bravest of the forest. Every man, when shot with an arrow from God's quiver, must then draw in all the auxiliaries of reason, and know that then is the time to try his strength, and to reduce the words of his religion into action; and consider that, if he behaves himself weakly and timorously, he suffers never the less of sickness; but, if he returns to health, he carries along with him the mask of a coward and a fool; and if he descends into his grave, he enters into the state of the faithless and unbelievers. Let him set his heart firm upon this resolution:—"I must bear it inevitably, and I will, by God's grace, do it nobly."

II.—INEFFICIENCY OF HUMAN WORKS.—*Melville.*

Some persons think, that, if they repent of their sins, they shall be pardoned. In other words, they suppose that there is a virtue in repentance, which causes it to procure forgiveness. Thus, repentance is exhibited as meritorious; and how shall we simply prove that it is not meritorious? Why, allowing

that man can repent of himself,—which he cannot,—what is the repentance on which he presumes? What is there in it of his own? The tears? they are but the dew of an eye, which is God's. The resolutions? they are but the workings of faculties, which are God's. The amendment? it is but the better employment of a life, which is God's. Where, then, is the merit? Oh, find something which is, at the same time, human and excellent in the offering, and you may speak of desert; but, until then, away with the notion of there being merit in repentance!—seeing that the penitent man must say, "All things come of Thee, and of thine own, O God, do I give thee."

Again, some men will speak of being justified by faith, till they come to ascribe merit to faith. *By faith*, is interpreted, as though it meant *on account of faith;* and thus the great truth is lost sight of, that we are justified freely "through the redemption that is in Christ." But how can faith be a meritorious act? What is faith, but such an assent of the understanding to God's word, as binds the heart to God's service? And whose is the understanding, if it be not God's? Whose is the heart, if it be not God's? And if faith be nothing, but the rendering to God that intellect, and that energy, which we have received from God, how can faith deserve of God? Oh, as with repentance, so with faith: away with the notion of merit! He who believes, so that he can dare the grave, and grasp eternity, must pour forth the confession, "All things come of Thee, and of thine own, O God, do I give thee."

And once more: what merit can there be in works? If you give much alms, whose is the money? "The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of Hosts." If you mortify the body, whose are the macerated limbs? If you put sackcloth on the soul, whose is the chastened spirit? If you be moral, and honest, and friendly, and generous, and patriotic, whose are the dispositions which you exercise—whose the powers, to which you give culture and scope? And if you use only God's gifts can that be meritorious? You may say, "Yes—it is meritorious to use them aright, whilst others abuse them." But, is it wickedness to abuse? Then, it can only be duty to use aright; and duty will be merit when debt is donation. You may bestow a fortune in charity, but the wealth is already the Lord's. You may cultivate the virtues which adorn and sweeten human life; but the employed powers are the Lord's. You may give time and strength to the enterprises of philanthropy; each moment is the Lord's,

each sinew is the Lord's. You may be upright in every dealing of trade, scrupulously honourable in all the intercourses of life; but, "a just weight and balance are the Lord's, all the weights of the bag are His work." And where, then, is the merit of works? Oh, throw into one heap each power of the mind, each energy of the body; use, in God's service, each grain of your substance, each second of your time; give, to the Almighty, every throb of the pulse, every drawing of the breath; labour, and strive, and be instant in season, and out of season; and let the steepness of the mountain daunt you not, and the swellings of the ocean deter you not, and the ruggedness of the desert appal you not;—but, on! still on, in toiling for your Maker! and dream, and talk, and boast of merit, when you can find that particle in the heap, or that shred in the exploit, which you may exclude from the confession,—"All things come of Thee, and of thine own, O God, have I given thee."

III.—WITHOUT GOD IN THE WORLD.—*Robert Hall.*

THE exclusion of a Supreme Being, and of a superintending providence, tends directly to the destruction of moral taste. It robs the universe of all finished and consummate excellence, even in idea. The admiration of perfect wisdom and goodness for which we are formed, and which kindles such unspeakable rapture in the soul, finding in the regions of scepticism nothing to which it corresponds, droops and languishes. In a world, which presents a fair spectacle of order and beauty; of a vast family, nourished and supported by an Almighty Parent; in a world, which leads the devout mind, step by step, to the contemplation of the first fair, and the first good,—the sceptic is encompassed with nothing but obscurity, meanness, and disorder.

When we reflect on the manner in which the idea of Deity is formed, we must be convinced that such an idea, intimately present to the mind, must have a most powerful effect in refining the moral taste. Composed of the richest elements, it embraces, in the character of a beneficent Parent and Almighty Ruler, whatever is venerable in wisdom, whatever is awful in authority, whatever is touching in goodness.

Human excellence is blended with many imperfections, and seen under many limitations. It is beheld only in detached and separate portions, nor ever appears in any one character, whole and entire. So that, when, in imitation of the Stoics,

we wish to form, out of these fragments, the notion of a perfectly wise and good man, we know it is a mere fiction of the mind, without any real being in whom it is embodied and realized. In the belief of a Deity, these conceptions are reduced to reality; the scattered rays of an ideal excellence are concentrated, and become the real attributes of that Being with whom we stand in the nearest relation;—who sits supreme at the head of the universe, is armed with infinite power, and pervades all nature with his presence.

The efficacy of these sentiments, in producing and augmenting a virtuous taste, will indeed be proportioned to the vividness with which they are formed, and the frequency with which they recur; yet some benefit will not fail to result from them, even in their lowest degree.

The idea of the Supreme Being has this peculiar property—that, as it admits of no substitute, so, from the first moment it is impressed, it is capable of continual growth and enlargement. God himself is immutable; but our conception of his character is continually receiving fresh accessions,—is continually growing more extended and effulgent, by having transferred upon it new perceptions of beauty and goodness; by attracting to itself, as a centre, whatever bears the impress of dignity, order, or happiness. It borrows splendour from all that is fair, subordinates to itself all that is great, and sits enthroned on the riches of the universe.

IV.—CONSOLATIONS OF RELIGION.—*Finlayson.*

WHAT is it, O child of sorrow, what is it that now wrings thy heart, and bends thee in sadness to the ground? Whatever it be, if thou knowest the truth, the truth shall give thee relief. Have the terrors of guilt taken hold of thee? Dost thou go all the day long, mourning for thy iniquities, refusing to be comforted? And, in thy bed at night, do visions of remorse disturb thy rest, and haunt thee with the fears of a judgment to come? Behold, the Redeemer hath borne thy sins in his own body on the tree; and if thou art willing to forsake them, thou knowest, with certainty, that they shall not be remembered in the judgment against thee.

Hast thou, with weeping eyes, committed to the grave the child of thy affections, the virtuous friend of thy youth, or the tender partner whose pious attachment lightened thy load of life? Behold, they are not dead! Thou knowest that they live in a better region, with their Saviour and their

God; that still thou holdest thy place in their remembrance; and that thou shalt soon meet them again, to part no more.

Dost thou look forward with trembling to the days of darkness—when thou shalt lie on the bed of sickness—when thy pulse shall have become low—when the cold damps have gathered on thy brow—when the mournful looks of thy attendants have told thee that the hour of thy departure has come? To the mere natural man, this scene is awful and alarming. But, if thou art a Christian, if thou knowest and obeyest the truth, thou shalt fear no evil. The shadows which hang over the Valley of Death, shall retire at thy approach; and thou shalt see beyond it the spirits of the just, and an innumerable company of angels,—the future companions of thy bliss,—bending from their thrones to cheer thy departing soul, and to welcome thee into everlasting habitations.

V.—THE DEATH OF THE WICKED.—*Massillon.*

The remembrance of the past, and the view of the present, would be little to the expiring sinner: could he confine himself to these, he would not be so completely miserable; but the thoughts of a futurity convulse him with horror and despair. That futurity, that incomprehensible region of darkness, which he now approaches,—conscience his only companion;—that futurity, that unknown land from which no traveller has ever returned, where he knows not whom he shall find, nor what awaits him; that futurity, that fathomless abyss, in which his mind is lost and bewildered, and into which he must now plunge, ignorant of his destiny; that futurity, that tomb, that residence of horror, where he must now occupy his place amongst the ashes and the carcasses of his ancestors; that futurity, that incomprehensible eternity, even the aspect of which he cannot support; that futurity, in a word, that dreadful judgment, to which, before the wrath of God, he must now appear, and render account of a life, of which every moment almost has been occupied by crimes:—Alas! while he only looked forward to this terrible futurity at a distance, he made an infamous boast of not dreading it; he continually demanded, with a tone of blasphemy and derision, Who is returned from it? He ridiculed the vulgar apprehensions, and piqued himself upon his undaunted courage. But, from the moment that the hand of God is upon him; from the moment that death approaches near, that the gates of

eternity open to receive him, and that he touches upon that terrible futurity against which he seemed so fortified—ah! he then becomes either weak, trembling, dissolved in tears, raising up suppliant hands to heaven!—or, gloomy, silent, agitated, revolving within himself the most dreadful thoughts, and no longer expecting more consolation or mercy from his weak tears and lamentations, than from his frenzies and despair!

Yes, my brethren! this unfortunate wretch,—who had always lulled himself in his excesses, always flattered himself that one good moment alone was necessary, one sentiment of compunction before death, to appease the anger of God,—despairs then of His clemency. In vain is he told of His eternal mercies; he feels to what a degree he is unworthy of them. In vain the minister of the church endeavours to soothe his terrors, by opening to him the bosom of divine mercy; these promises touch him little, because he knows well that the charity of the church, which never despairs of salvation for its children, cannot, however, alter the awful judgments of the justice of God. In vain is he promised forgiveness of his crimes—a secret and terrible voice resounds from the bottom of his heart, and tells him that there is no salvation for the impious, and that he can have no dependence upon promises which are given to his miseries, rather than to the truth. In vain is he exhorted to apply to those last remedies which the church offers to the dying; he regards them as desperate reliefs, which are hazarded when hope is over, and which are bestowed more for the consolation of the living, than from any prospect of utility to those who are departing. Servants of Jesus Christ are called in to support him in this last moment; whilst all he is enabled to do, is, secretly to envy their lot, and to detest the misery of his own: his friends and relations are assembled round his bed to receive his last sighs, and he turns away from them his eyes, because he finds still amidst them the remembrance of his crimes. Death, however, approaches: the minister endeavours to support, by prayer, that spark of life which still remains: "Depart, Christian soul!" says he: he says not to him, "Prince, grandee of the world, depart!" During his life, the public monuments were hardly sufficient for the number and pride of his titles. In this last moment, they give him that title alone which he had received in baptism; the only one to which he had paid no attention, and the only one which can remain to him for ever. "Depart, Christian soul!" Alas! he had lived as if the body had formed his only being and

treasure; he had even tried to persuade himself that his soul was nothing; that man is only a composition of flesh and blood, and that every thing perishes with us. He is now informed that it is his body which is nothing but a morsel of clay, now on the point of crumbling into pieces; and that his only immortal being is that soul,—that image of the Divinity, that intelligence, alone capable of knowing and loving its Creator,—which now prepares to quit its earthly mansion, and appear before His awful tribunal. "Depart, Christian soul!" You had looked upon the earth as your country, and it was only a place of pilgrimage from which you must depart. The church thought to have announced glad tidings to you,—the expiration of your exilement,—in announcing the dissolution of your earthly frame. Alas! and it only brings you melancholy and frightful news, and opens the commencement of your miseries and anguish.

Then the expiring sinner, finding, in the remembrance of the past, only regrets which overwhelm him; in all which takes place around him, only images which afflict him; in the thoughts of futurity, only horrors which appal him; no longer knowing to whom to have recourse; neither to created beings, who now leave him; nor to the world, which vanishes; nor to men, who cannot save him from death; nor to the just God, whom he looks upon as a declared enemy, and from whom he has no indulgence to expect:—a thousand horrors occupy his thoughts; he torments, he agitates himself, in order to fly from Death which grasps him, or at least to fly from himself. From his expiring eyes issue something, I know not what, of dark and gloomy, which expresses the fury of his soul; in his anguish he utters words, interrupted by sobs, which are unintelligible, and to which they know not whether repentance or despair gives birth. He is seized with convulsions, which they are ignorant whether to ascribe to the actual dissolution of his body, or to the soul which feels the approach of its Judge. He deeply sighs; and they know not whether the remembrance of his past crimes, or the despair at quitting life, forces from him such groans of anguish. At last, in the midst of these melancholy exertions, his eyes fix, his features change, his countenance becomes disfigured, his livid lips convulsively separate; his whole frame quivers; and, by this last effort, his unfortunate soul tears itself reluctantly from that body of clay, falls into the hands of its God, and finds itself alone at the foot of the awful tribunal!

VI.—THE CRUCIFIXION.—*Bossuet.*

When our Redeemer expired on the cross, sympathizing nature was convulsed! The sun was suddenly enveloped in midnight darkness, and confusion reigned! But I shall pass these terrific events, in order to lead your attention to more important objects. The cross erected on Mount Calvary was the standard of victory, to which even Thought was to be led captive, and before which Imaginations were to be cast down;—that is to say, human wisdom and sceptic reluctance. No voice sublime was heard sounding from a thunderbearing cloud, as of old from the heights of Sinai! No approach was observed of that formidable Majesty, before whom the mountains melt as wax! Where, where was the warlike preparation of that power, which was to subdue the world? See the whole artillery collected on Mount Calvary—in the exhibition of a cross, of an agonizing Sufferer, and a crown of thorns!

Religious truth was exiled from the earth, and idolatry sat brooding over the moral world. The Egyptians, the fathers of philosophy; the Grecians, the inventors of the fine arts; the Romans, the conquerors of the universe; were all unfortunately celebrated for the perversion of religious worship,—for the gross errors they admitted into their belief, and the indignities they offered to the true religion. Minerals, vegetables, animals, the elements, became objects of adoration; even abstract visionary forms, such as fevers and distempers, received the honours of deification; and to the most infamous vices, and dissolute passions, altars were erected. The world, which God had made to manifest his power, seemed to have become a temple of idols, where every thing was god but God himself!

The mystery of the crucifixion was the remedy the Almighty ordained for this universal idolatry. He knew the mind of man, and knew that it was not by reasoning that an error must be destroyed, which reasoning had not established. Idolatry prevailed by the suppression of reason; by suffering the senses to predominate, which are apt to clothe every thing with the qualities with which they are affected. Men gave the Divinity their own figure, and attributed to Him their vices and passions. Reasoning had no share in so brutal an error. It was a subversion of reason, a delirium, a phrensy. Argue with a phrenetic person, you do but the more provoke him, and render the distemper incurable. Neither will reasoning cure the delirium of idolatry. What has learned

antiquity gained by her elaborate discourses? her reasonings so artfully framed? Did Plato, with that eloquence which was styled divine, overthrow one single altar where monstrous divinities were worshipped?

Experience hath shown that the overthrow of idolatry could not be the work of reason alone. Far from committing to human wisdom the cure of such a malady, God completed its confusion by the mystery of the Cross. Idolatry (if rightly understood) took its rise from that profound self-attachment inherent in our nature. Thus it was that the Pagan mythology teemed with deities, who were subject to human passions, weaknesses, and vices. When the mysterious Cross displayed to the world an agonizing Redeemer, incredulity exclaimed, it was foolishness! But the darkening sun, nature convulsed, the dead arising from their graves, said, it was wisdom!

VII.—ON DEATH.—*Blair.*

CHILDREN of men! it is well known to you that you are a mortal race. Death is the law of your nature, the tribute of your being, the debt which all are bound to pay. On these terms you received life—that you should be ready to give it up, when Providence calls you to make room for others; who, in like manner, when their time is come, shall follow you. He who is unwilling to submit to death, when Heaven decrees it, deserves not to have lived. You might as reasonably complain that you did not live before the time appointed for your coming into the world, as lament that you are not to live longer, when the period of your quitting it is arrived. What Divine Providence hath made necessary, human prudence ought to comply with cheerfully. Submit, at any rate, you must; and is it not better to follow of your own accord, than to be dragged reluctantly and by force? What privilege have you to plead, or what reason to urge, why you should possess an exemption from the common doom? All things around you are mortal and perishing. Cities, states, and empires, have their periods set. The proudest monuments of human art moulder into dust. Even the works of nature wax old and decay.

In the midst of this universal tendency to change, could you expect that, to your frame alone, a permanent duration should be given? All who have gone before you have submitted to the stroke of death. All who come after you shall

undergo the same fate. The great and the good, the prince and the peasant, the renowned and the obscure, travel alike the road which leads to the grave. At the moment when you expire, thousands throughout the world shall, with you, be yielding up their breath. Can that be held to be a great calamity, which is common to you, with every thing that lives on earth; which is an event as much according to the course of nature, as it is that leaves should fall in autumn, or that fruit should drop from the tree when it is fully ripe?

The pain of death cannot be very long, and is probably less severe than what you have at other times experienced. The pomp of death is more terrifying than death itself. It is to the weakness of our imagination that it owes its chief power of dejecting the spirits; for, when the force of the mind is roused, there are few passions in our nature that have not been able to overcome the fear of death. Honour has defied death; Love has despised it; Shame has rushed upon it; Revenge has disregarded it; Grief has a thousand times wished for its approach. Is it not strange that reason and virtue cannot give strength to surmount that fear, which, even in feeble minds, so many passions have conquered? What inconsistency is there in complaining so much of the evils of life, and being at the same time so afraid of what is to terminate them all! Who can tell whether his future life might not teem with disasters and miseries, as yet unknown, were it to be prolonged according to his wish?

At any rate, is it desirable to draw life out to the last dregs, and to wait till old age pour upon you its whole store of diseases and sorrows? You lament that you are to die; but, did you view your situation properly, you would have much greater cause to lament, if you were chained to this life for two or three hundred years, without possibility of release. Expect, therefore, calmly, that which is natural in itself, and which must be fit,—because it is the appointment of Heaven! Perform your duty as a good subject to the Deity, during the time allotted to you; and rejoice that a period is fixed for your dismission from the present warfare. Remember, that a slavish dread of death destroys all the comfort of that life which you seek to preserve. Better to undergo the stroke of death at once, than to live in perpetual misery from the fear of dying.

VIII.—ON AUTUMN.—*Alison.*

Let the young go out, in these hours, under the descending sun of the year, into the fields of nature. Their hearts are now ardent with hope,—with the hopes of fame, of honour, or of happiness; and, in the long perspective which is before them, their imagination creates a world where all may be enjoyed. Let the scenes which they now may witness, moderate, but not extinguish their ambition;—while they see the yearly desolation of nature, let them see it as the emblem of mortal hope;—while they feel the disproportion between the powers they possess, and the time they are to be employed, let them carry their ambitious eye beyond the world;—and while, in these sacred solitudes, a voice in their own bosom corresponds to the voice of decaying nature, let them take that high decision which becomes those who feel themselves the inhabitants of a greater world, and who look to a being incapable of decay.

Let the busy and the active go out, and pause for a time amid the scenes which surround them, and learn the high lesson which nature teaches in the hours of its fall. They are now ardent with all the desires of mortality; and fame, and interest, and pleasure, are displaying to them their shadowy promises, and, in the vulgar race of life, many weak and many worthless passions are too naturally engendered. Let them withdraw themselves, for a time, from the agitations of the world; let them mark the desolation of summer, and listen to the winds of winter, which begin to murmur above their heads. It is a scene, which, with all its powers, has yet no reproach;—it tells them, that such is also the fate to which they must come; that the pulse of passion must one day beat low; that the illusions of time must pass; and that "the spirit must return to Him who gave it." It reminds them, with gentle voice, of that innocence in which life was begun, and for which no prosperity of vice can make any compensation; and that angel who is one day to stand upon the earth, and "to swear that time shall be no more," seems now to whisper to them, amid the hollow winds of the year, what manner of men ought they to be, who must meet that decisive hour.

There is "an even-tide" in human life—a season when the eye becomes dim, and the strength decays; and when the winter of age begins to shed, upon the human head, its prophetic snow. It is the season of life to which the present is most analogous; and much it becomes, and much it would

profit you, to mark the instructions which the season brings. The spring and the summer of your days are gone; and with them, not only the joys they knew, but many of the friends who gave them. You have entered upon the autumn of your being; and whatever may have been the profusion of your spring, or the warm intemperance of your summer, there is yet a season of stillness and of solitude, which the beneficence of Heaven affords you, in which you may meditate upon the past and the future, and prepare yourselves for the mighty change which you are soon to undergo.

If thus you have the wisdom to use the decaying season of nature, it brings with it consolations more valuable than all the enjoyments of former days. In the long retrospect of your journey, you have seen, every day, the shades of the evening fall, and, every year, the clouds of winter gather. But you have seen also, every succeeding day, the morning arise in its brightness; and, in every succeeding year, the spring return to renovate the winter of nature. It is now you may understand the magnificent language of Heaven; it mingles its voice with that of revelation; it summons you, in these hours when the leaves fall, and the winter is gathering, to that evening study which the mercy of Heaven has pro vided in the book of salvation: and while the shadowy valley opens, which leads to the aode of death, it speaks of that hand which can comfort and can save, and which can conduct to those "green pastures, and those still waters," where there is an eternal spring for the children of God.

IX.—THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.—*Horne.*

It would be in vain to dissemble, that, in the present state, as is the offence such is not always the punishment. Notoriously profligate sinners often partake not, to appearance, the common evils of life; but pass their days in prosperity, affluence, and health, and die without any visible tokens of the Divine displeasure. But to take off, in some measure, the force of the objection, it must be remarked that, besides those judgments of God which lie open to the observation of mankind, there are others, even in the present life, of a secret and invisible kind, known only to the party by whom they are felt. There is a court constantly sitting within, from whose jurisdiction the criminal can plead no exemption, and from whose presence he cannot flee; *there* is evidence produced against him which he can neither [illegible]: and *there* a just

sentence is not only passed, but forthwith executed on him, by the infliction of torments, severe and poignant as the strokes of whips, or the stings of scorpions: torments, exquisite in proportion to the sensibility of the part affected; torments, of which he sees the beginning, but is never likely to see the end.

Trust not to appearances. Men are not what they seem. In the brilliant scenes of splendour and magnificence, of luxury and dissipation; surrounded by the companions of his pleasures and the flatterers of his vices; amidst the flashes of wit and merriment, when all wears the face of gayety and festivity,—the profligate often reads his doom, written by the hand whose characters are indelible. Should he turn away his eyes from beholding it, and succeed in the great work during the course of his revels; yet the time will come, when, from scenes like these, he must retire and be alone: and then, "what is all that a man can enjoy in this way for a week, a month, or a year, compared with what he feels for one hour, when his conscience shall take him aside, and rate him by himself?"

There is likewise another hour which will come, and that soon;—the hour when life must end; when the accumulated wealth of the East and the West, with all the assistance it is able to procure, will not be competent to obtain the respite of a moment; when the impenitent sinner shall be called—and must obey the call—to leave every thing, and give an account to his Maker, of the manner in which he has spent his time, and employed his talents. Of what is *said* by such, at that hour, we know not much. Care is generally taken that we never should. Of what is *thought*, we know nothing. O merciful God! grant that we never may!

X.—ON INFIDELITY.—*Thompson.*

It is amidst trials and sorrows that infidelity appears in its justest and most frightful aspect. When subjected to the multifarious ills "which flesh is heir to," what is there to uphold our spirit, but the discoveries and the prospects that are unfolded to us by revelation? What, for this purpose, can be compared with the belief that every thing here below is under the management of infinite wisdom and goodness, and that there is an immortality of bliss awaiting us in another world? If this conviction be taken away, what is it that we can have recourse to, on which the mind may patiently and safely repose in the season of adversity? Where is the balm which I may

apply with effect to my wounded heart, after I have rejected the aid of the Almighty Physician? Impose upon me whatever hardships you please; give me nothing but the bread of sorrow to eat; take from me the friends in whom I had placed my confidence; lay me in the cold hut of poverty, and on the thorny bed of disease; set death before me in all its terrors; do all this,—only let me trust in my Saviour, and "pillow my head on the bosom of Omnipotence,"—and I will "fear no evil"—I will rise superior to affliction,—"I will rejoice in my tribulation." But, let infidelity interpose between God and my soul, and draw its impenetrable veil over a future state of existence, and limit all my trust to the creatures of a day, and all my expectations to a few years as uncertain as they are short; and how shall I bear up, with fortitude or with cheerfulness, under the burthen of distress? Or, where shall I find one drop of consolation to put into the bitter draught, which has been given me to drink? I look over the whole range of this wilderness in which I dwell; but I see not one covert from the storm, nor one leaf for the healing of my soul, nor one cup of water to refresh me, in the weariness and the faintings of my pilgrimage.

XI.—ON HAPPINESS.—*Sterne.*

The great pursuit of man is Happiness: it is the first and strongest desire of his nature;—in every stage of life, he searches for it as for hidden treasure; courts it under a thousand different shapes, and, though perpetually disappointed, still persists; runs after and inquires for it afresh; asks every passenger that comes in his way, "Who will show me any good? who will assist me in the attainment of it, or direct me to the discovery of this great end of all my wishes?"

He is told by one, to search for it among the more gay and youthful pleasures of life, in scenes of mirth and sprightliness, where Happiness ever presides, and is ever to be known by the joy and laughter painted in her looks. A second, with a graver aspect, points to the costly dwellings which Pride and Extravagance have erected;—tells the inquirer, that the object he is in search of inhabits there; that Happiness lives only in company with the great, in the midst of much pomp and outward state; that he will easily find her out by the coat of many colours she has on, and the great luxury and expense of equipage and furniture with which she always sits surrounded.

The Miser blesses God!—wonders how any one would mis-

lead, and wilfully put him upon so wrong a scent—convinces him that Happiness and Extravagance never inhabited under the same roof; that, if he would not be disappointed in his search, he must look into the plain and thrifty dwellings of the prudent man, who knows and understands the worth of money, and cautiously lays it up against an evil hour: that it is not the prostitution of wealth upon the passions, or the parting with it at all, that constitutes happiness—but that it is the keeping it together, and the having and holding it fast to him and his heirs for ever, which are the chief attributes that form this great idol of human worship, to which so much incense is offered up every day.

The Epicure, though he easily rectifies so gross a mistake, yet, at the same time, he plunges him, if possible, into a greater: for, hearing the object of his pursuit to be Happiness, and knowing of no other happiness than what is seated immediately in the senses—he sends the inquirer there; tells him 'tis vain to search elsewhere for it, than where Nature herself has placed it—in the indulgence and gratification of the appetites which are given us for that end; and, in a word—if he will not take his opinion on the matter—he may trust the word of a much wiser man, who has assured us, that there is nothing better in this world, than that a man should eat, and drink, and rejoice in his works, and make his soul enjoy good in his labour; for that is his portion.

To rescue him from this brutal experiment, Ambition takes him by the hand, and carries him into the world—shows him all the kingdoms of the earth, and the glory of them—points out the many ways of advancing his fortune, and raising himself to honour—lays before his eyes all the charms and bewitching temptations of power—and asks, if there can be any happiness in this world like that of being caressed, courted, flattered, and followed?

To close all, the Philosopher meets him, bustling in the full career of his pursuit—stops him—tells him, if he is in search of Happiness, he is gone far out of his way; that this deity has long been banished from noise and tumults, where there was no rest found for her, and was fled into solitude, far from all commerce of the world; and, in a word, if he would find her, he must leave this busy and intriguing scene, and go back to the peaceful scene of retirement and of books.

In this circle, too often does a man run,—tries all experiments, and, generally, sits down wearied and dissatisfied with them all, in utter despair of ever accomplishing what he wants;

not knowing what to trust after so many disappointments, nor where to lay the fault—whether in the incapacity of his own nature, or the insufficiency of the enjoyments themselves.

XII.—ON THE APPROACHES OF DEATH.—*Logan.*

DEATH is called, in Scripture, the land without any order; and, without any order, the king of terrors makes his approaches in the world. The commission given from on high, was, "Go into the world; strike!—strike so, that the dead may alarm the living!" Hence it is, that we seldom see men running the full career of life; growing old among their children's children, and then falling asleep in the arms of nature, as in the embraces of a kind mother; coming to the grave like a shock of corn fully ripe, like flowers that shut up at the close of day. Death walks through the world without any order. He delights to surprise—to give a shock to mankind. Hence, he leaves the wretched to prolong the line of their sorrows, and cuts off the fortunate in the midst of their career: he suffers the aged to survive himself, to outlive life, to stalk about, the ghost of what he was; and he aims his arrow at the heart of the young, who puts the evil day far from him. He delights to see the feeble carrying the vigorous to the grave, and the father building the tomb of his children. Often, when his approaches are least expected, he bursts at once upon the world, like an earthquake in the dead of night, or thunder in the serenest sky. All ages and conditions he sweeps away without distinction;—the young man, just entering into life, high in hope, elated with joy, and promising to himself a length of years; the father of a family, from the embraces of his wife and children; the man of the world, when his designs are ripening to execution, and the long-expected crisis of enjoyment seems to approach. These and all others are hurried promiscuously off the stage, and laid without order in the common grave. Every path in the world leads to the tomb, and every hour in life hath been to some the last hour.

Without order, too, is the manner of death's approach. The king of terrors wears a thousand forms. Pains and diseases—a numerous and a direful train—compose his host. Marking out unhappy man for their prey, they attack the seat of life, or the seat of understanding; hurry him off the stage in an instant, or make him pine by slow degrees,—blasting the bloom of life, or waiting till the decline: according to the

pathetic picture of Solomon, "They make the strong men bow themselves, and the keepers of the house tremble; bring the daughters of music low; darken the sun, and the moon, and the stars; scatter fears in the way, and make desire itself to fail,—until the silver chord be loosed, and the golden bowl be broken; when the dust returns to the dust, and the spirit ascends to the God who gave it."

Man was made after the image of God; and the human form divine, the seat of so many heavenly faculties, graces, and virtues, exhibits a temple not unworthy of its Maker. Men, in their collective capacity, and united as nations, have displayed a wide field of exertion and of glory. The globe hath been covered with monuments of their power, and the voice of history transmits their renown from one generation to another. But when we pass from the living world to the dead, what a sad picture do we behold!—the fall and desolation of human nature, the ruins of man, the dust and ashes of many generations scattered over the earth! The high and the low, the mighty and the mean, the king and the cottager, lie blended together, without any order! A few feet of earth contain the ashes of him who conquered the globe; the shadows of the long night stretch over all alike: the monarch of disorder, the great leveller of mankind, lays all on the bed of clay in equal meanness! In the course of time, the land of desolation becomes still more desolate; the things that were, become as if they had never been. Babylon is a ruin, her heroes are dust; not a trace remains of the glory that shone over the earth, and not a stone to tell where the master of the world is laid! Such, in general, is the humiliating aspect of the tomb, but let us take a nearer view of the house appointed for all living.

Man sets out in the morning of his day, high in hope, and elated with joy. The most important objects to him, are the companions of his journey. They set out together in the career of life, and, after many mutual endearments, walk hand in hand through the paths of childhood and of youth. It is with a giddy recollection we look back on the past, when we consider the number and nature of those, whom unforeseen disaster and the hand of destiny have swept from our side. The friends whom we knew, and valued, and loved; our companions in the path of life; the partners of our tender hours, with whom we took sweet counsel, and walked in company to the house of God,—have passed to the land of forgetfulness, and have no more connexion with the living world.

Low lies the head that was once crowned with honour. Silent is the tongue to whose accents we surrendered up the soul, and to whose language of friendship and affection we wished to listen for ever. Beamless is the eye, and closed in night, which looked serenity, and sweetness, and love. The face that was to us as the face of an angel, is mangled and deformed. The heart that glowed with the purest fire, and beat with the best affections, is now become a clod of the valley.

But shall it always be so? If a man die, shall he live again? Have the wise and the worthy, the pious and the pure, the generous and the just, the great and the good; the excellent ones of the earth, who, from age to age have shone brighter than the stars of heaven,—withdrawn into the shade of annihilation, and set in darkness to rise no more? No:—while the dust returns to the earth as it was, the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

XIII.—THE MOST EXTENSIVE WEALTH NOT PRODUCTIVE OF ENJOYMENT.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Suppose a man gets all the world, what is it that he gets? It is a bubble and a phantasm, and hath no reality beyond a present transient use; a thing that is impossible to be enjoyed, because its fruits and usages are transmitted to us by parts and by succession. He that hath all the world (if we can suppose such a man) cannot have a dish of fresh summer fruits in the midst of winter, not so much as a green fig: and very much of its possessions is so hid, so fugacious, and of so uncertain purchase, that it is like the riches of the sea to the lord of the shore; all the fish and wealth within all its hollownesses are his, but he is never the better for what he cannot get; all the shell-fishes that produce pearls, produce them not for him; and the bowels of the earth hide her treasures in undiscovered retirements; so that it will signify as much to this great proprietor, to be entitled to an inheritance in the upper region of the air: he is so far from possessing all its riches, that he does not so much as know of them, nor understand the philosophy of its minerals.

I consider that he who is the greatest possessor in the world, enjoys its best and most noble parts, and those which are of most excellent perfection, but in common with the inferior persons, and the most despicable of his kingdom. Can the greatest prince enclose the sun, and set one little star in his

cabinet for his own use, or secure to himself the gentle and benign influence of any one constellation? Are not his subjects' fields bedewed with the same showers that water his gardens of pleasure?

Nay, those things which he esteems his ornament and the singularity of his possessions, are they not of more use to others than to himself? For suppose his garments splendid and shining, like the robe of a cherub, or the clothing of the fields—all that he that wears them enjoys, is, that they keep him warm, and clean, and modest: and all this is done by clean and less pompous vestments; and the beauty of them, which distinguishes him from others, is made to please the eyes of the beholders: the fairest face or the sparkling eye cannot perceive or enjoy its own beauties, but by reflection. It is I that am pleased with beholding his gayety; and the gay man, in his greatest bravery, is only pleased because I am pleased with the sight: so borrowing his little and imaginary complacency from the delight that I have, not from any inherency in his own possession.

The poorest artisan of Rome, walking in Cæsar's gardens, had the same pleasures which they ministered to their lord; and although, it may be, he was put to gather fruits to eat from another place, yet his other senses were delighted equally with Cæsar's: the birds made him as good music, the flowers gave him as sweet smells; he there sucked as good air, and delighted in the beauty and order of the place, for the same reason, and upon the same perception, as the prince himself; save only that Cæsar paid, for all that pleasure, vast sums of money, the blood and treasure of a province, which the poor man had for nothing.

And so it is if the whole world should be given to any man. He knows not what to do with it; he can use no more but according to the capacities of a man; he can use nothing but meat, and drink, and clothes. He to whom the world can be given to any purpose greater than a private estate can minister, must have new capacities created in him: he needs the understanding of an angel to take the accounts of his estate; he had need have a stomach like fire or the grave, for else he can eat no more than one of his healthful subjects; and unless he hath an eye like the sun, and a motion like that of a thought, and a bulk as big as one of the orbs of heaven,—the pleasures of his eye can be no greater than to behold the beauty of a little prospect from a hill, or to look upon a heap of gold packed up in a little room, or to dote upon a cabinet of jewels;

better than which, there is no man that sees at all, but sees every day. For, not to name the beauties and sparkling diamonds of heaven, a man's, or a woman's, or a hawk's eye, is more beauteous and excellent than all the jewels of his crown. Understanding and knowledge are the greatest instruments of pleasure; and he that is most knowing, hath a capacity to become happy, which a less knowing prince, or a rich person, hath not; and in this only a man's capacity is capable of enlargement. But then, although they only have power to relish any pleasure rightly who rightly understand the nature, and degrees, and essences, and ends of things; yet they that do so, understand also the vanity and unsatisfyingness of the things of this world: so that the relish, which could not be great but in a great understanding, appears contemptible, because its vanity appears at the same time: the understanding sees all, and sees through it.

XIV.—CHRISTIAN LOVE.—*Archbishop Whately.*

NECESSARILY associated with the exercise of universal love, will be the other virtues, graces, and endowments of the Christian character;—all blending into a soft and harmonious combination, and all flowing forth as so many streams, from that spring of living waters which the Divine Spirit has opened in the heart. There, joy, mingled with gratitude and elevated by hope, arising in part from the consideration of miseries escaped, and in part from the anticipation of felicities to be enjoyed—from a sense of the privileges now possessed, and of the blessedness still in reserve,—triumphs as in its natural element. There, peace, meek, gentle, and serene,—resulting from the subjugation of the appetites and passions, from the banishment of vain and irregular desires, from a soothing persuasion of being in a state of reconciliation with God, through the death and righteousness of his Son,—diffuses a calm and delightful composure through all the powers of the soul. There, forbearance under every species of provocation, resignation to the divine will, under the most trying dispensations of Providence and amidst the most afflictive scenes of human life, will check the first risings of anger, and silence the voice of complaint. There, faith, in all the variety of its operations, will act with energy and vigour, reposing an unhesitating trust in all the declarations of Jehovah—confiding, with unshaken reliance, in the meritorious life and

atoning death of the Redeemer, as the sole and all-sufficien ground of its hope of salvation—looking forward, with a realizing eye, to the glories of a future world, amid the clouds and darkness of present sufferings,—and directing, as a primary power, the whole movements of the conduct. There, the flame of devotion burns, prayer delights to make known its request, praise to offer up its incense of thanksgiving, holy contemplation to unfold its pinions, and to soar amid scenes yet remote. There, also, the duties of temperance and self-denial, the rigid restraint, within their due and appropriate bounds, of the several faculties and affections of the soul, will meet with the requisite share of attention. There, in short, goodness, in all its constituent principles, whether it regards God or man, whether it relates to the understanding, the heart, or the life, to the habits of the mind, or the regulation of the conduct, proves its existence, vindicates its character, and evinces its celestial origin.

XV.—ON THE UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.—*Kirwan.*

EVERY thing human admits of change and vicissitude; states and empires, arts and sciences, customs and manners, laws and governments, feel, without ceasing, this inevitable principle acting upon them. God, from the throne of his immutability, sports with all the works and enterprises of man; and, willing to show us the little value we should set on things perishable, has decreed that there should be nothing permanent on the face of the earth, but the very vicissitude that marks and agitates it.

My brethren, the true source of all our delusion is a false and deceitful security of life. Thousands pass their accounts around us, and we are not instructed: some are struck in our very arms—our parents, our children, our friends; and yet we stand as if we had shot into the earth an eternal root. Even the most sudden transitions from life to dust, produce but a momentary impression on the dust that breathes. No examples, however awful, sink into the heart. Every instant we see health, youth, beauty, titles, reputation, and fortune, disappear like a flash. Still do we pass gaily on in the broad and flowery way—the same busy, thoughtless, irreclaimable beings; panting for every pleasure as before; thirsting for riches and pre-eminence; rushing on the melancholy ruins of one another; intriguing for the employments of those whose ashes are scarce cold; nay, often, I fear, keeping an eye on

the very expiring, with the infamous view of seizing the earliest moment to solicit their spoils.

Great God! as if the all-devouring tomb, instead of solemnly pronouncing on the vanity of all human pursuits, on the contrary emitted sparks to rekindle all our attachment to a perishable world! Let me suppose, my brethren, that the number of man's days were inscribed on his brow! Is it not clear that an awful certainty of that nature must necessarily beget the most profound and operative reflection? Would it be possible to banish, even for a moment, the fatal term from his thought? The nearer he approached it, what an increase of alarm! what an increase of light on the folly of every thing but immortal good! Would all his views and aspirings be confined, as they now are, to the little space that intervenes between his cradle and his grave; and care, and anxiety, and miserable agitations, be his lot, merely to die overwhelmed with riches, and blazing with honours?

There is some allowance, perhaps, to be made for youth—that boiling season of life, when all the passions are impetuous, and the attractions of the world so intimately felt, and so naturally obeyed. But to see men, as they decline from their meridian, burning fiercer and fiercer for that world; shocking the wrinkles on their brow by an insatiable desire for more wealth and distinction; sacrificing their glorious reversionary hopes for acquisitions and attainments that are on the point of being torn from them; promising themselves a kind of immortality here, as long as they behold a single being one step nearer to the grave,—is such a horrible perversion of reason and religion, as places it out of the ordinary exertion of the power of God to enlighten and save them.

This much we all know, that, whatever length of days we promise ourselves, go we must; and, what is perhaps equally certain, at the moment we least expect it. Even examples of instant death in all the vigour of health, in the very bosom of security, are far from being uncommon. The scythe is suspended over our heads by a slender and imperceptible thread, which many causes, internal and external, often dissever without allowing us a breath for recollection. But, admitting that a misfortune so terrible is the lot of the fewer number are we, therefore, more secure from surprise? There is not one individual in ten thousand, when obliged to lie down under illness, however alarming, who can bring himself to believe it will prove fatal.

No! wedded to this miserable scene of existence, our hopes

are afloat to the last; our eyes are opened, only when they are ready to close for ever. Perhaps an instant of reflection to be made the most of; perhaps to be divided between the disposition of worldly affairs, and the business of eternity! An instant of reflection!—just God!—to bewail an entire life of disorder! to inspire faith the most lively, hope the most firm, love the most pure! An instant of reflection, when reason is half eclipsed, and all the faculties palsied by the strong grasp of death. Oh, my brethren, terrible is the fate of those, who are only roused from a long and criminal security, by the sword of Divine Justice already gleaming in their eyes!

But if no danger is to be apprehended while the thunder of heaven rolls at a distance, believe me, when it collects over our heads, we may be fatally convinced that a well-spent life is the only conductor that can avert the bolt. Let us reflect that time waits for no man. Sleeping or waking, our days are on the wing. If we look to those that are past, they are but as a point; the great feature of all nature is rapidity of growth, and of declension. Ages are renewed, but the figure of the world passeth away. God only remains the same. The torrent that sweeps along, runs at the base of his immutability; and he sees, with indignation, wretched mortals, as they pass, insulting him by the visionary hope of sharing that attribute which belongs to Him alone.

It is to the incomprehensible oblivion of our mortality, that the world owes all its fascination. Observe for what man toils. Observe what it often costs him to become rich and great;—dismal vicissitudes of hope and disappointment—often all that can degrade the dignity of his nature, and offend his God! Study the matter of the pedestal, and the instability of the statue. Scarce is it erected,—scarce presented to the stare of the multitude—when death, starting like a massy fragment from the summit of a mountain, dashes the proud colossus into dust! Where, then, is the promised fruit of all his toil? Where the wretched and deluded being, who fondly promised himself that he had laid up much goods for many years?—Gone, my brethren, to his account!—a naked victim, trembling in the hands of the living God! Yes, my brethren, the final catastrophe of all human passions is rapid as it is awful. Fancy yourselves on that bed from which you never shall rise; and the reflection will exhibit, like a true and faithful mirror, what shadows we are and what shadows we pursue. Happy they who meet that great, inevitable transition, full of days!

Unhappy they who meet it but to tremble and despair! Then it is that man learns wisdom, when too late; then it is that every thing will forsake him, but his virtues or his crimes. To him the world is past; dignities, honours, pleasure, glory!—past like the cloud of the morning!—nor could all that the great globe inherits, afford him, at that tremendous hour, as much consolation, as the recollection of having given but one cup of cold water to a child of wretchedness, in the name of Christ Jesus!

XVI.—THE INFLUENCE OF SATAN.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

It would appear, from the records of inspiration, that, on the one hand, the Spirit of God is employed in making, for the truths of Christianity, a way into the human heart, with all the power of an effectual demonstration; that, on the other, there is a spirit now abroad, which worketh in the children of disobedience: that, on the one hand, the Holy Ghost is calling men out of darkness into the marvellous light of the Gospel; and that, on the other hand, he who is styled the god of this world, is blinding their hearts, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ should enter into them: that they who are under the dominion of the one, are said to have overcome, because greater is he that is in them, than he that is in the world; and that they who are under the dominion of the other, are said to be the children of the devil, and to be under his snare, and to be taken captive by him at his will. How these respective powers do operate, is one question. The fact of their operation, is another. We abstain from the former. We attach ourselves to the latter, and gather from it, that the prince of darkness still walketh abroad amongst us; that he is still working his insidious policy, if not with the vigorous inspirations of hope, at least with the frantic energies of despair; that, while the overtures of reconciliation are made to circulate through the world, he is playing all his devices to deafen and to extinguish the impression of them; or, in other words, while a process of invitation and of argument has emanated from heaven, for reclaiming men to their loyalty, the process is resisted at all its points, by one who is putting forth his every expedient, and wielding a mysterious ascendency, to seduce and to enthral them.

To an infidel ear, all this carries the sound of something wild and visionary along with it. But, though only known through the medium of revelation, after it is known, who can

fail to recognise its harmony with the great lineaments of human experience? Whence the might, and whence the mystery of that spell, which so blinds and so infatuates us to the world? What prompts us so to embark the whole strength of our eagerness and of our desires, in pursuit of interests, which, we know, a few little years will bring to utter annihilation? Who is it that imparts to them all the charm and all the colour of an unfading durability? Who is it that throws such an air of stability over these earthly tabernacles, as makes them look, to the fascinated eye of man, like resting-places for eternity? Who is it that so pictures out the objects of sense, and so magnifies the range of their future enjoyment, and so dazzles the fond and deceived imagination, that, in looking onward through our earthly career, it appears like the vista, or the perspective, of innumerable ages? He who is called the god of this world. He who can dress the idleness of its waking dreams in the garb of reality. He who can pour a seducing brilliancy over the panorama of its fleeting pleasures, and its vain anticipations. He who can turn it into an instrument of deceitfulness; and make it wield such an absolute ascendency over all the affections, that man—become the poor slave of its idolatries and its charms—puts the authority of conscience, and the warnings of the word of God, and the offered instigations of the Spirit of God, and all the lessons of calculation, and all the wisdom even of his own sound and sober experience, away from him.

But this wondrous contest will come to a close. Some will return to their loyalty, and others will keep by their rebellion; and, in the day of the winding up of the drama of this world's history, there will be made manifest, to the myriads of the various orders of creation, both the mercy and vindicated majesty of the Eternal. Oh! on that day, how vain will the presumption of the infidel astronomy appear, when the affairs of men come to be examined, in the presence of an innumerable company; and beings of loftiest nature are seen to crowd around the judgment-seat; and the Saviour shall appear in our sky, with a celestial retinue, who have come with him from afar, to witness all his doings, and to take a deep and solemn interest in all his dispensations; and the destiny of our species, whom the Infidel would thus detach, in solitary insignificance, from the universe altogether, shall be found to merge and to mingle with higher destinies;—the good, to spend their eternity with angels—the bad, to spend their eternity with devils;—the former, to be re-admitted into the

universal family of God's obedient worshippers—the latter, to share in the everlasting pain and ignominy of the defeated hosts of the rebellious;—the people of this planet to be implicated, throughout the whole train of their never-ending history, with the higher ranks, and the more extended tribes of Intelligence.

XVII.—GOD IS LOVE.—*Richard Watson.*

WHERE shall we go for manifestations of the tenderness, the sympathy, the benignity of God? The Philosopher of this world leads us to nature, its benevolent final causes, and kind contrivances to increase the sum of animal happiness; and there he stops—with half his demonstration! But the Apostle leads us to the Gift bestowed by the Father for the recovery of man's intellectual and moral nature, and to the cross endured by the Son on this high behalf. Go to the heavens, which canopy man with grandeur, cheer his steps with successive light, and mark his festivals by their chronology; go to the atmosphere, which invigorates his spirits, and is to him the breath of life; go to the smiling fields, decked with verdure for his eye, and covered with fruits for his sustenance; go to every scene which spreads beauty before his gaze, which is made harmoniously vocal to his ear, which fills and delights the imagination by its glow or by its greatness: we travel with you, we admire with you, we feel and enjoy with you, we adore with you,—but we stay not with you. We hasten onwards in search of a demonstration more convincing that "God is love;" and we rest not till we press into the strange, the mournful, the joyful scenes of Calvary; and amidst the throng of invisible and astonished angels, weeping disciples, and the mocking multitude, under the arch of the darkened heaven, and with earth trembling beneath our feet, we gaze upon the meek, the resigned, but fainting Sufferer; and exclaim, "Herein is love,"—herein, and no-where else, is it so affectingly, so unequivocally demonstrated,—"not that we loved God, but that God loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins."

XVIII.—THE EFFECTS OF EVIL EXAMPLE.—*O'Keefe.*

LAMENTABLE as are the consequences of evil example in this life, the full extent of the injury cannot be ascertained, until the light of futurity begins to dawn. Ascend in spirit to

the many mansions, where myriads of celestial beings sit enthroned before the great and living God. Crowned with surpassing glory and bathed in eternal bliss, they are filled with the plenty of their Father's house; they drink of the torrent of delight, which springs fast by the throne of the Eternal; and, rapt in the contemplation of boundless excellence, they enjoy all the felicity of which our nature is susceptible. Of this destined happiness, the giver of evil example deprives his victim. But the injury is not confined to the mere deprivation of happiness; he further brings down on his miserable victim a horrible damnation. Think on that dark prison whose smoke ascends for ever and ever; where human guilt is paying to rigorous retribution its eternal debt—where misery appears in every shape that can appal the firmest—where the unsparing hand of Justice is lifted up for ever! Approach and speak to the victims of evil example.—No mortal voice could preach like those hollow tones of deep despair that load the accursed atmosphere of "*hell.*" Ask *that young man* what direful causes concurred to plunge him in the dread abyss? He will tell you of the companions of his youth, who drew him into guilt, and gave his young mind the fatal bias; he will tell you, that they met him in the morning of his days, when life was young and hope unbroken, and the chalice of guilty pleasure untasted—when youthful confidence saw in every face a friend, and youthful spirits tinged, with the richest colourings of fancy, the boundless prospect that stretched before him.

They met him, whilst his body was yet a living sacrifice offered to his God at morning and evening time; his heart a throne of living light, where Jesus loved to dwell; and his spirit a cloudless heaven, chequered by no dark shade of vice or crime. They met him in an evil hour, and led him to those scenes, where crowd, in full assemblage, all the seductions of vice, and all the blandishments that can soften and seduce—where the wicked combine, and the profligate associate—where bloated intemperance and sickly dissipation riot in what is called "the festive chair," pouring out from wanton and profane lips offences against decency, and blasphemy against God—where rude and boisterous merriment, born in sin, and bred in folly and ignorance, ridicule the discipline of virtue and the sanctity of religion. There did he learn by degrees to join in the senseless cry raised against all that should be dear to man in time and eternity. His course was a short one—he brought down ruin on his circumstances,

infamy on his character, decay on his constitution, anger and sorrow and shame on the grey hairs of a father, destruction and final perdition on himself. He was hurried away, while he slept in imagined security. Before the thought of eternity seriously took possession of his mind, he found himself sinking through its darkest depths; and, ere he had time to call on the name of the living God, he was standing in horror before his awful tribunal. There is no bosom so locked up against the entrance of humanity, as not to feel for thy sorrows, child of high and disappointed hopes!—no heart so hardened, as not to mourn over the stranded wreck of thy virtues and thy happiness, that lies so dark, so shattered, and so lonely, on the shores of eternal exile. If tears could ease thy torture, all who knew thy once kind and compassionate spirit would shed them for thee; if prayer and sacrifice could avail, the Church, that mourns thee lost, would make her altars blaze before her God with the burnt-offerings of Calvary—But thou art lost; lost to thyself, to thy friends, to thy God! and lost for ever! Stretched on thy burning bed, thou art a beacon of fire to warn others from the rocks where all thy hopes are shipwrecked, to make them fly the associates whose converse is corruption,—whose company is dishonour,—whose example is death and final perdition.

XIX.—HUMAN AND DIVINE JUSTICE.—*Sherlock.*

"UNTO whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required" is a general rule, the equity of which is so apparent to common sense, that it admits of no dispute, and calls for no explanation. A single mite offered by a poor widow, is a present fit for the King of Heaven, which, from the hand of a rich man, would hardly be a decent charity to a poor widow. And thus in all instances to which the rule is applicable.

But plain as this general maxim is, the weakness and wickedness of men have almost totally excluded it from human judicatures. For as it is in every one's power to pretend ignorance of a law, or some other inability, in excuse for crime, so, if the excuse were as easily admitted as it could be pleaded, a door would be opened to all kinds of licentiousness; and that fear of punishment would be taken off, which is so necessary a restraint upon the depraved inclinations of men. And since the wisest and ablest judges cannot discern (some few cases perhaps excepted) between real and affected ignorance; or so distinguish between the powers and abilities of

one man and of another, as to proportion rewards and punishments according to this rule; therefore the law puts all, except those who are manifestly deficient in reason, upon the same level: it supposes every man to know the laws of his country; consequently, where a malicious act is proved, it presumes a malicious intention, and the criminal is sentenced accordingly.

But how justifiable soever this proceeding may be, upon the necessity there is for it in order to preserve some tolerable degree of peace and quiet in the world; yet it is evident that the general presumptions upon which all human judicatures proceed, do not leave reason for an exact distribution of justice; and it often happens that men are made equal in punishment, who, if all circumstances could be considered, are not equal in crime.—But could you introduce a judge endowed with a perfect knowledge of men's hearts, there would be an end of all such general presumptions: he would do, in every case, what was exactly right and equitable; and the only standing rule of the court would be that of the text, "Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required."

One such court there is, in which He who knows the secrets of every heart will sit judge himself; before whose tribunal there will want no evidence to convict the guilty, no advocate to defend the innocent: there, no pretended excuse will be admitted, no real one excluded: there, every man with all his actions, with all his talents and abilities, and all his opportunities of knowing the will of God, will be weighed in the balance; and "Unto whom much was given, of him shall much be required."

XX.—THE MAJESTY OF THE REDEEMER.—*W. Archer Butler.*

On such a subject as this, what can one say which is not unworthy? It is far vaster than our vastest conception, infinitely grander than our loftiest; yet, overpoweringly awful as it is, how familiarity reconciles us to hearing it without awe! Perhaps even the overpowering greatness of the subject makes us despair of conceiving it. All the wonders of God fall deadly on unfitted minds. And thus men learn listlessly to hear words, without even an effort to attach ideas to them; and this is not least the case with those who dispute the most bitterly about the lifeless words themselves. In such a case all that can be done is, to endeavour to devise some mode of meeting this miserable influence of habit, by forcing the mind to make some faint effort to realize the infinite magnificence of the subject. Let us endeavour, then, to approach it thus.

You are wandering (I will suppose) in some of the wretched retreats of poverty, upon some mission of business or charity. Perplexed and wearied amid its varieties of misery, you chance to come upon an individual whose conversation and mien attract and surprise you. Your attention, enkindled by the gracious benevolence of the stranger's manner, you inquire; and the astounding fact reveals itself, that, in this lone and miserable scene, you have, by some strange conjuncture, met with one of the great lights of the age, one belonging to a different and distant sphere, one of the leaders of universal opinion; on whom your thoughts had long been busied, and whom you had for years desired to see. The singular accident of an interview so unexpected, fills and agitates your mind. You form a thousand theories as to what strange cause could have brought him *there*. You recall how he spoke and looked; you call it an epoch in your life to have witnessed so startling an occurrence—to have beheld one so distinguished, in a scene so much out of all possibility of anticipation. And this, even though he were in no-wise apparently connected with it, except as witnessing and compassionating its groups of misery.

Yet again, something more wonderful than this is easily conceivable. Upon the same stage of wretchedness a loftier personage may be imagined. In the wild revolutions of fortune, even monarchs have been wanderers. Suppose this then,—improbable indeed, but not impossible surely. And then, what feelings of respectful pity, of deep and earnest interest, would thrill your frame, as you contemplated such a one cast down from all that earth can minister of luxury and power, from the head of councils and of armies, to seek a home with the homeless, to share the bread of destitution, and feed on the charity of the scornful! How the depths of human nature are stirred by such events! how they find an echo in the recesses of our hearts,—these terrible espousals of majesty and misery!

But this will not suffice. There are beings within the mind's easy conception that far overpass the glories of the statesman and the monarch of our earth. Men of even no extreme ardour of fancy, when once instructed as to the vastness of our universe, have yearned to know of the life and intelligence that animate and that guide those distant regions of creation which science has so abundantly and so wonderfully revealed; and have dared to dream of the communications that might subsist—and that may yet in another state of existence subsist—with the beings of such spheres. Con-

ceive, then, no longer the mighty of our world in this strange union with misery and degradation, but the presiding spirit of one of these orbs; or multiply his power, and make him the deputed governor, the vicegerent angel, of a million of those orbs that are spread in their myriads through infinity. Think what it would be to be permitted to hold high converse with such a delegate of heaven as this; to find this lord of a million worlds the actual inhabitant of our own; to see him, and yet live; to learn the secrets of his immense administration, and hear of forms of being, of which men can now have no more conception than the insect living on a leaf has of the forest that surrounds him. Still more, to find, in this being, an interest, a real interest in the affairs of our little corner of the universe; of that earthly cell, which is absolutely invisible from the nearest fixed star that sparkles in the heavens above us. Nay, to find him willing to throw aside his glorious toils of empire, in order to meditate our welfare, and dwell among us for a time. This surely would be wondrous, appalling, and yet transporting; such as that, when it had passed away, life would seem to have nothing more it could offer, compared to the being blessed with such an intercourse!

And now mark,—behind all the visible scenery of nature; beyond all the systems of all the stars; around this whole universe, and through the infinity of infinite space itself; from all eternity and to all eternity; there lives a Being, compared to whom that mighty spirit just described, with his empire of a million suns, is infinitely less, than to you is the minutest mote that floats in the sunbeam. There is a Being in whose breath lives the whole immense of worlds; who with the faintest wish could blot them all from existence; and who, after they had all vanished away like a dream, would remain, filling the whole tremendous solitude they left, as unimpaired in all the fulness of his might, as when he first scattered them around him to be the flaming beacons of his glory. With him, co-infinite with immensity, coeval with eternity, the universe is a span, its duration a moment. Hear his voice attesting his own eternal sovereignty: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."—But *who* is he that thus builds the throne of his glory upon the ruins of earth and heaven? who is he that thus triumphs over a perishing universe, himself alone eternal and impassible? The child of a Jewish woman;—he who was laid in a manger, because there was no room for him in the inn at Bethlehem!

READINGS

IN

SENATORIAL AND JUDICIAL ELOQUENCE.

I.—MR. PITT (LORD CHATHAM) IN REPLY TO MR. HORACE WALPOLE.

SIR—The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny; but content myself with wishing, that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of those who continue ignorant in spite of age and experience.

Whether youth can be attributed to any man as a reproach, I will not, Sir, assume the province of determining; but surely, age may justly become contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement; and vice appear to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and in whom age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt; and deserves not that his grey head should secure him from insults. Much more, Sir, is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation; who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.

But youth, Sir, is not my only crime: I have been accused of acting a theatrical part.—A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and the adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense, Sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves to be mentioned only that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though I may, perhaps, have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any

restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age or modelled by experience.

But if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment which he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity entrench themselves, nor shall any thing, but age, restrain my resentment; age, which always brings with it one privilege—that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment.

But with regard, Sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion that if I *had* acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure: the heat which offended them is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery.—I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villany, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

II.—LORD CHATHAM (MR. PITT) ON THE AMERICAN WAR.

I CANNOT, my Lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my Lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment. It is not a time for adulation: the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelop it; and display, in its full danger and genuine colours, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty, as to give its support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon it? Measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt! "But yesterday, and Britain might have stood against the world: now, none so poor as to do her reverence!"—The people, whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against us, supplied with every military store, have their interests consulted, and their ambassadors entertained, by our inveterate enemy; and ministers do not—and dare not—interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate

state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honours the British troops than I do; I know their virtues and their valour; I know they can achieve any thing but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of British America is an impossibility. You cannot, my Lords, you can not conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot: your attempts will be for ever vain and impotent—doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to over-run them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms;—never, never, never!

But, my Lords, who is the man, that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage?—to call into civilized alliance, the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods?—to delegate, to the merciless Indian, the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My Lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. But, my Lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; "for it is perfectly allowable," says Lord Suffolk, "to use all the means, which God and nature have put into our hands." I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this house, or in this country. My Lords, I did not intend to encroach so much on your attention, but I cannot repress my indignation—I feel myself impelled to speak. My Lords, we are called upon, as members of this house, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity!—"That God and nature have put into our hands!" What ideas of God and nature that noble Lord may entertain, I know not; but I know, that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife!—to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood

of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honour. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation.

I call upon that Right Reverend, and this most Learned Bench, to vindicate the religion of their God—to support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops, to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn;—upon the judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your Lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the Genius of the Constitution! From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. To send forth the merciless cannibal, thirsting for blood! Against whom?—your brethren! —to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, by the aid and instrumentality of these horrible hounds of war! Spain can no longer boast pre-eminence in barbarity. She armed herself with blood-hounds, to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico; we, more ruthless, loose these dogs of war against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that can sanctify humanity. I solemnly call upon your Lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp, upon this infamous procedure, the indelible stigma of the Public Abhorrence. More particularly, I call upon the holy prelates of our religion to do away this iniquity; let them perform a lustration, to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin.

III.—LORD MANSFIELD, ON PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENT.

My Lords—When I consider the importance of this bill to your lordships, I am not surprised it has taken up so much of your consideration. It is a bill, indeed, of no common magnitude; it is no less than to take away, from two-thirds of the legislative body of this great kingdom, certain privileges and immunities, of which they have been long possessed. Perhaps there is no situation in which the human mind can be placed, that is so difficult and trying, as when it is made a judge in its own cause. There is something in the breast of man, so attached to self, so tenacious of privileges once obtained; that, in such a situation, either to discuss with

impartiality, or decide with justice, has ever been held as the summit of all human virtue. The bill now in question puts your Lordships in this very predicament; and I doubt not but the wisdom of your decision will convince the world, that, where self-interest and justice are in opposite scales, the latter will ever preponderate with your Lordships.

This bill has been frequently proposed, and as frequently miscarried; but it was always lost in the Lower House. Little did I think, when it had passed the Commons, that it possibly could have met with such opposition here. Shall it be said, that you, my Lords,—the grand council of the nation, the highest judicial and legislative body in the realm,—endeavour to evade, by privilege, those very laws which you enforce on your fellow-subjects? Forbid it, Justice!—I am sure, were the noble lords as well acquainted as I am with but half the difficulties and delays occasioned in the courts of justice, under pretence of *privilege*, they would not, nay, they could not, oppose this bill.

I come now to speak upon what indeed I would have gladly avoided, had I not been particularly pointed at for the part I have taken in this bill. It has been said by a noble lord on my left hand, that I likewise am running the race of popularity. If the noble lord means, by popularity, that applause bestowed by after-ages on good and virtuous actions, I have long been struggling in that race; to what purpose, all-trying time can alone determine: but, if the noble lord means that mushroom popularity which is raised without merit, and lost without crime, he is much mistaken in his opinion. I defy the noble lord to point out a single action of my life, in which the popularity of the times ever had the smallest influence on my determinations. I have a more permanent and steady rule for my conduct,—the dictates of my own breast. Those that have foregone that pleasing adviser, and given up their minds to be the slave of every popular impulse, I sincerely pity: I pity them still more, if their vanity leads them to mistake the shouts of a mob for the trumpet of fame. Experience might inform them that many, who have been saluted with the huzzas of a crowd one day, have received its execrations the next; and many who, by the popularity of their times, have been held up as spotless patriots, have, nevertheless, appeared upon the historian's page,—when truth has triumphed over delusion,—the assassins of liberty.

True liberty, in my opinion, can only exist when justice is equally administered to all—*to the king and to the beggar.*

Where is the justice, then, or where is the law, that protects a member of parliament more than any other man from the punishment due to his crimes? The laws of this country allow of no place, and no employment, to be a sanctuary for crimes; and where I have the honour to sit as judge, neither royal favour nor popular applause shall ever protect the guilty.

IV.—MR. GRATTAN, ON THE NATIONAL GRIEVANCES.

PARLIAMENT is not a bigot—you are no sectary, no polemic; it is your duty to unite all men, to manifest brotherly love and confidence to all men. The parental sentiment is the true principle of government. Men are ever finally disposed to be governed by the instrument of their happiness. The mystery of government, would you learn it? look on the Gospel, and make the source of your redemption the rule of your authority; and, like the hen in the Scripture, expand your wings, and take in all the people.

Let bigotry and schism, the zealot's fire, and the high priest's intolerance, through all their discordancy tremble; while an enlightened parliament, with arms of general protection, overarches the whole community. Laws of coercion (perhaps necessary, certainly severe) you have put forth already, but your great engine of power you have hitherto kept back; that engine, which the pride of the bigot, or the spite of the zealot, or the ambition of the high, or the arsenal of the conqueror, or the Inquisition, with its jaded rack and pale criminal, never thought of; the engine, which, armed with physical and moral blessings, comes forth, and overlays mankind with services—the engine of *redress;* this is government, and this the only description of government worth your ambition. Were I to raise you to a great act, I should not recur to the history of other nations; I would recite your own acts, and set you in emulation with yourselves. Do you remember that night when you gave your country a free trade, and with your hands opened all her harbours? That night, when you gave her a free constitution, and broke the chains of a century—while England stood eclipsed by your glory, and your island rose, as it were, from its bed, and got nearer the sun? In the arts that polish life—the inventions that accommodate, the manufactures that adorn it,—you will be for many years inferior to some other parts of Europe; but, to nurse a growing people, to mature a struggling, though hardy community; to mould, to multiply, to consolidate, to inspire, and to exalt a young nation; be these your barbarous accomplishments!

V.—LORD ERSKINE, IN FAVOUR OF MR. HARDY.

GENTLEMEN—If precedents in bad times are to be followed, why should the Lords and Commons have investigated these charges, and the crown have put them into this course of judicial trial? since, without such a trial, and even after an acquittal upon one, they might have attainted all the prisoners by act of parliament: they did so in the case of Lord Strafford. There are precedents, therefore, for all such things; but such precedents as could not, for a moment, survive the times of madness and distraction which gave them birth; but which, as soon as the spurs of the occasion were blunted, were repealed and execrated even by parliaments, which, little as I think of the present, ought not to be compared with it; parliaments sitting in the darkness of former times—in the night of freedom—before the principles of government were developed, and before the constitution became fixed. The last of these precedents, and all the proceedings upon it, were ordered to be taken off the file and burned, to the intent that the same might no longer be visible in after-ages: an order dictated, no doubt, by a pious tenderness for national honour, and meant as a charitable covering for the crimes of our fathers. But it was a sin against posterity, it was a treason against society; for, instead of commanding them to be burned, they should rather have directed them to be blazoned, in large letters, upon the walls of our courts of justice; that, like the characters deciphered by the Prophet to the Eastern tyrant, they might enlarge and blacken in your sights, to terrify you from acts of injustice.

In times, when the whole habitable earth is in a state of change and fluctuation; when deserts are starting up into civilized empires around you; and when men—no longer slaves to the prejudices of particular countries, much less to the abuses of particular governments—enlist themselves, like the citizens of an enlightened world, into whatever communities their civil liberties may be best protected; it never can be for the advantage of this country to prove that the strict, unextended letter of her laws, is no security to her inhabitants. On the contrary, when so dangerous a hire is everywhere holding out to emigration, it will be found to be the wisest policy of Great Britain to set up her happy constitution—the strict letter of her guardian laws, and the proud condition of equal freedom, which her highest and her lowest subjects ought alike to enjoy;—it will be her wisest policy,

to set up these first of human blessings, against those charms of change and novelty, which the varying condition of the world is hourly displaying, and which may deeply affect the population and prosperity of our country. In times when the subordination to authority is said to be everywhere too little felt, it will be found to be the wisest policy of Great Britain, to instil into the governed an almost superstitious reverence for the strict security of the laws; which, from their equality of principle, beget no jealousies or discontents; which, from their equal administration, can seldom work injustice; and which, from the reverence growing out of their mildness and antiquity, acquire a stability in the habits and affections of men, far beyond the force of civil obligations: whereas, severe penalties, and arbitrary constructions of laws intended for security, lay the foundations of alienation from every human government; and have been the cause of all the calamities that have come, and are coming, upon the earth.

To conclude, my fervent wish is, that we may not conjure up a spirit to destroy ourselves. Let us cherish the old and venerable laws of our forefathers; let our judicial administration be strict and pure; and let the jury of the land preserve the life of a fellow-subject, who only asks it from them upon the same terms under which they hold their own lives, and all that is dear to them and their posterity for ever. Let me repeat the wish, with which I began my address to you, and which proceeds from the very bottom of my heart; may it please Him, who is the author of all mercies to mankind—whose providence, I am persuaded, guides and superintends the transactions of the world, and whose guardian spirit has ever hovered over this prosperous island—to direct and fortify your judgments!

VI.—SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH, ON THE LIBERTY OF THE BRITISH PRESS.

Unfortunately for the repose of mankind, great states are compelled to consider the military spirit and martial habits of their people, as one of the main objects of their policy. Frequent hostilities seem almost the necessary condition of greatness; and, without being great, they cannot remain safe. Smaller states, exempted from this necessity, devoted themselves to the arts of peace, to the cultivation of literature, and the improvement of reason. They became places of refuge for free and fearless discussion; they were the impartial

spectators and judges of the various contests of ambition, which, from time to time, disturbed the quiet of the world. If wars of aggrandizement were undertaken, their authors were arraigned in the sight of Europe. If acts of internal tyranny were perpetrated, they resounded, from a thousand presses, throughout all civilized countries.

Princes, on whose will there were no legal checks, thus found a moral restraint which the most powerful of them could not brave with absolute impunity. No elevation of power, no depravity however consummate, no innocence however spotless, can render man wholly independent of the praise or blame of his fellows. These feeble states, these monuments of the justice of Europe, the asylum of peace, of industry, and of literature, the organs of public reason, the refuge of oppressed innocence and persecuted truth,—have perished, with those ancient principles which were their sole guardians and protectors. They have been swallowed up by that fearful convulsion, which has shaken the uttermost corners of the earth. They are destroyed, and gone for ever!

One asylum of free discussion is still inviolate.—There is still one spot in Europe where man can freely exercise his reason on the most important concerns of society; where he can boldly publish his judgment on the acts of the proudest and most powerful tyrants. The press of England is still free. It is guarded by the free constitution of our forefathers; it is guarded by the hearts and arms of Englishmen; and I trust I may venture to say, that, if it be to fall, it will fall only under the ruins of the British empire.—It is an awful consideration, gentlemen!—every other monument of European liberty has perished. That ancient fabric, which has been gradually reared by the wisdom and virtue of our fathers, still stands;—it stands, thanks be to heaven! solid and entire—but—it stands alone, and it stands amid ruins!

VII.—MR. BURKE, ON CONCILIATING THE COLONIES.

THE proposition is peace. Not peace, through the medium of war; not peace, to be hunted through the labyrinth of intricate and endless negotiations; not peace, to arise out of universal discord, fomented from principle, in all parts of the empire; not peace, to depend on the juridical determination of perplexing questions, or the precise marking of the shadowy boundaries of a complex government: it is simple peace; sought in its natural course, and in its ordinary haunts. It is

peace, sought in the spirit of peace, and laid in principles purely pacific. I propose,—by removing the ground of the difference, and by restoring the former unsuspecting confidence of the colonies in the mother country,—to give permanent satisfaction to your people; and (far from a scheme of ruling by discord,) to reconcile them to each other, in the same act, and by the bond of the very same interest, which reconciles them to British government.

I mean to give peace. Peace implies reconciliation; and, where there has been a material dispute, reconciliation does, in a manner, imply concession on the one part or the other. In this state of things, I make no difficulty in affirming that the proposal ought to originate from us. Great and acknowledged force is not impaired, either in effect or in opinion, by an unwillingness to exert itself. The superior power may offer peace with honour and safety. Such an offer from such a power will be attributed to magnanimity. But the concessions of the weak are the concessions of fear. When such a one is disarmed, he is wholly at the mercy of his superior; and he loses for ever that time, and those chances, which, as they happen to all men, are the strength and resources of all inferior power.

My hold of the colonies is in the close affection which grows from common names, from kindred blood, from similar privileges, and equal protection. These are ties which, though light as air, yet are as strong as the links of iron. Let the colonies always keep the idea of their civil rights associated with your government,—they will cling and grapple to you; and no force under heaven will be of power to tear them from their allegiance. But let it be once understood, that your government may be one thing, and their privileges another; that these two things may exist without any mutual relation;—the cement is gone, the cohesion is loosened; and every thing hastens to decay and dissolution. As long as you have the wisdom to keep the sovereign authority of this country as the sanctuary of liberty, as the sacred temple consecrated to our common faith; wherever that chosen race—the sons of England—worship freedom, they will turn their faces towards you. The more they multiply, the more friends will you have; the more ardently they love liberty, the more perfect will be their obedience. Slavery they can have any where. It is a weed that grows in every soil. But, until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest and your natural dignity, freedom they can have from none but you. This is

the commodity of price, of which you have the monopoly. This is the true act of navigation, which binds to you the commerce of the colonies; and, through them, secures to you the wealth of the world. Deny them this participation of freedom, and you break that sole bond which made originally, and must still preserve, the unity of the empire. Do not entertain so weak an imagination, as that your registers, and your bonds, your affidavits, and your sufferances, your cockets, and your clearances, form the great securities of your commerce. Do not dream that your letters of office, and your instructions, and your suspending clauses, are the things that hold together the great contexture of this mysterious whole. These things do not make your government. Dead instruments, passive tools as they are, it is the spirit of the English communion that gives to them their life and efficacy. It is the spirit of the English constitution, which, infused through the mighty mass, pervades, feeds, unites, invigorates, vivifies every part of the empire, even down to the minutest member.

Is it not the same virtue which does every thing for us here in England? Do you imagine, then, that it is the land-tax act which raises your revenue? that it is the annual vote in the committee of supply which gives you your army? or that it is the mutiny bill which inspires it with bravery and discipline? No! surely no! It is the love of the people; it is their attachment to their government, from the sense of the deep stake they have in such a glorious institution, which gives you your army and your navy; and infuses into both that liberal obedience, without which your army would be a base rabble, and your navy nothing but rotten timber.

All this, I know well enough, will sound wild and chimerical, to the profane herd of those vulgar and mechanical politicians, who have no place among us; a sort of people, who think that nothing exists, but what is gross and material; and who, therefore, far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of empire, are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine. But, to men truly initiated and rightly taught, these ruling principles—which, in the opinion of such men as I have mentioned, have no substantial existence—are, in truth, every thing, and all in all. Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom: and a great empire, and little minds, go ill together. If we are conscious of our situation, and glow with a zeal of filling our places as becomes our station and ourselves, we ought to auspicate all our public proceedings on America, with the old warning of the Church, *Sursum Corda!* We ought

to elevate our minds to the greatness of that trust, to which the order of Providence has called us. By adverting to the dignity of this high calling, our ancestors have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious empire; and have made the most extensive, and the only honourable conquests, not by destroying, but by promoting the wealth, the number, the happiness of the human race.

VIII.—MR. CANNING, ON THE SLAVE TRADE.

I HAVE, already, had occasion to say something of the antiquity of the Slave Trade, in apology for the want of novelty and of variety, in the arguments which I might have to bring against it. Those arguments, I have admitted, could not but be old; I have admitted, they must necessarily be always the same; because they were founded in what was eternal truth; because they were allied to what was immutable justice; and they partook of the immortality of the one, and of the unchangeableness of the other. But little, indeed, did I expect to hear the remote origin and long duration of the Slave Trade brought forward with triumph; to hear the advocates of the Slave Trade put in their claim for the venerableness of age, and the sacredness of prescription. What are the principles upon which we allow a certain claim to our respect, to belong to any institution which has subsisted from remote times? What is the reason why, when any such institutions had, by the change of circumstances, or of manners, become useless, we still tolerated them, nay, cherished them, with something of affectionate regard, and, even when they became burdensome, did not remove them without regret? What, but because, in such institutions, for the most part, we saw the shadow of departed worth or usefulness; the monument and memorial of what had, in its origin, or during its vigour, been of service or credit to mankind. Was this the case with the Slave Trade? Was the Slave Trade originally begun upon some principle of public justice or national honour, which the lapse of time, which the mutations of the world, have alone impaired and done away? Has it to plead former merits, services, and glories, in behalf of its present foulness and disgrace? Was its infancy lovely, or its manhood useful, though, in its age, it is become thus loathsome and perverse? No; its infant lips were stained with blood. Its whole existence has been a series of rapacity, cruelty, and murder. It rests with the House to decide,

whether it will allow to such a life the honours of old age, or endeavour to extend its duration. What are the grounds on which the plea of prescription usually rests? And in what cases is it, where any existing order of things, though violent and unjust in its original institution, had, by lapse of time, been so meliorated and softened down, and reconciled to the feelings of mankind—had so accommodated itself to the manners and prejudices, and interwoven itself with the habits of a country, that the remembrance of its original usurpation was lost, in the experience of present harmlessness or utility? Conquest was often of this nature. Violent and unjustifiable in its introduction, it often happened that the conquerors and the conquered became blended into one people, and that a system of common interest arose out of the conciliated differences of parties, originally hostile. But, was this the case with the Slave Trade? Was it in its outset only, that it had any thing of violence, of injustice, or of oppression?—Are the wounds which Africa felt in the first conflict, healed, and skinned over? Or, are they fresh and green, as at the moment when the first slave-ship began its ravages upon the coast? Are the oppressors and the oppressed so reconciled to each other, that no trace of enmity remains? Or, is it in reason, or in common sense, to claim a prescriptive right,—not to the fruits of an ancient and forgotten crime, committed long ago, and traceable only in its consequences—but to a series of new violences, to a chain of fresh enormities, to cruelties—continued—repeated; and of which every individual instance inflicted a fresh calamity, and constituted a fresh, a separate, and substantive crime? Certainly not;—and I cannot conceive, that, in refusing to sanction the continuance of such a system, the House will feel itself, in the smallest degree, impairing the respect due to the establishments of antiquity, or shaking the foundations of the British Constitution.

IX.—MR. SHERIDAN'S INVECTIVE AGAINST MR. HASTINGS.

HAD a stranger, at this time, gone into the province of Oude, ignorant of what had happened since the death of Sujah Dowla—that man who, with a savage heart, had still great lines of character; and who, with all his ferocity in war, had still, with a cultivating hand, preserved to his country the riches which it derived from benignant skies and a prolific soil;—if this stranger, ignorant of all that had happened in the short

interval, and observing the wide and general devastation, and all the horrors of the scene—of plains unclothed and brown—of vegetables burned up and extinguished—of villages depopulated and in ruins—of temples unroofed and perishing—of reservoirs broken down and dry,—he would naturally inquire, What war has thus laid waste the fertile fields of this once beautiful and opulent country?—what civil dissensions have happened, thus to tear asunder and separate the happy societies that once possessed these villages?—what disputed succession, what religious rage, has, with unholy violence, demolished those temples, and disturbed fervent, but unobtruding piety, in the exercise of its duties?—what merciless enemy has thus spread the horrors of fire and sword?—what severe visitation of Providence has dried up the fountain, and taken from the face of the earth every vestige of verdure?—Or, rather, what monsters have stalked over the country, tainting and poisoning, with pestiferous breath, what the voracious appetite could not devour?

To such questions, what must be the answer? No wars have ravaged these lands, and depopulated these villages—no civil discords have been felt—no disputed succession—no religious rage, no merciless enemy—no affliction of Providence, which, while it scourged for the moment, cut off the sources of resuscitation—no voracious and poisoning monsters;—no!—all this has been accomplished by the friendship, generosity, and kindness of the English nation. They have embraced us with their protecting arms, and, lo!—those are the fruits of their alliance. What, then! shall we be told, that, under such circumstances, the exasperated feelings of a whole people, thus goaded and spurred-on to clamour and resistance, were excited by the poor and feeble influence of the Begums? When we hear the description of the fever—paroxysm—delirium, into which despair had thrown the natives, when, on the banks of the polluted Ganges, panting for death, they tore more widely open the lips of their gaping wounds to accelerate their dissolution; and, while their blood was issuing, presented their ghastly eyes to Heaven,—breathing their last and fervent prayer, that the dry earth might not be suffered to drink their blood, but that it might rise up to the throne of God, and rouse the eternal Providence to avenge the wrongs of their country:—Will it be said that this was brought about by the incantations of those Begums, in their secluded Zenana? or that they could inspire this enthusiasm and this despair, into the breasts of a people who

felt no grievance, and had suffered no torture? What motive, then, could have such influence in their bosom? What motive! That, which Nature—the common parent—plants in the bosom of man; and which, though it may be less active in the Indian than in the Englishman, is still congenial with, and makes part of, his being—That feeling, which tells him, that man was never made to be the property of man; but that when, through pride and insolence of power, one human creature dares to tyrannize over another, it is a power usurped, and resistance is a duty—That feeling, which tells him that all power is delegated for the good, not for the injury, of the people; and that, when it is converted from the original purpose, the compact is broken, and the right is to be resumed—That principle, which tells him, that resistance to power usurped is not merely a duty which he owes to himself and to his neighbour, but a duty which he owes to his God, in asserting and maintaining the rank which He gave him in the creation!—to that common God, who, where He gives the form of man, whatever may be the complexion, gives also the feelings and the rights of man—That principle, which neither the rudeness of ignorance can stifle, nor the enervation of refinement extinguish—That principle, which makes it base for a man to suffer, when he ought to act—which, tending to preserve to the species the original designations of Providence, spurns at the arrogant distinctions of man, and vindicates the independent quality of his race!

X.—MR. (LORD) BROUGHAM, ON THE STATE OF THE LAW.

After a long interval of various fortune, and filled with vast events, we are again called to the grand labour of surveying and amending our laws. For this task, it well becomes us to begird ourselves, as the honest representatives of the people. Despatch and vigour are imperiously demanded; but that deliberation, too, must not be lost sight of, which so mighty an enterprise requires. When we shall have done the work, we may fairly challenge the utmost approval of our constituents; for, in none other have they so deep a stake.

In pursuing the course which I now invite you to enter upon, I avow that I look for the co-operation of the king's government; and on what are my hopes founded? Men gather not grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles; but that the vine should no longer yield its wonted fruit—that the fig-tree should refuse its natural increase,—required a miracle to strike

it with barrenness. But, whether I have the support of the Ministers or no, to the House I look, with confident expectation, that it will control them, and assist me; if I go too far, checking my progress; if I go too fast, abating my speed; but heartily and honestly helping me, in the best and greatest work which the hands of the lawgiver can undertake. The course is clear before us; the race is glorious to run. You have the power of sending your name down through all times, illustrated by deeds of higher fame and more useful import than ever were done within these walls. You saw the greatest warrior of the age—conqueror of Italy—humbler of Germany—terror of the North—you saw him account all his matchless victories poor, compared with the triumph which you are now in a condition to win!—saw him contemn the fickleness of Fortune, while, in despite of her, he could pronounce his memorable boast—"I shall go down to posterity, with my code in my hand!" You have vanquished him in the field; strive now to rival him in the sacred arts of peace! Outstrip him as a lawgiver, whom, in arms. you overcame! The lustre of the Regency will be eclipsed by the more solid and enduring splendour of the Reign. The praise which false courtiers feigned for our Edwards and Harrys,—the Justinians of their day,—will be the just tribute of the wise and the good, to that monarch under whose sway so mighty an undertaking shall be accomplished. Of a truth, sceptres are chiefly to be envied, for that they bestow the power of thus conquering and ruling. It was the boast of Augustus—it formed part of the glare, in which the perfidies of his earlier years were lost—that he found Rome of brick, and left it of marble; a praise not unworthy a great prince, and to which the present reign has its claims also. But how much nobler will be our sovereign's boast, when he shall have it to say, that he found law dear, and left it cheap; found it a sealed book,—left it an open letter; found it the patrimony of the rich,—left it the inheritance of the poor; found it the two-edged sword of craft and oppression,—left it the staff of honesty, and the shield of innocence! To me, much reflecting on these things, it has always seemed a worthier honour to be the instrument of making you bestir yourselves in this nigh matter, than to enjoy all that office can bestow—office, of which the patronage would be irksome incumbrance, the emoluments superfluous, to one, content, with the rest of his industrious fellow-citizens, that his own hands minister to his wants: and as for the power supposed to follow it—I have

lived nearly half a century, and I have learned that power and place may be severed. But, one power I do prize—that of being the advocate of my countrymen here, and their fellow-labourer elsewhere, in those things which concern the best interests of mankind. That power, I know full well, no government can give—no change take away!

XI.—MR. (LORD) BROUGHAM, ON NEGRO SLAVERY.

I TRUST that, at length, the time is come, when parliament will no longer bear to be told that slave-owners are the best lawgivers on slavery; no longer suffer our voice to roll across the Atlantic, in empty warnings and fruitless orders. Tell me not of rights—talk not of the property of the planter in his slaves. I deny his right—I acknowledge not the property. The principles, the feelings of our common nature, rise in rebellion against it. Be the appeal made to the understanding or to the heart, the sentence is the same—that rejects it! In vain you tell me of laws that sanction such a claim! There is a law, above all the enactments of human codes—the same, throughout the world—the same, in all times: such as it was, before the daring genius of Columbus pierced the night of ages, and opened to one world the sources of power, wealth, and knowledge; to another, all unutterable woes,—such is it at this day: it is the law written by the finger of God on the heart of man; and by that law, unchangeable and eternal—while men despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and hate blood—they shall reject, with indignation, the wild and guilty fantasy, that man can hold property in man!

In vain you appeal to treaties—to covenants between nations. The covenants of the Almighty, whether the old covenant or the new, denounce such unholy pretensions. To these laws did they of old refer, who maintained the African trade. Such treaties did they cite—and not untruly; for, by one shameful compact, you bartered the glories of Blenheim for the traffic in blood. Yet, in despite of law and of treaty, that infernal traffic is now destroyed, and its votaries put to death like other pirates. How came this change to pass? Not, assuredly, by parliament leading the way: but the country at length awoke; the indignation of the people was kindled; it descended in thunder, and smote the traffic, and scattered its guilty profits to the winds. Now, then, let the planters beware—let their assemblies beware—let the government at home beware—let the parliament beware! The same

country is once more awake—awake to the condition of Negro slavery; the same indignation kindles in the bosom of the same people; the same cloud is gathering, that annihilated the slave trade; and if it shall descend again, they on whom its crash may fall will not be destroyed before I have warned them: but I pray, that their destruction may turn away from us the more terrible judgments of God!

XII.—MR. WEBSTER, ON NEGRO SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE United States are not wholly free from the contamination of a traffic, at which every feeling of humanity must for ever revolt—I mean, the African slave trade. Neither public sentiment, nor the law, has hitherto been able entirely to put an end to this odious and abominable trade. At the moment when God in his mercy has blessed the Christian world with a universal peace, there is reason to fear, that, to the disgrace of the Christian name and character, new efforts are making for the extension of this trade, by subjects and citizens of Christian states, in whose hearts no sentiment of humanity or justice inhabits, and over whom neither the fear of God nor the fear of man exercises a control. In the sight of our law, the African slave-trader is a pirate and a felon: and, in sight of heaven, an offender far beyond the ordinary depth of human guilt. There is no brighter part of our history, than that which records the measures which have been adopted by the government, at an early day, and at different times since, for the suppression of this traffic; and I would call on all the true sons of New England, to co-operate with the laws of man and the justice of heaven. If there be, within the extent of our knowledge or influence, any participation in this traffic, let us pledge ourselves here to extirpate and destroy it. It is not fit that the land of the Pilgrims should bear the shame longer. I hear the sound of the hammer, I see the smoke of the furnaces, where manacles and fetters are still forged for human limbs. I see the visages of those who, by stealth, and at midnight, labour in this work of hell, foul and dark, as may become the artificers of such instruments of misery and torture. Let the spot be purified, or let it cease to be of New England. Let it be purified, or let it be set aside from the Christian world; let it be put out of the circle of human sympathies and human regards, and let civilized man henceforth have no communion with it.

I would invoke those who fill the seats of Justice, and all

who minister at her altar, that they execute the wholesome and necessary severity of the law. I invoke the ministers of Religion, that they proclaim its denunciation of those crimes, and add its solemn sanctions to the authority of human laws. If the pulpit be silent, whenever or wherever there be a sinner bloody with this guilt within the hearing of its voice, the pulpit is false to its trust. I call on the fair merchant, who has reaped his harvest upon the seas, that he assist in scourging from those seas the worst pirates that ever infested them. That ocean, which seems to wave with a gentle magnificence, to waft the burdens of an honest commerce, and to roll along its treasures with a conscious pride; that ocean, which hardy industry regards, even when the winds have ruffled its surface, as a field of grateful toil; what is it to the victim of this oppression, when he is brought to its shores, and looks forth upon it, for the first time, from beneath chains, and bleeding with stripes? What is it to him, but a wide-spread prospect of suffering, anguish, and death? Nor do the skies smile longer, nor is the air longer fragrant to him. The sun is cast down from heaven. An inhuman and accursed traffic has cut him off in his manhood or in his youth, from every enjoyment belonging to his being, and every blessing which his Creator intended for him.

XIII.—MR. PATRICK HENRY, ON BRITISH GOVERNMENT IN AMERICA.

MR. PRESIDENT—It is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that Syren, till she transforms us to beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern our temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future, but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will

prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be "betrayed with a kiss!" Ask yourselves, How this gracious reception of our petition, comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land? Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation; the last arguments to which kings resort.

I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and to rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we any thing new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done every thing that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free, if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending, if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight; I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak—"unable to cope with so formidable an adversary!" But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance, by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just Power who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable, and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come! It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry "Peace, peace!" but there is no peace! The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty Powers! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

XIV.—CONTEST BETWEEN MR. FLOOD AND MR. GRATTAN.

[Mr. Grattan having made some strong personal allusions to Mr. Flood, accusing him particularly of having affected indisposition, and of being guilty of apostacy; Mr. Flood rose, and replied in these words:—]

"The right honourable member can have no doubt of the propriety of my saying a word in reply to what he has delivered. Every member of the House can bear witness of the infirmity I mentioned, and therefore it required but little candour to make a nocturnal attack upon that infirmity. But

I am not afraid of the right honourable member: I will meet him anywhere, or upon any ground, by night or by day. I should stand poorly in my own estimation and in my country's opinion, if I did not stand far above him. I do not come here dressed in a rich wardrobe of words to delude the people. I am not one who has promised repeatedly to bring in a Bill of Rights, yet does not bring in that bill, or permit any other person to do it. I am not one who threatened to impeach the Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and afterwards shrunk from the charge. I am not one who would come at midnight, and attempt a vote of this House to stifle the people, whom my egregious folly had raised against me. I am not the gentleman who subsists upon your accounts. I am not the mendicant patriot who was bought by his country for a sum of money, and then sold my country for prompt payment. I never was bought by the people, nor never sold by them. The gentleman says he never apostatized; but I say I never changed my principles. Let every man say the same, and let the people believe it—if they can.

"I have now done, and give me leave to say, if the gentleman enters often into this kind of colloquy with me, he will not have much to boast of at the end of the session."

Mr. Grattan.—"In respect to the House, I could wish to avoid personality, but I must request liberty to explain some circumstances alluded to by the honourable member." [After making this explanation, he proceeded.] "It is not the slander of the bad tongue of a bad character that can defame me. I maintain my reputation in public and in private life; no man who has not a bad character can say I ever deceived him; no country has called me cheat. I will suppose a public character—a man not of course in the House, but who formerly might have been here. I will suppose, it was his constant practice to abuse every man who differed from him, and to betray every man who trusted him. I will suppose him active; I will begin from his cradle, and divide his life into three stages. In the first, he was intemperate; in the second, corrupt; and in the third, seditious. Suppose him a great egotist—his honour equal to his oath; and I will stop him, and say, 'Sir, your talents are not so great as your life is infamous; you were silent for years, and you were silent for money: when affairs of consequence to the nation were debating, you might be seen passing by these doors like a guilty spirit—just waiting for the moment of putting the question, that you might pop in and give your venal vote; or

you might be seen hovering over the dome, like an ill-omened bird of night, with sepulchral notes, with cadaverous aspect, and broken beak, ready to stoop and pounce upon your prey. You can be trusted by no man; the people cannot trust you, the ministers cannot trust you—you deal out the most impartial treachery to both; you tell the nation it is ruined by other men, when it is sold by yourself; you fled from the Embargo Bill; you fled from the Mutiny Bill; you fled from the Sugar Bill. I therefore tell you, in the face of your country, before all the world, and to your very beard, *you are not an honest man.*'"

Mr. Flood.—"I have heard very extraordinary language indeed, and I challenge any man to say that any thing half so unwarrantable was ever uttered in this House. The right honourable gentleman set out with declaring he did not wish to use personality; and no sooner had he opened his mouth, than forth issues all the venom that ingenuity and disappointed vanity, for two years brooding over corruption, has been able to produce. But taint my public character it cannot; four and twenty years employed in your service has established that: and as to my private, let that be learned from my friends, from those under my own roof. To these I appeal; and this appeal I boldly make, with an utter contempt of insinuations, false as they are illiberal."

XV.—MR. GRATTAN IN REPLY TO MR. CORRY.

Has the gentleman done? Has he completely done? He was unparliamentary from the beginning to the end of his speech. There was scarcely a word he uttered that was not a violation of the privileges of the House; but I did not call him to order—why? because the limited talents of some men render it impossible for them to be severe without being unparliamentary. But, before I sit down, I shall show him how to be severe and parliamentary at the same time. On any other occasion I should think myself justifiable in treating with silent contempt any thing which might fall from that honourable member; but there are times when the insignificance of the accuser is lost in the magnitude of the accusation. I know the difficulty the honourable gentleman laboured under when he attacked me; conscious that, on a comparative view of our characters, public and private, there is nothing he could say which would injure me. The public would not believe the charge;—I despise the falsehood. If such a charge were made

by an honest man, I would answer it in the manner I shall do before I sit down. But I shall first reply to it when not made by an honest man.

The right honourable gentleman has called me "an unimpeached traitor." I ask, why not "traitor," unqualified by any epithet? I will tell him; it was because he dared not. It was the act of a coward, who raises his arm to strike, but has not courage to give the blow. I will not call him villain, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a privy councillor. I will not call him fool, because he happens to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. But I say he is one who has abused the privilege of parliament and freedom of debate, to the uttering language, which, if spoken out of the House, I should answer only with a blow. I care not how high his situation, how low his character, how contemptible his speech; whether a privy councillor or a parasite, my answer would be a blow.

The right honourable member has told me, I deserted a profession where wealth and station were the reward of industry and talent. If I mistake not, that gentleman endeavoured to obtain those rewards by the same means; but he soon deserted the occupation of a barrister for that of a parasite and pander. He fled from the labour of study to flatter at the table of the great. He found the lord's parlour a better sphere for his exertions than the hall of the Four Courts; the house of a great man, a more convenient way to power and to place; and that it was easier for a statesman of middling talents to sell his friends, than a lawyer of no talents to sell his clients.

For myself, whatever corporate or other bodies have said or done to me, I from the bottom of my heart forgive them. I feel I have done too much for my country to be vexed at them. I would rather that they should not feel or acknowledge what I have done for them, and call me traitor, than have reason to say I sold them. I will always defend myself against the assassin; but with large bodies it is different. To the people I shall bow: they may be my enemy—I never will be theirs.

The right honourable gentleman says I fled from the country after exciting one rebellion; and that I have returned to raise another. No such thing. The charge is false. The civil war had not commenced when I left the kingdom; and I could not have returned without taking a part. On the one side, there was the camp of the rebel; on the other, the camp of the minister—a greater traitor than that rebel. The stronghold of the constitution was no-where to be found. I agree

that the rebel who rises against the government should have suffered; but I missed on the scaffold the right honourable gentleman. Two desperate parties were in arms against the constitution. The right honourable gentleman belonged to one of those parties, and deserved death. I could not join the rebel—I could not join the government—I could not join torture—I could not join half-hanging—I could not join free-quarter—I could take part with neither. I was, therefore, absent from a scene where I could not be active without self-reproach, nor indifferent with safety.

Many honourable gentlemen thought differently from me: I respect their opinions, but I keep my own; and I think now as I thought then, that the treason of the minister against the liberties of the people, was infinitely worse than the rebellion of the people against the minister.

I have returned, not, as the right honourable member has said, to raise another storm—I have returned to discharge an honourable debt of gratitude to my country, that conferred a great reward for past services, which, I am proud to say, was not greater than my desert. I have returned to protect that constitution, of which I was the parent and the founder, from the assassination of such men as the honourable gentleman and his unworthy associates. They are corrupt—they are seditious—and they, at this very moment, are in a conspiracy against their country. I have returned to refute a libel, as false as it is malicious, given to the public under the appellation of a report of the committee of the Lords. Here I stand ready for impeachment or trial: I dare accusation. I defy the honourable gentleman; I defy the government; I defy the whole phalanx: let them come forth. I tell the ministers I will neither give them quarter, nor take it. I am here to lay the shattered remains of my constitution on the floor of this House, in defence of the liberties of my country.

XVI.—MR. CURRAN IN DEFENCE OF MR. FINNERY.

Is a tyranny of this kind to be borne with, where law is said to exist? Shall the horrors which surround the informer, the ferocity of his countenance, and the terrors of his voice, cast such a wide and appalling influence, that none dare approach and save the victim whom he marks for ignominy and death?

Gentlemen, are you prepared, I ask you seriously, are you prepared to embark your respectable characters in the same bottom with this detestable informer? Are you prepared, when

he shall come forward against ten thousand of your fellow-citizens, to assist him in digging the graves which he has destined to receive them, one by one? No! could your hearts yield for a moment to the suggestion, your own reflections would vindicate the justice of God, and the insulted character of man; you would fly from the secrets of your chamber, and take refuge in the multitude, from those "compunctious visitings" which meaner men could not look on without horror. Do not think I am speaking disrespectfully of you when I say, that, while such an informer can be found, it may be the lot of the proudest among you to be in the dock instead of the jury-box: how then, on such an occasion, would any of you feel, if such evidence as has been heard this day were adduced against you?

The application affects you—you shrink from the imaginary situation. Remember, then, the great mandate of your religion, and "Do unto all men as you would they should do unto you." Why do you condescend to listen to me with such attention? Why are you so anxious, if, even from me, any thing should fall, tending to enlighten you on the present awful occasion? It is because, bound by the sacred obligation of an oath, your hearts will not allow you to forfeit it. Have you any doubt that it is the object of the informer to take down the prisoner for the reward that follows? Have you not seen with what more than instinctive keenness this blood-hound has pursued his victim? how he has kept him in view from place to place, until he hunts him through the avenues of the court to where the unhappy man now stands, hopeless of all succour but that which your verdict shall afford? I have heard of assassination by sword, by pistol, and by dagger; but here is a wretch *who would dip the Evangelists in blood:* if he think he has not sworn his victim to death, he is ready to swear, without mercy and without end. But oh! do not, I conjure you, suffer him to take an oath; the arm of the murderer should not pollute the purity of the Gospel: if he will swear, let it be on the *knife*, the proper symbol of his profession.

XVII.—MR. CURRAN, ON UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION.

I PUT it to your oaths:—do you think that a blessing of that kind—that a victory obtained by justice, over bigotry and oppression—should have a stigma cast upon it, by an ignominious sentence upon men bold and honest enough to pro-

pose that measure?—to propose the redeeming of Religion from the abuses of the Church, the reclaiming of three millions of men from bondage, and giving liberty to all who had a right to demand it?—giving, I say, in the so much censured words of this paper, giving "Universal Emancipation!" I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with, and inseparable from, British soil;—which proclaims, even to the stranger and sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of Universal Emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced;—no matter what complexion, incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him; no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down;—no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery;—the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of the chains that burst from around him; and he stands—redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of "Universal Emancipation."

XVIII.—LORD ERSKINE, IN DEFENCE OF MR. STOCKDALE.

GENTLEMEN of the jury,—If this be a wilfully false account of the instructions given to Mr. Hastings for his government, and of his conduct under them, the author and publisher of this defence deserves the severest punishment, for a mercenary imposition on the public. But if it be true that he was directed to make the "safety and prosperity of Bengal the first object of his attention," and that, under his administration, it has been safe and prosperous; if it be true that the security and preservation of our possessions and revenues in Asia, were marked out to him as the great leading principle of his government, and that those possessions and revenues, amidst unexampled dangers, have been secured and preserved; then a question may be unaccountably mixed with your consideration, much beyond the consequence of the present prosecution; involving, perhaps, the merit of the impeachment itself which gave it birth;—a question which the Commons, as prosecutors of Mr. Hastings, should, in common prudence, have avoided; unless, regretting the unwieldy length of their proceedings against him, they wished to afford him the opportunity of

this strange anomalous defence. For, although I am neither his counsel, nor desire to have any thing to do with his guilt or innocence; yet, in the collateral defence of my client, I am driven to state matter which may be considered by many as hostile to the impeachment. For, if our dependencies have been secured, and their interests promoted, I am driven, in defence of my client, to remark, that it is mad and preposterous to bring, to the standard of justice and humanity, the exercise of a dominion founded upon violence and terror. It may, and must be true, that Mr. Hastings has repeatedly offended against the rights and privileges of Asiatic government, if he was the faithful deputy of a power which could not maintain itself for an hour without trampling upon both; he may, and must, have offended against the laws of God and nature, if he was the faithful viceroy of an empire wrested in blood from the people to whom God and nature had given it; he may, and must, have preserved that unjust dominion over timorous and abject nations by a terrifying, overbearing, insulting superiority, if he was the faithful administrator of your government; which, having no root in consent or affection, no foundation in similarity of interests, nor support from any one principle which cements men together in society, could only be upheld by alternate stratagem and force. The unhappy people of India, feeble and effeminate as they are from the softness of their climate, and subdued and broken as they have been by the knavery and strength of civilization, still occasionally start up in all the vigour and intelligence of insulted nature:—to be governed at all, they must be governed with a rod of iron; and our empire in the East would, long since, have been lost to Great Britain, if civil skill and military prowess had not united their efforts to support an authority which Heaven never gave, by means which it never can sanction.

Gentlemen, I think I can observe that you are touched with this way of considering the subject; and I can account for it. I have not been considering it through the cold medium of books, but have been speaking of man and his nature, and of human dominion, from what I have seen of them myself, amongst reluctant nations submitting to our authority. I know what they feel, and how such feelings can alone be repressed. I have heard them in my youth from a naked savage, in the indignant character of a prince surrounded by his subjects, addressing the governor of a British colony; holding a bundle of sticks in his hand, as the notes of his

unlettered eloquence. "Who is it," said the jealous ruler over the desert, encroached upon by the restless foot of English adventure—"Who is it that causes this river to rise in the high mountains, and to empty itself in the ocean? Who is it that causes to blow the loud winds of winter, and that calms them again in the summer? Who is it that rears up the shade of those lofty forests, and blasts them with the quick lightning at his pleasure? The same Being who gave to you a country on the other side of the waters, and gave ours to us; and by this title we will defend it!" said the warrior, throwing down his tomahawk upon the ground, and raising the war-sound of his nation. These are the feelings of subjugated man all round the globe; and depend upon it, nothing but fear will control, where it is vain to look for affection.

These reflections are the only antidotes to those anathemas of superhuman eloquence which have lately shaken these walls that surround us. If England, from a lust of ambition and dominion, will insist on maintaining a despotic rule over distant nations, and give commission to her viceroys to govern them, with no other instructions than to preserve them, and to secure permanently their revenues; with what consistency can she place herself in the moral chair, and affect to be shocked at the execution of her own orders? Such a proceeding, gentlemen, begets serious reflection. It would be better, perhaps, for the masters and servants of all such governments, to join in supplication, that the great Avenger of violated humanity may not confound them together in one common judgment.

XIX.—MR. SHERIDAN'S PANEGYRIC ON JUSTICE.

JUSTICE is not a halt and miserable object; it is not the ineffective bauble of an Indian pagod; it is not the portentous phantom of despair; it is not like any fabled monster formed in the eclipse of reason, and found in some unhallowed grove of superstitious darkness and political dismay! No, my lords.

In the happy reverse of all these, I turn from this disgusting caricature, to the *real image,—Justice!* I have now before me, august and pure, the abstract idea of all that would be perfect in the spirits and the aspirings of men;—where the mind rises; where the heart expands; where the countenance is ever placid and benign; where her favourite attitude is—to stoop to the unfortunate; to hear their cry, and to help them; to rescue and relieve; to succour and save! Majestic from

its mercy; venerable from its utility; uplifted, without pride; firm, without obduracy; beneficent in each preference; lovely, though in her frown!

On that *justice* I rely, deliberate and sure; abstracted from all party purpose and political speculation; not in words, but in facts. You, my lords, who hear me, I conjure, by those rights it is your best privilege to preserve; by that fame it is your best pleasure to inherit; by all those feelings, which refer to the first term in the series of existence, the original compact of our nature, our controlling rank in the creation! This is the call on all to administer to truth and equity, as they would satisfy the laws and satisfy themselves, with the most exalted bliss possible or conceivable for our nature—the self-approving consciousness of virtue, when the condemnation we look for will be one of the most ample mercies accomplished for mankind since the creation of the world.

XX.—MR. O'CONNELL IN DEFENCE OF MR. MAGEE—THE LAW OF LIBEL.

GENTLEMEN, you are now to pronounce upon a publication, the truth of which is not controverted. The case is with you: it belongs to you exclusively to decide it. His Lordship may advise, but he cannot control your decision; and it belongs to you alone to say, whether or not, upon the entire matter, you conceive it to be evidence of guilt, and deserving of punishment. The Statute-law gives or recognises this your right, and imposes it on you as your duty. No judge can dictate to a jury—no jury ought to allow itself to be dictated to.

If the contrary doctrine were established, see what oppressive consequences might result. At some future period, some man may attain the first place on the bench, through the reputation which is so easily acquired—by a certain degree of church-wardening piety, added to a great gravity and maidenly decorum of manners. Such a man *may* reach the bench—for I am putting a mere imaginary case:—He may be a man without passions, and therefore without vices; he may be, my lord, a man superfluously rich, and therefore, not to be bribed with money, but rendered partial by his bigotry, and corrupted by his prejudices; such a man, inflated by flattery and bloated in his dignity, may hereafter use that character for sanctity which has served to promote him, as a sword to hew down the struggling liberties of his country:—such a judge may interfere before trial, and at the trial be a partisan!

Gentlemen, should an honest jury—could an honest jury, (if an honest jury were again found) listen with safety to the dictates of such a judge? I repeat, that the law does not and cannot require such submission as has been preached; and at all events, gentlemen, it cannot be controverted that, in the present instance—that of an alleged libel,—the decision of all law and fact belongs to you. I am then warranted in directing to you some observations on the law of libel; and in doing so, my intention is to lay before you a short and rapid view of the causes which have introduced into courts the monstrous assertion—that *truth is crime!*

It is to be deeply lamented that the art of Printing was unknown at the earlier periods of our history. If, at the time the barons wrung the simple but sublime charter of liberty from a timid, perfidious sovereign—from a violator of his word—from a man covered with disgrace, and sunk in infamy; if at the time when that charter was confirmed and renewed, the Press had existed; it would, I think, have been the first care of those friends of freedom to have established a principle of liberty for it to rest upon, which might resist every future assault. Their simple and unsophisticated understandings could never be brought to comprehend the legal subtleties by which it is now argued that *falsehood* is useful and innocent, and *truth*, the emanation and the type of heaven, a crime. They would have cut with their swords the cobweb links of sophistry in which truth is entangled; and they would have rendered it impossible to re-establish this injustice, without violating a principle of the constitution.

When the art of Printing was invented, its value to every sufferer, its terror to every oppressor, was soon obvious; therefore means were speedily adopted to prevent its salutary effects. The Star-Chamber—the odious Star-Chamber—was either created, or, at least, enlarged and brought into activity. Its proceedings were arbitrary, its decisions were oppressive, and injustice and tyranny were formed into a system. To describe it in one sentence, it was a *prematurely packed jury.* The Star-Chamber was particularly vigilant over the infant struggles of the Press. A code of laws became necessary to govern this new enemy to prejudice and oppression. The Star-Chamber adopted, for this purpose, the civil law as it is called—the law of Rome:—not the law at the periods of her liberty and her glory, but the law which was promulgated when she fell into slavery and disgrace, and recognised this principle—that the will of the prince was the rule of the law. The civil

law was adopted by the Star-Chamber as its guide in proceeding against and in punishing libellers; but, unfortunately, only part of it was adopted—and that, of course, was the part least favourable to freedom. So much of the civil law as assisted to discover the concealed libeller, and to punish him when discovered, was carefully selected; but the civil law allowed truth to be a defence—and that part was carefully rejected.

From the Star-Chamber, gentlemen, the prevention and punishment of libels descended to the courts of common law; and, with the power, they seem to have inherited much of the spirit of that tribunal. Servility at the bar, and profligacy on the bench, have not been wanting to aid every construction unfavourable to freedom: and, at length, it is taken as granted, and as clear law, that truth or falsehood is quite immaterial, constituting no part of either guilt or innocence.

I would wish to examine this revolting doctrine; and, in doing so, I am proud to tell you that it has no other foundation than in the oft-repeated assertions of lawyers and judges. One servile writer has stated this doctrine, from time to time, after another—and one overbearing judge has re-echoed the assertion of a time-serving predecessor—and the public have, at length, submitted. I do therefore feel not only gratified in having the occasion, but bound to express my opinion upon the real law of this subject. I know that opinion is but of little weight. I have no professional rank or station to give it importance; but it is an honest and conscientious opinion, and it is this;—that, in the discussion of *public subjects*, and of the administration of *public men*, *truth* is a duty and not a *crime*.

For my part, I frankly avow that I shudder at the scenes around me. I cannot, without horror, view this interfering and intermeddling with judges and juries: it is vain to look for safety to person or property, whilst this system is allowed to pervade our courts: the very fountain of justice may be corrupted at its source; and those waters which should confer health and vigour throughout the land, can then diffuse nought but mephitic and pestilential vapours to disgust and to destroy. If honesty, if justice be silent, yet prudence ought to check these practices. We live in a new era,—a melancholy era—in which perfidy and profligacy are sanctioned by high authority: the base violation of plighted faith, the deep stain of dishonour, infidelity in love, treachery in friendship, the abandonment of every principle, and the adoption of every frivolity and of every vice that can excite hatred combined

with ridicule,—all, all this, and more, may be seen around us; and yet it is believed, it is expected, that this system is fated to be eternal. Gentlemen, we shall all weep the insane delusion; and, in the terrific moments of retaliation, you know not, you cannot know, how soon or how bitterly "the ingredients of your poisoned chalice may be commended to your own lips."

Is there amongst you any one friend to freedom? Is there amongst you one man who esteems equal and impartial justice—who values the people's rights as the foundation of private happiness, and who considers life as no boon without liberty? Is there amongst you one friend to the constitution—one man who hates oppression? If there be, Mr. Magee appeals to his kindred mind, and expects an acquittal.

There are amongst you men of great religious zeal—of much public piety. Are you sincere? Do you believe what you profess? With all this zeal, with all this piety, *is* there any conscience amongst you? *Is* there any terror of violating your oaths? Are ye hypocrites, or does genuine religion inspire you? If you are sincere, if you have conscience, if your oaths can control your interests, then Mr. Magee confidently expects an acquittal.

If amongst you there be cherished one ray of pure religion—if amongst you there glow a single spark of liberty—if I have alarmed religion, or roused the spirit of freedom in one breast amongst you, Mr. Magee is safe, and his country is served; but, if there be none—if you be slaves and hypocrites—he will await your verdict, and despise it!

XXI.—MR. SHEIL'S REPLY TO LORD LYNDHURST.

THE Duke of Wellington is not, I am inclined to believe, a man of excitable temperament. His mind is of a cast too martial to be easily moved; but, notwithstanding his habitual inflexibility, I cannot help thinking, that, when he heard his countrymen, (for we are his countrymen,) designated by a phrase as offensive as the abundant vocabulary of his eloquent confederate could supply—I cannot help thinking that he ought to have recollected the many fields of fight in which we have been contributors to his renown. Yes, "the battles, sieges, fortunes," that he has passed, ought to have brought back upon him—he ought to have remembered—that, from the earliest achievement in which he displayed that military genius which has placed him foremost in the annals of modern warfare, down to that last and surpassing combat which has

made his name imperishable—from Assaye to Waterloo—the Irish soldiers, with whom our armies are filled, were the inseparable auxiliaries to the glory with which his unparalleled successes have been crowned. Whose were the athletic arms that drove your bayonets at Vimiera through those phalanxes that never reeled in the shock of war before? What desperate valour climbed the steeps and filled the moats of Badajos? All—all his victories should have rushed and crowded back upon his memory:—Vimiera, Badajos, Salamanca, Albuera, Toulouse, and last of all, the greatest!—Tell me, for you were there,—I appeal to the gallant soldier before me,* from whose opinions I differ, but who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast; tell me, for you must needs remember,—on that day, when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance—while death fell in showers upon them—when the artillery of France, levelled with a precision of the most deadly science, played upon them—when her legions, incited by the voice, and inspired by the example, of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the onset—tell me, if, for an instant, when to hesitate for that instant was to be lost, the "aliens" blenched? And when at length the moment for the last and decisive movement had arrived, and the valour which had so long been wisely checked was at length let loose—when with words familiar but immortal, the great captain exclaimed: "Up, lads, and at them!"—tell me, if Ireland, with less heroic valour than the natives of your own glorious isle, precipitated herself upon the foe? The blood of England, of Scotland, and of Ireland, flowed in the same stream—on the same field. When the still morning dawned, their dead lay cold and stark together—in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited;—the green corn of spring is now breaking from their commingled dust—the dew falls from heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril—in the glory shall we not be permitted to participate? and shall we be told as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out?

* Sir Henry Hardinge.

MISCELLANEOUS EXTRACTS

FOR

RECITATION.

I.—SAUL'S ADDRESS.—*Byron.*

Warriors and chiefs! should the shaft or the sword
Pierce me when leading the hosts of the Lord,
Heed not the corse, though a king's, in your path,
Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath.

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,
Should the soldiers of Saul look away from the foe,
Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet;
Mine be the doom which they dared not to meet.

Farewell to others; but never we part,
Heir to my royalty, son of my heart!
Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,
Or kingly the death that awaits us to-day.

II.—THE DYING CHIEF.—*Mrs. Maclean.*

The stars looked down on the battle-plain,
  Where night-winds were deeply sighing:
And with shattered lance near his war-steed slain,
  Lay a youthful Chieftain dying.

He had folded round his gallant breast
  The banner, once o'er him streaming,
For a noble shroud, as he sunk to rest
  On the couch that knows no dreaming.

Proudly he lay on his broken shield,
  By the rushing Guadalquiver;
While, dark with the blood of his last red field,
  Swept on the majestic river.

There were hands which came to bind his wound,
  There were eyes o'er the warrior weeping;
But he raised his head from the dewy ground,
  Where the land's high hearts were sleeping!

And "Away!" he cried;—"your aid is vain,
  My soul may not brook recalling,—
I have seen the stately flower of Spain
  Like the autumn vine-leaves falling!

"I have seen the Moorish banners wave
O'er the halls where my youth was cherished;
I have drawn a sword that could not save;
I have stood, where my king hath perished!

"Leave me to die with the free and brave,
On the banks of my own bright river!
Ye can give me nought but a warrior's grave,
By the chainless Guadalquiver!"

III.—THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.—*Wolfe.*

Not a drum was heard—not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the ramparts we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moon-beam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast;
Not in sheet, nor in shroud, we wound him;
But he lay—like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow!

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him!

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the bell tolled the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun,
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line—we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone, with his glory!

IV.—THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.—*Byron.*

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners, at sunset, was seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host, on the morrow, lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he past;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted, like snow, in the glance of the Lord!

V.—THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.—*Campbell.*

On Linden when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden showed another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery!

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade;
And, furious, every charger neighed
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven;
Then rushed the steed, to battle driven;
And, louder than the bolts of Heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder still these fires shall glow,
On Linden's hills of purpled snow;
And bloodier still shall be the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout 'mid their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens:—On, ye brave!
Who rush to glory or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Oh! few shall part where many meet;
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall mark the soldier's sepulchre!

VI.—LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.—*Campbell.*

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry."—

"Now, who be ye would cross Loch-Gyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"O! I'm the chief of Ulva's Isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together;
For, should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride,
When they have slain her lover?"

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:—
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady:

"And, by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry."

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And, in the scowl of heaven, each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armèd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer!

"O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries;
"Though tempests round us gather,
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."—

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her!

And still they rowed, amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore—
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismayed, through storm and shade
His child he did discover:
One lovely arm she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief—
My daughter! oh, my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing;
The waters wild went o'er his child,—
And he was left lamenting.

VII.—THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.—*L. E. L.* (*Mrs. Maclean.*)

THE muffled drum rolled on the air,
Warriors with stately step were there;
On every arm was the black crape bound,
Every carbine was turned to the ground:
Solemn the sound of their measured tread,
As silent and slow they followed the dead.
The riderless horse was led in the rear,
There were white plumes waving over the bier,
Helmet and sword were laid on the pall,
For it was a soldier's funeral.
That soldier had stood on the battle-plain,
Where every step was over the slain:
But the brand and the ball had passed him by,
And he came to his native land—to die!
'Twas hard to come to that native land,
And not clasp one familiar hand!
'Twas hard to be numbered amid the dead,
Or ere he could hear his welcome said!
But 'twas something to see its cliffs once more,
And to lay his bones on his own loved shore;
To think that the friends of his youth might weep
O'er the green grass turf of the soldier's sleep.
The bugles ceased their wailing sound
As the coffin was lowered into the ground;
A volley was fired, a blessing said,
One moment's pause—and they left the dead!—
I saw a poor and an aged man,
His step was feeble, his lip was wan;
He knelt him down on the new-raised mound,
His face was bowed on the cold damp ground:
He raised his head, his tears were done,—
The FATHER had prayed o'er his only son.

VIII.—CASABIANCA.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

THE boy stood on the burning deck, whence all but him had fled;
The flames, that lit the battle's wreck, shone round him—o'er the dead!
Yet beautiful and bright he stood, as born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood, a proud though childlike form!

The flames rolled on—he would not go without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below, his voice no longer heard.
He called aloud:—"Say, father, say, if yet my task is done?"
He knew not that the Chieftain lay unconscious of his son.
"Speak, father!" once again he cried, "if I may yet be gone!"
But now the booming shots replied, and fast the flames rolled on:
Upon his brow he felt their breath, and in his waving hair;
And looked from that lone post of death, in still, but brave despair;
And shouted but once more aloud, "My father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud, the wreathing fires made way:
They wrapt the ship in splendour wild, they caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child, like banners in the sky.
There came a burst of thunder-sound;—the boy—O! where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around with fragments strewed the sea!
With mast, and helm, and pennon fair, that well had borne their part—
But the noblest thing that perished there, was that young faithful heart.

IX.—THE DYING SOLDIER.—*Anon.*

The tumult of battle had ceased—high in air
The standard of Britain triumphantly waved;
And the remnant of foes had all fled in despair,
Whom night, intervening, from slaughter had saved;
When a Veteran was seen, by the light of his lamp
Slow-pacing the bounds of the carcass-strown plain,
Not base his intent,—for he quitted his camp
To comfort the dying, not plunder the slain.
Though dauntless in war, at a story of woe
Down his age-furrowed cheeks the warm tears often ran;
Alike proud to conquer, or spare a brave foe,
He fought like a hero!—but felt like a man!
As he counted the slain,—"Ah, conquest!" he cried,
"Thou art glorious indeed, but how dearly thou'rt won!"
"Too dearly, alas!" a voice faintly replied—
It thrilled through his heart!—'twas the voice of his son!
He listened aghast!—all was silent again;
He searched by the beams which his lamp feebly shed,
And found his brave son amid hundreds of slain,
The corse of a comrade supporting his head.
"My Henry!"—the sorrowful parent exclaimed,
"Has fate rudely withered thy laurels so soon?"
The youth oped his eyes as he heard himself named,
And awoke for a while from his death-boding swoon.
He gazed on his father, who knelt by his side,
And seizing his hand, pressed it close to his heart;
"Thank heaven! thou art here, my dear father!" he cried;
"For soon! ah, too soon, we for ever must part!
"Though death early calls me from all that I love,
From glory, from thee, yet perhaps 'twill be given
To meet thee again in yon regions above!"
His eyes beamed with hope as he fixed them on heaven.

"Then let not thy bosom with vain sorrow swell;
Ah! check, ere it rises, the heart-rending sigh!
I fought for my king—for my country!—I fell
In defence of their rights: and I glory to die!"

X.—CRESCENTIUS.—*L. E. L.* (*Mrs. Maclean.*)

I LOOKED upon his brow;—no sign
Of guilt or fear was there;
He stood as proud by that death-shrine,
As even o'er despair
He had a power; in his eye
There was a quenchless energy—
A spirit that could dare
The deadliest form that death could take,
And dare it for the daring's sake.

He stood, the fetters on his hand—
He raised them haughtily;
And had that grasp been on the brand,
It could not wave on high
With freer pride than it waved now:
Around he looked, with changeless brow,
On many a torture nigh—
The rack, the chain, the axe, the wheel,
And, worst of all, his own red steel!

I saw him once before; he rode
Upon a coal-black steed,
And tens of thousands thronged the road,
And bade their warrior speed.
His helm, his breast-plate, were of gold,
And graved with many a dent, that told
Of many a soldier's deed;
The sun shone on his sparkling mail,
And danced his snow-plume in the gale.

But now he stood, chained and alone;
The headsman by his side;
The plume, the helm, the charger gone;
The sword, that had defied
The mightiest, lay broken near;
And yet no sign or sound of fear
Came from that lip of pride:
And never king or conqueror's brow
Wore higher look, than his did now.

He bent beneath the headsman's stroke
With an uncovered eye;
A wild shout from the numbers broke,
That thronged to see him die.
It was a people's loud acclaim,
The voice of anger and of shame—
A nation's funeral cry;—
Rome's wail above her only son,
Her patriot—and her latest one!

XI.—THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.—*H. Kirke White.*

When marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark!—to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks—
It is the Star of Bethlehem!

Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud—the night was dark—
The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed
The wind, that tossed my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze—
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem—
When, suddenly, a Star arose!—
It was the Star of Bethlehem!

It was my guide—my light—my all!
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever, and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

XII.—THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.—*Campbell.*

Our bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground, overpowered—
The weary to sleep, and the wounded—to die!

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice, ere the morning, I dreamt it again.

Methought, from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track;
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back!

I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup; and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fulness of heart:—

"Stay! stay with us!—rest! thou art weary and worn!"
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay—
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

XIII.—BRUCE TO HIS ARMY.—*Burns.*

Scots! wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has often led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victory!

Now's the day and now's the hour!
See the front of battle lower!
See, approach proud Edward's power—
Edward!—chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor-knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be—a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

Wha, for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or Freeman fa'?
Caledonian!—on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall—they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward!—let us do, or die!

XIV.—ELIZA.—*Darwin.*

Now stood Eliza on the wood-crowned height,
O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight;
Sought, with bold eye, amid the bloody strife,
Her dearer self, the partner of her life;
From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,
And viewed his banner, or believed she viewed.
Pleased with the distant roar, with quicker tread
Fast by his hand one lisping boy she led;
And one fair girl amid the loud alarm
Slept on her kerchief, cradled by her arm;
While round her brows bright beams of honour dart,
And love's warm eddies circle in her heart.
Near and more near the intrepid beauty pressed,
Saw, through the driving smoke, his dancing crest;
Heard the exulting shout, "They run! they run!"
"O Joy!" she cried, "he's safe! the battle's won!"
A ball now hisses through the airy tides,
(Some Fury wings it, and some Demon guides!)

Parts the fine locks, her graceful head that deck,
Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her neck;
The red stream issuing from her azure veins,
Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains.
"Ah me!" she cried, and, sinking on the ground,
Kissed her dear babes, regardless of the wound;
"Oh, cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn!
Wait, gushing life, oh, wait my love's return!
Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams from far!
The angel, Pity, shuns the walks of war!
O spare, ye war-hounds, spare their tender age!—
On me, on me," she cried, "exhaust your rage!"
Then, with weak arms, her weeping babes caressed,
And, sighing, hid them in her blood-stained vest.
From tent to tent the impatient Warrior flies,
Fear in his heart and frenzy in his eyes;
"Eliza!" loud along the camp he calls,
"Eliza!" echoes through the canvas walls:
Quick through the murmuring gloom his footsteps tread,
O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead;
Vault o'er the plain, and, in the tangled wood,
Lo! dead Eliza weltering in her blood!
Soon hears his listening son the welcome sounds,
With open arms and sparkling eyes he bounds:—
"Speak low," he cries, and gives his little hand,
"Mamma's asleep upon the dew-cold sand.
Alas! we both with cold and hunger quake—
Why do you weep?—Mamma will soon awake."
"She'll wake no more!" the hopeless mourner cried,
Upturned his eyes, and clasped his hands, and sighed;
Stretched on the ground a while entranced he lay,
And pressed warm kisses on the lifeless clay;
And then upsprung with wild convulsive start,
And all the father kindled in his heart.
"O, Heaven!" he cried, "my first rash vow forgive!
These bind to earth, for these I pray to live!"
Round his chill babes he wrapped his crimson vest,
And clasped them, sobbing, to his aching breast.

XV.—LOCHINVAR.—*Scott.*

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west!
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And, save his good broad-sword, he weapon had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone!
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war.
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar!

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Esk river where ford there was none—
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented!—the gallant came late:
For, a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar!

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
'Mong bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword—
For the poor, craven bridegroom said never a word—
"O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war?—
Or to dance at our bridal?—young Lord Lochinvar!"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied:
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide!
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine!—
There are maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar!"

The bride kissed the goblet! The knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup!
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh—
With a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace!
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar!"

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near—
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur!
They'll have fleet steeds that follow!" quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Grœmes of the Netherby clan;
Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lea—
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye heard of gallant like the young Lochinvar?

XVI.—THE GHEBERS' ATTACK.—*Moore.*

But see! he starts—what heard he then?
That dreadful shout!—across the glen
From the land-side it comes, and loud
Rings through the chasm; as if the crowd
Of fearful things that haunt that dell,
Its Gholes, and Dives, and shapes of hell,
Had all in one dread howl broke out,
So loud, so terrible that shout!
"They come—the Moslems come!"—he cries,
His proud soul mounting to his eyes:—
"Now, Spirits of the Brave! who roam
Enfranchised through yon starry dome,

Rejoice—for souls of kindred fire
Are on the wing to join your choir!"
He said—and, light as bridegrooms bound,
With eager haste reclimbed the steep,
And gained the shrine:—his Chiefs stood round—
Their swords, as with instinctive leap,
Together, at that cry accurs'd,
Had, from their sheaths, like sunbeams, burst!
And hark!—again—again it rings;
Near and more near its echoings
Peal through the chasm.—Oh! who that then
Had seen those listening warrior-men,
With their swords grasped, their eyes of flame
Turned on their Chief—could doubt the shame,
The indignant shame, with which they thrill,
To hear those shouts, and yet stand still?

He read their thoughts—they were his own:—
"What! while our arms can wield these blades,
Shall we die tamely? die alone?
Without one victim to our shades—
One Moslem heart, where, buried deep,
The sabre from its toil may sleep?
No!—God of Iran's burning skies!
Thou scorn'st the inglorious sacrifice.
No!—though of all earth's hopes bereft,
Life, swords, and vengeance, still are left!
We'll make yon valley's reeking caves
Live in the awe-struck minds of men,
Till tyrants shudder, when their slaves
Tell of the Ghebers' bloody glen.
Follow, brave hearts!—this pile remains,
Our refuge still from life and chains;
But his the best, the holiest bed,
Who sinks entombed in Moslem dead!"

XVII.—THE EXILE OF ERIN.—*Campbell.*

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill:
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion;
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the fervour of youth's warm emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of ERIN GO BRAGH!

"Sad is my fate!"—said the heart-broken stranger—
"The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger:
A home and a country remain not to me!
Never again, in the green sunny bowers
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours;
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of ERIN GO BRAGH!

"Erin! my country! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore!
But, alas! in a far, foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends that can meet me no more!
Oh, cruel Fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me?
Never again shall my brothers embrace me!—
They died to defend me!—or live to deplore!

"Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood?
Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that looked on my childhood?
And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?
Ah! my sad soul, long abandoned by pleasure!
Why didst thou dote on a fast-fading treasure?
Tears, like the rain-drops, may fall without measure;
But rapture and beauty they cannot recal!

"Yet—all its sad recollections suppressing—
One dying wish my lone bosom shall draw:—
Erin! an exile bequeaths thee—his blessing!
Land of my forefathers!—ERIN GO BRAGH!
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
ERIN MAVOURNEEN! ERIN GO BRAGH!"

XVIII.—TELL'S BIRTH-PLACE.—*Coleridge.*

MARK this holy chapel well!
The birth-place this of William Tell.
Here, where stands Heaven's altar dread,
Stood his parents' humble shed.

Here first an infant to her breast,
Him his loving mother pressed;
And kissed the babe, and blessed the day,
And prayed, as mothers used to pray:

"Vouchsafe him health, O! Heaven and give
The child, thy servant, still to live!"
But Heaven had destined to do more
Through him, than through an armèd power.

He gave him reverence of laws,
Yet stirring blood in Freedom's cause—
A spirit to his rocks akin—
The eye of the hawk, and the fire therein!

To Nature and to Holy Writ
Alone did He the boy commit:
Where flashed and roared the torrent, oft
His soul found wings, and soared aloft!

The straining oar and chamois' chace
Had formed his limbs to strength and grace:
On wave and wind the boy would toss—
Was great, nor knew how great he was!

He knew not that his chosen hand
(Made strong by Heaven) his native land
Would rescue from the shameful yoke
Of slavery—the which he broke!

XIX.—FLIGHT OF XERXES.—*Miss Jewsbury.*

I saw him on the battle-eve,
When like a king he bore him—
Proud hosts in glittering helm and greave,
And prouder chiefs before him!
The warrior, and the warrior's deeds,
The morrow, and the morrow's meeds—
No daunting thoughts came o'er him:
He looked around him, and his eye
Defiance flashed to earth and sky!

He looked on ocean,—its broad breast
Was covered with his fleet:
On earth,—and saw from east to west
His bannered millions meet:
While rock, and glen, and cave, and coast,
Shook with the war-cry of that host,
The thunder of their feet!
He heard the imperial echoes ring—
He heard, and felt himself a king!

I saw him next alone:—nor camp
Nor chief his steps attended:
Nor banners' blaze, nor coursers' tramp,
With war-cries proudly blended.
He stood alone, whom fortune high
So lately seemed to deify;
He who with Heaven contended,
Fled, like a fugitive and slave;
Behind, the foe!—before, the wave!

He stood—fleet, army, treasure, gone,—
Alone, and in despair!
While wave and wind swept ruthless on,
For they were monarchs there;
And Xerxes, in a single bark,
Where late his thousand ships were dark,
Must all their fury dare!—
What a revenge!—a trophy this,
For thee, immortal Salamis!

XX.—GLENARA.—*Campbell.*

O, HEARD ye yon pibroch sound sad on the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail?
'Tis the chief of Glenara laments for his dear,
And her sire and her people are called to the bier.

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud:
Her kinsmen they followed, but mourned not aloud:
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around;
They marched all in silence—they looked to the ground.

In silence they reached over mountain and moor,
To a heath where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar:
"Now here let us place the grey stone of her cairn:
Why speak ye no word?" said Glenara the stern.

"And tell me, I charge you, ye clan of my spouse,
Why fold ye your mantles? why cloud ye your brows?"
So spake the rude chieftain; no answer is made,
But each mantle unfolding, a dagger displayed!

"I dreamed of my lady, I dreamed of her shroud,"
Cried a voice from the kinsmen all wrathful and loud;
"And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem:
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

Oh, pale grew the cheek of the chieftain, I ween,
When the shroud was unclosed, and no body was seen!
Then a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn,—
'Twas the youth that had loved the fair Ellen of Lorn!

"I dreamed of my lady, I dreamed of her grief,
I dreamed that her lord was a barbarous chief;
On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem:—
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

In dust low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
And the desert revealed where his lady was found:
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne:
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn!

XXI.—HARMOSAN.—*Anon.*

Now the third and fatal conflict for the Persian throne was done,
And the Moslems' fiery valour had the crowning victory won:
Harmosan, the last of foemen, and the boldest to defy,
Captive, overborne by numbers, they were bringing forth to die.

Then exclaimed that noble Satrap, "Lo, I perish in my thirst;
Give me but one drink of water, and let then arrive the worst."—
In his hand he took the goblet, but awhile the draught forbore,
Seemingly doubtfully the purpose of the victors to explore.

"But what fear'st thou?" cried the Caliph: "dost thou dread a secret blow?
Fear it not; our gallant Moslems no such treacherous dealings know.
Thou may'st quench thy thirst securely; for thou shalt not die before
Thou hast drunk that cup of water: this reprieve is thine—no more."

Quick the Satrap dashed the goblet down to earth with ready hand,
And the liquid sunk,—for ever lost, amid the burning sand:
"Thou hast said that mine my life is, till the water of that cup
I have drained:—then bid thy servants that spilled water gather up."

For a moment stood the Caliph, as by doubtful passions stirred:
Then exclaimed, "For ever sacred must remain a Monarch's word.
Bring forth another cup, and straightway to the noble Persian give:—
Drink, I said before, and perish;—now, I bid thee drink and live!"

XXII.—MIRIAM'S SONG.—*Moore.*

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed—his people are free!
Sing!—for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave;
How vain was their boasting!—the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed—his people are free.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword!
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath looked out from his pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed—his people are free!

XXIII.—WAR-SONG OF THE GREEKS.—*Proctor (Barry Cornwall.)*

AWAKE! 'tis the terror of war!
The crescent is tossed on the wind;
But our flag flies on high, like the perilous star
Of the battle. Before and behind,
Wherever it glitters, it darts
Bright death into tyrannous hearts.

Who are they that now bid us be slaves?
They are foes to the good and the free;
Go, bid them first fetter the might of the waves!
The sea may be conquered; but we
Have spirits untameable still,
And the strength to be free,—and the will!

The Helots are come: In their eyes
Proud hate and fierce massacre burn;
They hate us,—but shall they despise?
They are come; shall they ever return?
O God of the Greeks! from thy throne
Look down, and we'll conquer alone!

Our fathers,— each man was a god,
His will was a law, and the sound
Of his voice, like a spirit's, was worshipped: he trod,
And thousands fell worshippers round:
From the gates of the West to the Sun,
He bade, and his bidding was done.

And we—shall we die in our chains,
Who once were as free as the wind?
Who is it that threatens,—who is it arraigns?
Are they princes of Europe or Ind?
Are they kings to the uttermost pole?
They are dogs, with a taint on their soul!

XXIV.—THE FALL OF D'ASSAS.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

ALONE, through gloomy forest shades, a Soldier went by night,
No moon-beam pierced the dusky glades, no star shed guiding light.

Yet, on his vigil's midnight round, the youth all cheerly passed;
Unchecked by aught of boding sound, that muttered in the blast.

Where were his thoughts that lonely hour?—In his far home perchance—
His father's hall—his mother's bower, 'midst the gay vines of France.

Hush! hark! did stealing steps go by? came not faint whispers near?
No!—The wild wind hath many a sigh, amidst the foliage sere.

Hark! yet again!—and from his hand. what grasp hath wrenched the blade?
O, single, 'midst a hostile band, young Soldier, thou'rt betrayed!

"Silence!" in under-tones they cry; "No whisper—not a breath!
The sound that warns thy comrades nigh shall sentence thee to death!"

Still at the bayonet's point he stood, and strong to meet the blow;
And shouted, 'midst his rushing blood, "Arm! arm!—Auvergne!—the foe!"

The stir—the tramp—the bugle-call—he heard their tumults grow;
And sent his dying voice through all—"Auvergne! Auvergne! the foe!"

XXV.—THE DRUM.—*Douglas Jerrold's Magazine.*

YONDER is a little drum, hanging on the wall;
Dusty wreaths, and tattered flags, round about it fall.
A shepherd youth on Cheviot's hills, watched the sheep whose skin
A cunning workman wrought, and gave the little drum its din.

O, pleasant are fair Cheviot's hills, with velvet verdure spread,
And pleasant 'tis, among its heath, to make your summer bed;
And sweet and clear are Cheviot's rills that trickle to its vales,
And balmily its tiny flowers breathe on the passing gales.
And thus hath felt the Shepherd-boy whilst tending of his fold;
Nor thought there was, in all the world, a spot like Cheviot's wold.

And so it was for many a day!—but change with time will come;
And he—(alas for him the day!) he heard the little drum!
"Follow," said the drummer-boy, "would you live in story!
For he who strikes a foeman down, wins a wreath of glory."
"Rub-a-dub!" and "rub-a-dub!" the drummer beats away—
The shepherd lets his bleating flock o'er Cheviot wildly stray.

On Egypt's arid wastes of sand the shepherd now is lying;
Around him many a parching tongue for "Water!" faintly crying:
O, that he were on Cheviot's hills, with velvet verdure spread,
Or lying 'mid the blooming heath where oft he made his bed:
Or could he drink of those sweet rills that trickle to its vales,
Or breathe once more the balminess of Cheviot's mountain gales!

At length, upon his wearied eyes, the mists of slumber come,
And he is in his home again—till wakened by the drum!
"Take arms! take arms!" his leader cries, "the hated foeman's nigh!"
Guns loudly roar—steel clanks on steel, and thousands fall to die.
The shepherd's blood makes red the sand: "Oh! water—give me some!
"My voice might reach a friendly ear—but for that little drum!"

'Mid moaning men, and dying men, the drummer kept his way,
And many a one by "glory" lured, did curse the drum that day.
"Rub-a-dub!" and "rub-a-dub!" the drummer beat aloud—
The shepherd died! and, ere the morn, the hot sand was his shroud.
—And this is "Glory?"—Yes; and still will man the tempter follow,
Nor learn that Glory, like its drum, is but a sound—and hollow!

XXVI.—DEATH OF DE BOUNE.—*Scott.*

Oh! gay, yet fearful to behold,—
Flashing with steel, and rough with gold,
And bristled o'er with bills and spears,
With plumes and pennons waving fair,—
Was that bright battle-front! for there
Rode England's king and peers:
And who, that saw that monarch ride,
His kingdom battled by his side,
Could then his direful doom foretel!
Fair was his seat in knightly selle,
And in his sprightly eye was set
Some spark of the Plantagenet.
Though light and wandering was his glance,
It flashed, at sight of shield and lance.
"Know'st thou," he said, "De Argentine,
Yon knight who marshals thus their line?"—
"The tokens on his helmet tell
The Bruce, my liege; I know him well."—
"And shall the audacious traitor brave
The presence where our banners wave?"—
"So please my liege," said Argentine,
"Were he but horsed on steed like mine,
To give him fair and knightly chance,
I would adventure forth my lance."—
"In battle-day," the king replied,
"Nice tourney rules are set aside.
Still must the rebel dare our wrath?
Set on him—sweep him from our path!"
And, at king Edward's signal, soon
Dashed from the ranks Sir Henry Boune.

He spurred his steed, he couched his lance,
And darted on the Bruce at once.
—As motionless as rocks, that bide
The wrath of the advancing tide,
The Bruce stood fast.—Each breast beat high,
And dazzled was each gazing eye.—
The heart had hardly time to shrink,
The eye-lid scarce had time to wink,
While on the king, like flash of flame,
Spurred to full speed the war-horse came!—
The partridge may the falcon mock,
If that slight palfrey stand the shock!—
But, swerving from the knight's career,
Just as they met, Bruce shunned the spear.
Onward the baffled warrior bore
His course—but soon his course was o'er!
High in his stirrups stood the king,
And gave his battle-axe the swing.
Right on De Boune, the whiles he passed,
Fell that stern dint—the first—the last!—
Such strength upon the blow was put,
The helmet crashed like hazel-nut;
The axe-shaft, with its brazen clasp,
Was shivered to the gauntlet grasp.
Springs from the blow the startled horse—
Drops to the plain the lifeless corse!
First of that fatal field, how soon,
How sudden, fell the fierce De Boune!

XXVII.—THE MOTHER AND HER DEAD CHILD.—*Moir.*

With ceaseless sorrow, uncontrolled,
The mother mourned her lot;
She wept, and would not be consoled,
Because her child was not.

She gazed upon its nursery floor—
But there it did not play;
The toys it loved, the clothes it wore,
All void and vacant lay.

Her house, her heart, were dark and drear,
Without their wonted light,
The little star had left its sphere.
That there had shone so bright.

Her tears, at each returning thought,
Fell like the frequent rain;
Time on its wings no healing brought,
And Wisdom spoke in vain.

Even in the middle hour of night
She sought no soft relief;
But, by the taper's misty light,
Sat nourishing her grief.

'Twas then a sight of solemn awe
Rose near her like a cloud:—
The image of her child she saw,
Wrapped in its little shroud!

It sat within its favourite chair;
It sat, and seemed to sigh,
And turned upon its mother there
A meek, imploring eye.

"O child! what brings that breathless form
Back from its place of rest?
For, well I know, no life can warm
Again that livid breast.

"The grave is now your bed my child,
Go slumber there in peace!"—
"I cannot go," it answered mild,
"Until your sorrow cease.

"I've tried to rest in that dark bed,
But rest I cannot get;
For always, with the tears you shed,
My winding-sheet is wet.

"The drops, dear mother! trickle still
Into my coffin deep:
It feels so comfortless and chill,
I cannot go to sleep!"

"O child! those words—that touching look,
My fortitude restore:
I feel and own the blest rebuke,
And weep thy loss no more."

She spoke, and dried her tears the while;
And, as her passion fell,
The vision wore an angel smile,
And looked a fond farewell!

XXVIII.—THE AFRICAN CHIEF.—*Bryant.*

CHAINED in the market-place he stood—a man of giant frame,
Amid the gathering multitude, that shrunk to hear his name:
All stern of look, and strong of limb, his dark eye on the ground:—
And silently they gazed on him, as on a lion bound.

Vainly, but well, that chief had fought—he was a captive now;
Yet pride, that fortune humbles not, was written on his brow.
The scars his dark broad bosom wore, showed warrior true and brave;
A prince among his tribe before,—he could not be a slave!

Then to his conqueror he spake—"My brother is a king;
Undo this necklace from my neck, and take this bracelet ring,
And send me where my brother reigns; and I will fill thy hands
With store of ivory from the plains, and gold-dust from the sands."

"Not for thy ivory nor thy gold will I unbind thy chain;
That fettered hand shall never hold the battle-spear again.
A price thy nation never gave, shall yet be paid for thee;
For thou shalt be the Christian's slave, in lands beyond the sea."

Then wept the warrior-chief, and bade to shred his locks away,
And, one by one, each heavy braid before the victor lay.
Thick were the plaited locks, and long; and deftly hidden there,
Shone many a wedge of gold, among the dark and crispèd hair.

"Look! feast thy greedy eyes with gold, long kept for sorest need;
Take it—thou askest sums untold,—and say that I am freed.
Take it!—my wife, the long, long day weeps by the cocoa-tree,
And my young children leave their play and ask in vain for me."

"I take thy gold—but I have made thy fetters fast and strong,
And ween that by the cocoa-shade thy wife will wait thee long."
Strong was the agony that shook the captive's frame to hear,
And the proud meaning of his look was changed to mortal fear.

His heart was broken—crazed his brain; at once his eye grew wild;
He struggled fiercely with his chain, whispered, and wept, and smiled:
Yet wore not long those fatal bands; for soon, at shut of day,
They drew him forth upon the sands, the foul hyena's prey.

XXIX.—THE SLAVE'S PETITION.—*Mrs. Norton.*

It was an aged man, who stood beside the blue Atlantic sea;
They cast his fetters by the flood, and hailed the time-worn captive free;
From his indignant eye there flashed a gleam his better nature gave;
And while his tyrants shrank abashed, thus spoke the spirit-stricken Slave:

"Bring back the chain, whose weight so long these tortured limbs have vainly borne;
The word of freedom from your tongue, my weary ear rejects with scorn!
'Tis true, there was—there was a time, I sighed, I panted to be free,
And, pining for my sunny clime, bowed down my stubborn knee.

"Then I have stretched my yearning arms, and shook in wrath my galling chain;—
Then, when the magic word had charms, I groaned for Liberty, in vain!
That freedom ye at length bestow, and bid me bless my envied fate:
Ye tell me I am free to go—where?—I am desolate!

"The boundless hope—the spring of joy, felt when the spirit's strength is young;
Which slavery only can alloy,—the mockeries to which I clung;
The eyes, whose fond and sunny ray made life's dull lamp less dimly burn,
The tones I pined for day by day,—can ye bid them return?

"Bring back the chain!—its clanking sound hath now a power beyond your own;
It brings young visions smiling round, too fondly loved—too early flown!
It brings me days when these dim eyes gazed o'er the wild and swelling sea,
Counting how many suns must rise ere one might hail me free!

"Bring back the chain! that I may think 'tis that which weighs my spirit so;
And, gazing on each galling link, dream—as I dreamt—of bitter woe!
My days are gone;—of hope, of youth, these traces now alone remain—
(Hoarded with sorrow's sacred truth)—tears, and my iron chain!

Freedom!—Though doomed in pain to live, the freedom of the soul is mine;
But all of slavery you could give, around my steps must ever twine.
Raise up the head which age hath bent, renew the hopes that childhood gave,
Bid all return kind Heaven once lent;—till then—I am a slave!"

XXX.—THE FELON.—*M. G. Lewis.*

Oh! mark his wan and hollow cheeks, and mark his eye-balls' glare,
And mark his teeth in anguish clinched—the anguish of despair!
Know, three days since, his penance o'er, yon culprit left a jail;
And since three days, no food has passed those lips, so parched and pale.

"Where shall I turn?" the wretch exclaims; "where hide my shameful head?
How fly from scorn, or how contrive to earn an honest bread?
This branded hand would gladly toil; but when for work I pray,
Who views this mark 'A felon!' cries, and loathing turns away.

"My heart has greatly erred—but now would fain return to good!
My hand has deeply sinned—but yet has ne'er been stained with blood!
For alms, or work, in vain I sue—the scorners both deny:
I starve! I starve!—Then what remains? this choice—to sin, or die!

"Here, Virtue spurns me with disdain,—there, Pleasure spreads her snare;
Strong habit drives me back to vice; and, urged by fierce despair,
I strive, while hunger gnaws my heart, to fly from shame—in vain!
World! 'tis thy cruel will!—I yield, and plunge in guilt again!

"There's mercy, in each ray of light that mortal eyes e'er saw;
There's mercy, in each breath of air that mortal lips e'er draw;
There's mercy, both for bird and beast in Heaven's indulgent plan;
There's mercy, in each creeping thing—but man has none for man!

"Ye proudly honest! when you heard my wounded conscience groan,
Had generous hand, or feeling heart, one glimpse of mercy shown;
That act had made, from burning eyes, sweet tears of virtue roll,
Had fixed my heart, assured my faith—and heaven had gained a soul!"

XXXI.—THE SAILOR.—*Rogers.*

The sailor sighs as sinks his native shore,
As all its lessening turrets bluely fade;
He climbs the mast to feast his eyes once more,
And busy Fancy fondly lends her aid.

Ah! now, each dear domestic scene he knew,—
Recalled and cherished in a foreign clime,—
Charms with the magic of a moonlight view;
Its colours mellowed, not impaired, by Time.

True as the needle, homeward points his heart,
Through all the horrors of the stormy main;
This, the last wish that would with life depart—
To see the smile of her he loves again!

When morn first faintly draws her silver line,
Or eve's grey cloud descends to drink the wave;
When sea and sky in midnight darkness join,
Still, still he views the parting look she gave.

Her gentle spirit, lightly hovering o'er,
Attends his little bark from pole to pole;
And, when the beating billows round him roar,
Whispers sweet hope to soothe his troubled soul.

Carved is her name in many a spicy grove,
In many a plantain-forest waving wide:
Where dusky youths in painted plumage rove,
And giant palms o'er-arch the golden tide.

But lo, at last he comes with crowded sail!
Lo! o'er the cliff, what eager figures bend!
And hark, what mingled murmurs swell the gale!
In each, he hears the welcome of a friend!

'Tis she, 'tis she herself! she waves her hand!—
Soon is the anchor cast, the canvas furled;
Soon through the whitening surge he springs to land,
And clasps the maid he singled from the world!

XXXII.—THE ORPHAN BOY.—*Mrs. Opie.*

Stay, Lady! stay for mercy's sake,
And hear a helpless Orphan's tale!
Ah! sure, my looks must pity wake,
'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale.
Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy;
But in the Nile's proud fight he died—
And I am now an Orphan Boy!

Poor, foolish child! how pleased was I,
When news of Nelson's victory came,
Along the crowded streets to fly,
And see the lighted windows flame!
To force me home my mother sought;
She could not bear to see my joy,
For with my father's life 'twas bought—
And made me a poor Orphan Boy!

The people's shouts were long and loud;
My mother, shuddering, closed her ears
"Rejoice! rejoice!" still cried the crowd;
My mother answered with her tears.

"Why are you crying thus," said I,
"While others laugh, and shout with joy?"
She kissed me, and, with such a sigh,
She called me her poor Orphan Boy!

"What is an orphan boy?" I said,
When, suddenly, she gasped for breath;
And her eyes closed—I shrieked for aid,
But, ah! her eyes were closed in death!
And now they've tolled my mother's knell,
And I'm no more a parent's joy;
O, Lady!—I have learned too well
What 'tis to be an Orphan Boy!

Oh! were I by your bounty fed—
Nay, gentle Lady, do not chide;
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread;
The sailor's orphan boy has pride!
Lady, you weep!—Ha!—this to me?
You'll give me clothing, food, employ?
Look down, dear parents! look and see
Your happy, happy Orphan Boy!

XXXIII.—BETH GELERT.—*W. L. Spencer.*

THE spearman heard the bugle sound, and cheerly smiled the morn,
And many a brach, and many a hound, attend Llewellyn's horn;
And still he blew a louder blast, and gave a louder cheer;
"Come, Gelert! why art thou the last Llewellyn's horn to hear?
Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam? the flower of all his race!
So true, so brave! a lamb at home—a lion in the chace!"

'Twas only at Llewellyn's board the faithful Gelert fed;
He watched, he served, he cheered his lord, and sentinel'd his bed.
In sooth, he was a peerless hound, the gift of royal John;—
But now no Gelert could be found, and all the chace rode on.

And now, as over rocks and dells the gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells with many mingled cries.
That day Llewellyn little loved the chace of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty proved—for Gelert was not there.
Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied; when, near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied, bounding his Lord to greet.
But when he gained the castle door, aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound was smeared with gouts of gore:—his lips and fangs ran blood!
Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise, unused such looks to meet;
His favourite checked his joyful guise, and crouched and licked his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn passed—and on went Gelert too;
And still, where'er his eyes were cast, fresh blood-gouts shocked his view!
O'erturned his infant's bed he found! the blood-stained covert rent;
And all around the walls and ground with recent blood besprent!
He called his child—no voice replied! he searched with terror wild;
Blood! blood! he found on every side, but no-where found the child!

"Hell-hound! by thee my child's devoured!" the frantic father cried,
And to the hilt his vengeful sword he plunged in Gelert's side!—
His suppliant as to earth he fell, no pity could impart;
But still his Gelert's dying yell passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell, some slumberer wakened nigh;
What words the parent's joy can tell, to hear his infant cry!
Concealed beneath a mangled heap his hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep his cherub boy he kissed!
Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread—But the same couch beneath,
Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead—tremendous still in death!

Ah! what was then Llewellyn's pain! for now the truth was clear;
The gallant hound the wolf had slain, to save Llewellyn's heir.
Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe: "Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic deed which laid thee low, this heart shall ever rue!"
—And now a gallant tomb they raise, with costly sculpture decked;
And marbles, storied with his praise, poor Gelert's bones protect.
Here never could the spearman pass, or forester, unmoved;
Here oft the tear be-sprinkled grass Llewellyn's sorrow proved.
And here he hung his horn and spear; and oft, as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear poor Gelert's dying yell!

XXXIV.—A SHIP SINKING.—*Wilson.*

—Her giant form,
O'er wrathful surge, through blackening storm,
Majestically calm, would go
'Mid the deep darkness white as snow!
But gently now the small waves glide,
Like playful lambs o'er a mountain's side.
So stately her bearing, so proud her array,
The main she will traverse for ever and aye.
Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast!
—Hush! hush! thou vain dreamer! this hour is her last.
Five hundred souls, in one instant of dread,
Are hurried o'er the deck:
And fast the miserable ship
Becomes a lifeless wreck!
Her keel hath struck on a hidden rock,
Her planks are torn asunder,
And down come her masts with a reeling shock,
And a hideous crash, like thunder!
Her sails are draggled in the brine,
That gladdened late the skies;
And her pendant, that kissed the fair moonshine,
Down many a fathom lies.
Her beauteous sides, whose rainbow hues
Gleamed softly from below,
And flung a warm and sunny flush
O'er the wreaths of murmuring snow,
To the coral rocks are hurrying down,
To sleep amid colours as bright as their own.

Oh! many a dream was in the ship
An hour before her death;
And sights of home, with sighs, disturbed
The sleeper's long-drawn breath.
Instead of the murmur of the sea,
The sailor heard the humming-tree,
Alive through all its leaves;—
The hum of the spreading sycamore
That grows before his cottage door,
And the swallow's song in the eaves;—
His arms enclosed a blooming boy,
Who listened, with tears of sorrow and joy,
To the dangers his father had passed;
And his wife—by turns she wept and smiled,
As she looked on the father of her child
Returned to her heart at last!
—He wakes, at the vessel's sudden roll—
And the rush of waters is in his soul!
Astounded, the reeling deck he paces,
'Mid hurrying forms and ghastly faces;—
The whole ship's crew is there!
Wailings around and overhead—
Brave spirits stupified or dead—
And madness and despair!
Now is the ocean's bosom bare,
Unbroken as the floating air;
The ship hath melted quite away,
Like a struggling dream at break of day.
No image meets my wandering eye,
But the new-risen sun and the sunny sky:
Though the night-shades are gone, yet a vapour dull,
Bedims the wave so beautiful;
While a low and melancholy moan,
Mourns for the glory, that hath flown!

XXXV.—GERTRUDE VON DER WART.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

Her hands were clasped, her dark eyes raised, the breeze threw back her hair;
Up to the fearful wheel she gazed;—all that she loved was there!
The night was round her clear and cold, the holy heaven above;
Its pale stars watching to behold the might of earthly love.

"And bid me not depart," she cried; "my Rudolph, say not so;
This is no time to quit thy side; peace—peace! I cannot go.
Hath the world aught for me to fear, when death is on thy brow?
The world—what means it?—mine is here; I will not leave thee now!

"I have been with thee in thine hour of glory and of bliss;
Doubt not its memory's living power, to strengthen me through this.
And thou, mine honoured lord and true, bear on, bear nobly on!
We have the blessed heaven in view, whose rest shall soon be won."

And were not these high words to flow from woman's breaking heart?
Through all that night of bitterest woe, she bore her lofty part;
But oh! with such a glazing eye, with such a curdling cheek,
Love, love, of mortal agony, thou, only thou, shouldst speak!

The wind rose high, but with it rose her voice that he might hear:
Perchance that dark hour brought repose to happy bosoms near;
While she sat pining with despair, beside his tortured form,
And pouring her deep soul in prayer, forth on the rushing storm.

Oh! lovely are ye, Love and Faith, enduring to the last!
She had her meed! one smile in death—and his worn spirit passed!
While, even as o'er a martyr's grave, she knelt on that sad spot;
And, weeping, blessed the God who gave strength to forsake it not!

XXXVI.—WILLIAM AND MARGARET.—*Mallet.*

'Twas at the silent solemn hour when night and morning meet,
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost, and stood at William's feet.
Her face was like an April morn, clad in a wintry cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily hand, that held her sable shroud.
—So shall the fairest face appear, when youth and years are flown;
Such is the robe that kings must wear, when Death has reft their crown.
—Her bloom was like the springing flower, that sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek, just opening to the view.
But Love had, like the canker-worm, consumed her early prime:
The rose grew pale—then left her cheek—she died before her time!

"Awake!" she cried, "thy true love calls, come from her midnight grave;
Now let thy pity hear the maid, thy love refused to save.
This is the dumb and dreary hour, when injured ghosts complain;
When yawning graves give up their dead, to haunt the faithless swain.
Bethink thee, William, of thy fault, thy pledge, and broken oath,
And give me back my maiden vow, and give me back my troth.
Why did you promise love to me, and not that promise keep?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright, yet leave those eyes to weep?
How could you say my face was fair, and yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart, yet leave that heart to break?
Why did you say my lip was sweet, and made the scarlet pale?
And why did I,—young, witless maid,—believe the flattering tale!
That face, alas! no more is fair, those lips no longer red;
Dark are my eyes, now closed in death, and every charm is fled.
The hungry worm my sister is; the winding-sheet I wear:
And cold and weary lasts our night, till that last morn appear.
—But hark! the dawn has warned me hence; a long and late adieu!
Come, see, false man! how low she lies, who died for love of you!"

The lark sang loud; the morning smiled with beams of rosy red:
Pale William quaked in every limb, and raving left his bed.
He hied him to the fatal place where Margaret's body lay,
And stretched him on the grass-green turf, that wrapped her breathless clay;
And thrice he called on Margaret's name, and thrice he wept full sore
Then laid his cheek on her cold grave, and word spoke never more!

XXXVII.—THE IDIOT BOY.—*Southey.*

It had pleased Heaven to form poor Ned a thing of idiot-mind;
Yet to the poor unreasoning man, Heaven had not been unkind.
Old Sarah loved her helpless child, whom helplessness made dear;
And life was happiness to him, who had no hope or fear.

She knew his wants, she understood each half-articulate call;
And he was every thing to her, and she to him was all.
And so for many a year they dwelt, nor knew a wish beside;
But age at length on Sarah came, and she fell sick and died.

He tried, in vain, to 'waken her; he called her o'er and o'er;
They told him, she was dead;—the sound to him no import bore.
They closed her eyes and shrouded her, and he stood wondering by,
And when they bore her to the grave, he followed silently.
They laid her in the narrow house, they sang the funeral stave;
But, when the funeral train dispersed, he loitered by the grave.

The rabble boys, who used to jeer whene'er they saw poor Ned,
Now stood and watched him at the grave, and not a word they said.
They came and went, and came again, till night at last drew on;
And still he loitered by the grave, till all the rest were gone.

And when he found himself alone, he swift removed the clay;
And raised the coffin up in haste, and bore it swift away.
And when he reached his hut, he laid the coffin on the floor;
And with the eagerness of joy, he barred the cottage door.

And out he took his mother's corpse, and placed it in a chair;
And then he heaped the hearth, and blew the kindling fire with care
He placed his mother in her chair, and in her wonted place;
And blew the kindling fire, that shone reflected on her face.

And pausing, now her hand would feel, and now her face behold;
"Why, mother, do you look so pale? and why are you so cold?"
—It had pleased Heaven, from the poor wretch his only friend to call
But Heaven was kind to him, and soon in death restored him all.

XXXVIII.—CHRISTIAN WARFARE.—*Charlotte Elizabeth.*

Soldier, go—but not to claim
Mouldering spoils of earth-born treasure,
Not to build a vaunting name,
Not to dwell in tents of pleasure.
Dream not that the way is smooth,
Hope not that the thorns are roses;
Turn no wishful eye of youth
Where the sunny beam reposes;—
Thou hast sterner work to do,
Hosts to cut thy passage through:
Close behind thee gulfs are burning—
Forward! there is no returning.

Soldier, rest—but not for thee
Spreads the world her downy pillow;
On the rock thy couch must be,
While around thee chafes the billow:

Thine must be a watchful sleep,
Wearier than another's waking;
Such a charge as thou dost keep,
Brooks no moment of forsaking.
Sleep, as on the battle field,
Girded—grasping sword and shield:
Those thou canst not name nor number,
Steal upon thy broken slumber.

Soldier, rise—the war is done;
Lo! the hosts of hell are flying;
'Twas thy Lord the battle won;
Jesus vanquished them by dying.
Pass the stream—before thee lies
All the conquered land of glory;
Hark, what songs of rapture rise!
These proclaim the victor's story.
Soldier, lay thy weapons down,
Quit the sword, and take the crown;
Triumph! all thy foes are banished—
Death is slain—and earth has vanished!

XXXIX.—AN EPICEDIUM.—*A. A. Watts.*

He left his home with a bounding heart,
For the world was all before him;
And felt it scarce a pain to part—
Such sun-bright beams came o'er him!
He turned him to visions of future years,
The rainbow's hues were round them;
And a father's bodings—a mother's tears—
Might not weigh with the hopes that crowned them.

That mother's cheek is far paler now,
Than when she last caressed him;
There's an added gloom on that father's brow,
Since the hour when last he blessed him.
Oh! that all human hopes should prove
Like the flowers that will fade to-morrow;
And the cankering fears of anxious love
Ever end in truth and sorrow!

He left his home with a swelling sail,
Of fame and fortune dreaming,—
With a spirit as free as the vernal gale,
Or the pennon above him streaming.
He hath reached his goal;—by a distant wave,
'Neath a sultry sun, they've laid him;
And stranger-forms bent o'er his grave,
When the last sad rites were paid him.

He should have died in his own loved land,
With friends and kinsmen near him:
Not have withered thus on a foreign strand,
With no thought, save heaven, to cheer him.

But what recks it now? Is his sleep less sound
In the port where the wild winds swept him,
Than if home's green turf his grave had bound,
Or the hearts he loved had wept him?

Then why repine? Can he feel the rays
That the pestilent sun sheds o'er him?
Or share the grief that may cloud the days
Of the friends who now deplore him?
No:—his bark's at anchor—its sails are furled—
It hath 'scaped the storm's deep chiding;
And safe from the buffeting waves of the world,
In a haven of peace is riding.

XL.—THE DYING GLADIATOR.—*Byron.*

Ay! here the buzz of eager nations ran,
In murmured pity, or loud-roared applause,
As man was slaughtered by his fellow-man—
And wherefore slaughtered? Wherefore? but because
Such were the bloody circus' genial laws,
And the imperial pleasure:—wherefore not?—
What matters where we fall, to fill the maws
Of worms,—on battle-plain, or listed spot?
Both are but theatres, where the chief actors rot.

I see before me the Gladiator lie;
He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony!—
And his drooped head sinks gradually low;
And, from his side, the last drops, ebbing slow
Through the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower: and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone!—
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away:
He recked not of the life he lost or prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay;
There, were his young barbarians all at play—
There, was their Dacian mother!—he, their sire,
Butchered, to make a Roman holiday!—
All this rushed with his blood! Shall he expire,
And unavenged?—Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire!

XLI.—THE CONVICT SHIP.—*Hervey.*

Morn on the waters!—and purple and bright
Bursts on the billows the flashing of light;
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on;
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennon streams onward, like hope, in the gale.
The winds come around her, and murmur, and song,
And the surges rejoice as they bear her along.

See! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds.
And the sailor sings gaily aloft in her shrouds;
Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,
Over the waters, away and away!
Bright, as the visions of youth ere they part,
Passing away, like a dream of the heart!—
Who, as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
Music around her and sunshine on high,
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
"Oh! there be hearts that are breaking below!"

Night on the waves!—and the moon is on high,
Hung like a gem on the brow of the sky;
Treading its depths in the power of her might,
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light:
Look to the waters! asleep on their breast,
Seems not the ship like an island of rest?
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain!
Who,—as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,
A phantom of beauty,—could deem, with a sigh,
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And souls that are smitten lie bursting within!
Who, as he watches her silently gliding,
Remembers, that wave after wave is dividing
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever—
Hearts that are parted, and broken for ever?
Or dreams that he watches, afloat on the wave,
The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave?

'Tis thus with our life: while it passes along,
Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song,
Gaily we glide in the gaze of the world,
With streamers afloat, and with canvas unfurled:
All gladness and glory to wandering eyes—
But chartered by sorrow, and freighted with sighs!
Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
As the smiles we put on, just to cover our tears;
And the withering thoughts that the world cannot know,
Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below;
Whilst the vessel drives on to that desolate shore,
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished and o'er.

XLII.—THE MURDERED TRAVELLER.—*Bryant.*

When spring to woods and wastes around
Brought bloom and joy again,
The murdered traveller's bones were found
Far down a narrow glen.

The fragrant birch above him hung
Her tassels in the sky;
And many a vernal blossom sprung,
And nodded careless by.

The red-bird warbled, as he wrought
His hanging nest o'er head;
And, fearless, near the fatal spot,
Her young the partridge led.

But there was weeping far away;
And gentle eyes, for him,
With watching many an anxious day,
Grew sorrowful and dim.

They little knew who loved him so,
The fearful death he met,
When shouting o'er the desert-snow,
Unarmed and hard beset;—

Nor how, when round the frosty pole
The northern dawn was red,
The mountain-wolf and wild-cat stole
To banquet on the dead;—

Nor how, when strangers found his bones,
They dressed the hasty bier,
And marked his grave with nameless stones,
Unmoistened by a tear.

But long they looked, and feared, and wept,
Within his distant home;
And dreamed, and started as they slept,
For joy that he was come!—

So, long they looked;—but never spied
His welcome step again,
Nor knew the fearful death he died,
Far down that narrow glen.

XLIII.—BELSHAZZAR.—*Croly.*

Hour of an Empire's overthrow!—
The princes from the feast were gone,
The Idol-flame was burning low;—
'Twas midnight upon Babylon.

That night the feast was wild and high,
That night was Sion's gold profaned;
The seal was set to blasphemy—
The last deep cup of wrath was drained.

'Neath jewelled roof and silken pall,
Belshazzar on his couch was flung;—
A burst of thunder filled the hall!
He heard—but 'twas no mortal tongue:—

"King of the East! the trumpet calls,
That calls thee to a tyrant's grave;
A curse is on thy palace walls,
A curse is on thy guardian wave;

"A surge is in Euphrates' bed,
That never filled its bed before;
A surge, that, ere the morn be red,
Shall load with death its haughty shore.

"Behold a tide of Persian steel—
A torrent of the Median car!
Like flame their gory banners wheel;—
Rise, King! and arm thee for the war!"
Belshazzar gazed; the voice was past—
The lofty chamber filled with gloom;
But echoed on the sudden blast,
The rushing of a mighty plume.
He listened:—all again was still:
He heard no chariot's iron clang;—
He heard the fountain's gushing rill,
The breeze that through the roses sang.
He slept:—in sleep wild murmurs came;
A visioned splendour fired the sky;
He heard Belshazzar's taunted name;—
He heard again the Prophet cry—
"Sleep, Sultan! 'tis thy final sleep!—
Or wake, or sleep, the guilty dies!
The wrongs of those who watch and weep,
Around thee and thy nation rise!"
He started:—'Mid the battle's yell,
He heard the Persian rushing on—
He saw the flames around him swell—
—Thou'rt ashes! King of Babylon.

XLIV.—THE GRASP OF THE DEAD.—*Mrs. Maclean.*

'Twas the battle-field, and the cold pale moon
Looked down on the dead and dying;
And the wind passed o'er with a dirge and a wail,
Where the young and brave were lying.
With his father's sword in his red right hand,
And the hostile dead around him,
Lay a youthful Chief; but his bed was the ground,
And the grave's icy sleep had bound him.
Drawn by the shine of the warrior's sword,
A Soldier paused beside it:
He wrenched the hand with a giant's strength,
But the grasp of the dead defied it.
He loosed his hold, and his swelling heart
Took part with the dead before him;
And he honoured the brave who died sword in hand,
As with softened brow he leaned o'er him.
"A soldier's death thou hast boldly died,
A soldier's grave won by it:
Before I would take that sword from thine hand,
My own life's blood should dye it.
"Thou shalt not be left for the carrion crow,
Or the wolf, to batten o'er thee;
Or the coward insult the gallant dead,
Who in life had trembled before thee."

Then dug he a grave in the crimson earth,
Where his warrior-foe was sleeping;
And he laid him there in honour and rest,
With his sword in his own brave keeping!

XLV.—THE SPRING JOURNEY.—*Bishop Heber.*

O GREEN was the corn as I rode on my way,
And bright were the dews on the blossoms of May,
And dark was the sycamore's shade to behold,
And the oak's tender leaf was of emerald and gold.

The thrush from his holly, the lark from his cloud,
Their chorus of rapture sang jovial and loud:
From the soft vernal sky to the soft grassy ground,
There was beauty above me, beneath, and around.

The mild southern breeze brought a shower from the hill,
And yet, though it left me all dripping and chill,
I felt a new pleasure as onward I sped,
To gaze where the rainbow gleamed broad over head.

O such be Life's journey, and such be our skill,
To lose in our blessings the sense of its ill;
Through sunshine and shower may our progress be even,
And our tears add a charm to the prospect of Heaven!

XLVI.—TIME.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

WHY sitt'st thou by that ruined hall,
Thou aged carle, so stern and gray?
Dost thou its former pride recal,
Or ponder how it passed away?

"Know'st thou not me?" the Deep Voice cried,
"So long enjoyed, so oft misused—
Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
Desired, neglected, and accused?

Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away;
And changing empires wane and wax—
Are founded, flourish, and decay.

Redeem thine hours—the space is brief—
While in my glass the sand-grains shiver;
For, measureless thy joy or grief,
When Time and thou shall part for ever!"

XLVII.—THE SPANISH CHAMPION.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

THE warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprisoned sire:
"I bring thee here my fortress keys, I bring my captive train;
I pledge my faith:—my liege, my lord, oh! break my father's chain!"

"Rise! rise! even now thy father comes, a ransomed man this day;
Mount thy good steed, and thou and I will meet him on his way."
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed;
And urged, as if with lance in hand, his charger's foaming speed.

And lo! from far, as on they pressed, they saw a glittering band,
With one that 'mid them stately rode, like a leader in the land:
"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth, is he,
The father,—whom thy grateful heart hath yearned so long to see."

His proud breast heaved, his dark eye flashed, his cheeks' hue came and went;
He reached that grey-haired chieftain's side, and there dismounting bent;
A lowly knee to earth he bent—his father's hand he took;
—What was there in its touch, that all his fiery spirit shook?

That hand was cold! a frozen thing!—it dropped from his like lead:
He looked up to the face above—the face was of the dead!
A plume waved o'er that noble brow—the brow was fixed and white!
He met at length his father's eyes—but in them was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprang, and gazed; but who can paint that gaze?
They hushed their very hearts who saw its horror and amaze:
They might have chained him, as before that noble form he stood;
For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his cheek the blood.

"Father!" at length he murmured low, and wept like childhood then—
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men:—
He thought on all his glorious hopes, on all his high renown;
Then flung the falchion from his side, and in the dust sat down;

And, covering with his steel-gloved hand his darkly mournful brow,
"No more, there is no more," he said, "to lift the sword for now;
My king is false! my hope betrayed! my father—oh! the worth,
The glory, and the loveliness, are passed away from earth!"

Up from the ground he sprang once more, and seized the monarch's rein,
Amid the pale and wildered looks of all the courtier train;
And with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the rearing war-horse led,
And sternly set them face to face—the king, before the dead!

"Came I not here, upon thy pledge, my father's hand to kiss?
Be still! and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me, what is this?
The look, the voice, the heart I sought—give answer, where are they?
If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, put life in this cold clay!

"Into those glassy eyes put light: be still, keep down thine ire;
Bid those cold lips a blessing speak—this earth is not my sire!
Give me back him for whom I fought, for whom my blood was shed!
Thou canst not,—and a king? his dust be mountains on thy head!"

He loosed the rein—his slack hand fell;—upon the silent face
He cast one long, deep, mournful glance, and fled from that sad place:
His after-fate no more was heard amid the martial train;
His banner led the spears no more among the hills of Spain!

XLVIII.—THE DOWNFAL OF POLAND.—*Campbell.*

O SACRED Truth! thy triumph ceased awhile,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
When leagued Oppression poured to Northern wars
Her whiskered pandoors and her fierce hussars;
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet-horn,
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion, from her heights, surveyed,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid—
"O Heaven!" he cried, "my bleeding country save!—
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise, fellow men! our COUNTRY yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high!
And swear, for her to live!—with her to die!"

He said: and, on the rampart-heights, arrayed
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed;
Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm!
Low, murmuring sounds along their banners fly—
REVENGE, or DEATH! the watchword and reply:—
Then pealed the notes omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm!

In vain—alas! in vain, ye gallant few,
From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew:—
Oh! bloodiest picture in the book of time,
Sarmatia fell—unwept—without a crime!
Found not a generous friend—a pitying foe—
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear—
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career!—
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked—as KOSCIUSKO fell!

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there;
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below.
The storm prevails! the rampart yields a way—
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
Earth shook!—red meteors flashed along the sky!
And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry!

Departed spirits of the MIGHTY DEAD!—
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own!
Oh! once again to Freedom's cause, return
The PATRIOT TELL—the BRUCE of BANNOCKBURN!

XLIX.—THE MARINER'S DREAM.—*Dimond.*

In slumbers of midnight the Sailor-Boy lay,
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind;
But, watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dreamed of his home, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;
While Memory stood sideways, half covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, but concealed every thorn.

Then Fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstacy rise;—
Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clambers in flower o'er the thatch,
And the swallow chirps sweet from her nest in the wall;
All trembling with transport, he raises the latch—
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call:

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight;
His cheek is bedewed with a mother's warm tear;
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the lips of the friends, whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast,
Joy quickens his pulse, all his hardships seem o'er;
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest—
"O Fate! thou hast blessed me—I ask for no more."

Ah! whence is that flame which now glares in his eye?
Ah! what is that sound which now bursts on his ear?
'Tis the lightning's red gleam, painting wrath on the sky!
'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere!

He springs from his hammock—he flies to the deck—
Amazement confronts him with images dire!
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck—
The masts fly in splinters—the shrouds are on fire!

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell—
In vain the lost wretch calls on Mercy to save;
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death-angel flaps his broad wings o'er the wave!

Oh, Sailor Boy! woe to thy dream of delight!
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss—
Where now is the picture that fancy touched bright,
Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honied kiss?

Oh, Sailor Boy! Sailor Boy! never again
Shall home, love, or kindred, thy wishes repay;
Unblessed and unhonoured, down deep in the main
Full many a fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to Remembrance for thee,
But still the vast waters above thee shall roll,
And the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be—
Oh, Sailor Boy! Sailor Boy! peace to thy soul!

I.—SCENE BEFORE THE SIEGE OF CORINTH.—*Byron.*

THE night is past, and shines the sun
As if that morn were a jocund one.
Lightly and brightly breaks away
The Morning from her mantle gray,
And the Noon will look on a sultry day.—
Hark to the trump and the drum,
And the mournful sound of the barbarous horn,
And the flap of the banners that flit as they're borne,
And the neigh of the steed, and the multitude's hum,
And the clash, and the shout "They come, they come!"
The horse-tails are plucked from the ground, and the sword
From its sheath; and they form, and but wait for the word.
The steeds are all bridled, and snort to the rein;
Curved is each neck, and flowing each mane;
White is the foam of their champ on the bit:—
The spears are uplifted; the matches are lit;
The cannon are pointed, and ready to roar,
And crush the wall they have crumbled before:—
Forms in his phalanx each Janizar,
Alp at their head; his right arm is bare,
So is the blade of his scimitar;
The Khan and the Pachas are all at their post;
The Vizier himself at the head of the host.
"When the culverin's signal is fired, then on!
Leave not in Corinth a living one—
A priest at her altars—a chief in her halls—
A hearth in her mansions—a stone on her walls.
Heaven and the Prophet—Alla Hu!
Up to the skies with that wild halloo!"
As the wolves that headlong go
On the stately buffalo,
Though with fiery eyes, and angry roar,
And hoofs that stamp, and horns that gore,
He tramples on earth, or tosses on high
The foremost who rush on his strength but to die;
Thus against the wall they went,
Thus the first were backward bent:
Even as they fell, in files they lay,
Like the mower's grass at the close of day,
When his work is done on the levelled plain:
Such was the fall of the foremost slain.
As the spring-tides, with heavy plash,
From the cliffs, invading dash
Huge fragments, sapped by the ceaseless flow,
Till white and thundering down they go—
Like the avalanche's snow
On the Alpine vales below—
Thus at length, out-breath'd and worn,
Corinth's sons were downward borne
By the long and oft-renewed
Charge of the Moslem multitude.
In firmness they stood, and in masses they fell,
Heaped by the host of the Infidel,

Hand to hand, and foot to foot:
Nothing there, save death, was mute;
Stroke, and thrust, and flash, and cry
For quarter, or for victory.
From the point of encountering blade to the hilt,
Sabres and swords with blood were gilt:—
But the rampart is won—and the spoil begun—
And all, but the after-carnage, done.
Shriller shrieks now mingling come
From within the plundered dome.
Hark, to the haste of flying feet,
That splash in the blood of the slippery street!

LI.—SCENE AFTER THE SIEGE OF CORINTH.—*Byron.*

Alp wandered on, along the beach,
Till within the range of a carbine's reach
Of the leaguered wall; but they saw him not,
Or how could he 'scape from the hostile shot?
Did traitors lurk in the Christians' hold?
Were their hands grown stiff, or their hearts waxed cold?
I know not, in sooth; but from yonder wall
There flashed no fire, and there hissed no ball,
Though he stood beneath the bastion's frown,
That flanked the sea-ward gate of the town;
Though he heard the sound, and could almost tell
The sullen words of the sentinel,
As his measured step on the stone below
Clanked, as he paced it to and fro:
And he saw the lean dogs beneath the wall
Hold o'er the dead their carnival,
Gorging and growling o'er carcass and limb;
They were too busy to bark at him!
From a Tartar's skull they had stripped the flesh,
As ye peel the fig when its fruit is fresh;
And their white tusks crunched o'er the whiter skull,
As it slipped through their jaws when their edge grew dull,
As they lazily mumbled the bones of the dead,
When they scarce could rise from the spot where they fed;
So well had they broken a lingering fast
With those who had fallen for that night's repast.
And Alp knew, by the turbans that rolled on the sand,
The foremost of these were the best of his band.
The scalps were in the wild dog's maw,
The hair was tangled round his jaw.
But close by the shore, on the edge of the gulf,
There sat a vulture flapping a wolf,
Who had stolen from the hills, but kept away,
Scared by the dogs, from the human prey;
But he seized on his share of a steed that lay,
Picked by the birds, on the sands of the bay!
Alp turned him from the sickening sight:
Never had shaken his nerves in fight;
But he better could brook to behold the dying,
Deep in the tide of their warm blood lying,

Scorched with the death-thirst, and writhing in vain,
Than the perishing dead who are past all pain.
—There is something of pride in the perilous hour,
Whate'er be the shape in which death may lour;
For Fame is there to say who bleeds,
And Honour's eye on daring deeds!
But when all is past, it is humbling to tread
O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead,
And see worms of the earth, and fowls of the air,
Beasts of the forest, all gathering there,
All regarding man as their prey,
All rejoicing in his decay!

LII.—THE ARAB'S FAREWELL TO HIS HORSE.—*Mrs. Norton.*

My beautiful, my beautiful! that standest meekly by,
With thy proudly-arched and glossy neck, and dark and fiery eye!
Fret not to roam the desert now with all thy wingèd speed;
I may not mount on thee again!—thou'rt sold, my Arab steed!

Fret not with that impatient hoof—snuff not the breezy wind;
The farther that thou fliest now, so far am I behind;
The stranger hath thy bridle-rein, thy master hath his gold;—
Fleet-limbed and beautiful, farewell!—thou'rt sold, my steed, thou'rt sold!

Farewell!—Those free untirèd limbs full many a mile must roam,
To reach the chill and wintry clime that clouds the stranger's home;
Some other hand, less kind, must now thy corn and bed prepare;
That silky mane I braided once, must be another's care.

The morning sun shall dawn again—but never more with thee
Shall I gallop o'er the desert paths where we were wont to be—
Evening shall darken on the earth; and, o'er the sandy plain,
Some other steed, with slower pace, shall bear me home again.

Only in sleep shall I behold that dark eye glancing bright—
Only in sleep shall hear again that step so firm and light;
And when I raise my dreaming arms to check or cheer thy speed,
Then must I startling wake, to feel thou'rt sold! my Arab steed.

Ah! rudely then, unseen by me, some cruel hand may chide,
Till foam-wreaths lie, like crested waves, along thy panting side,
And the rich blood that's in thee swells, in thy indignant pain,
Till careless eyes that on thee gaze may count each starting vein!

Will they ill use thee?—if I thought—but no,—it cannot be;
Thou art so swift, yet easy curbed, so gentle, yet so free;—
And yet if haply when thou'rt gone, this lonely heart should yearn,
Can the hand that casts thee from it now, command thee to return?

"Return!"—alas! my Arab steed! what will thy master do,
When thou, that wast his all of joy, hast vanished from his view?
When the dim distance greets mine eyes, and through the gathering tears
Thy bright form for a moment, like the false mirage, appears?

Slow and unmounted will I roam, with wearied foot, alone,
Where, with fleet step, and joyous bound, thou oft hast borne me on;
And sitting down by the green well, I'll pause and sadly think,—
"'Twas here he bowed his glossy neck when last I saw him drink."

When *last* I saw thee drink!—Away! the fevered dream is o'er!
I could not live a day, and know that we should meet no more;
They tempted me, my beautiful! for hunger's power is strong—
They tempted me, my beautiful! but I have loved too long.

Who said that I had given thee up? Who said that thou wert sold?
'Tis false! 'tis false, my Arab steed! I fling them back their gold!
Thus—thus, I leap upon thy back, and scour the distant plains!
Away! who overtakes us now shall claim thee for his pains.

LIII.—THE LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.—*Mrs. Blackwood.*

I'M sitting on the stile, Mary, where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning, long ago, when first you were my bride.
The corn was springing fresh and green, and the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on your lip, Mary, and the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary, the day is bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear, and the corn is green again!
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand, and your breath warm on my cheek;
And I still keep listening for the words, you never more may speak!

'Tis but a step down yonder lane, and the little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary—I see the spire from here;
But the grave-yard lies between, Mary, and my step might break your rest;
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep, with your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary, for the poor make no new friends;
But, oh, they love the better far, the few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary, my blessing and my pride;—
There's nothing left to care for now, since my poor Mary died!

Yours was the brave good heart, Mary, that still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul, and my arm's young strength was gone:
There was comfort ever on your lip, and the kind look on your brow;
I bless you for the same, Mary, though you cannot hear me now!

I thank you for that patient smile, when your heart was like to break,
When the hunger-pain was gnawing there, and you hid it for my sake!
I bless you for the pleasant word, when your heart was sad and sore;
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary, where grief can sting no more.

I'm bidding you a long farewell, my Mary, kind and true,
But I'll not forget you, darling, in the land I'm going to:
They say there's bread and work for all, and the sun shines always there;
But I'll not forget Old Ireland, were it fifty times as fair!

And often, in those grand old woods, I'll sit and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again to the place where Mary lies;
And I'll think I see that little stile where we sat side by side,
And the springing corn, and the bright May morn, when first you were my bride!

LIV.—LORD WILLIAM.—*Southey.*

No eye beheld when William plunged young Edmund in the stream;
No human ear but William's heard young Edmund's drowning scream.
Submissive, all the vassals owned the murderer for their lord;
And he—as rightful heir—possessed the house of Erlingford.

The ancient house of Erlingford stood in a fair domain;
And Severn's ample waters near, rolled through the fertile plain.
And often the way-faring man would love to linger there,
Forgetful of his onward road, to gaze on scenes so fair.
But never could Lord William dare to gaze on Severn's stream;
In every wind that swept its waves, he heard young Edmund scream!
In vain, at midnight's silent hour, sleep closed the murderer's eyes;
In every dream the murderer saw young Edmund's form arise!
—To other climes the pilgrim fled—but could not fly despair;
He sought his home again—but peace was still a stranger there.

Slow went the passing hours, yet swift the months appeared to roll;
And now the day returned, that shook with terror William's soul—
A day that William never felt return without dismay;
For, well had conscience calendar'd young Edmund's dying day.
A fearful day was that! the rains fell fast with tempest roar,
And the swoln tide of Severn spread far on the level shore.
—In vain Lord William sought the feast, in vain he quaffed the bowl,
And strove, with noisy mirth, to drown the anguish of his soul—
The tempest, as its sudden swell in gusty howlings came,
With cold and death-like feelings seemed to thrill his shuddering frame.

Reluctant, now, as night came on, his lonely couch he pressed;
And, wearied out, he sank to sleep,—to sleep—but not to rest!
Beside that couch, his brother's form, Lord Edmund, seemed to stand!
Such, and so pale, as when in death he grasped his brother's hand;
Such, and so pale his face, as when with faint and faltering tongue,
To William's care—a dying charge!—he left his orphan son.
"I bade thee with a father's love my orphan Edmund guard—
Well, William, hast thou kept thy charge! now take thy due reward!"
—He started up—each limb convulsed with agonizing fear:
He only heard the storm of night,—'twas music to his ear!
When, lo! the voice of loud alarm his inmost soul appals:
"What ho! Lord William, rise in haste! the water saps thy walls!"
He rose in haste:—beneath the walls he saw the flood appear!
It hemmed him round—'twas midnight now—no human aid was near!
—He heard the shout of joy!—for now a boat approached the wall;
And eager to the welcome aid they crowd for safety all.—
"My boat is small," the boatman cried, "'twill bear but one away;
Come in, Lord William! and do ye in heaven's protection stay."

Then William leaped into the boat, his terror was so sore;
"Thou shalt have half my gold!" he cried. "Haste!—haste to yonder shore!"
The boatman plied the oar; the boat went light along the stream;—
Sudden Lord William heard a cry, like Edmund's drowning scream!
The boatman paused: "Methought I heard a child's distressful cry!"
"'Twas but the howling wind of night," Lord William made reply;
"Haste!—haste!—ply swift and strong the oar! haste!—haste across the stream!"
Again Lord William heard a cry, like Edmund's drowning scream!
"I heard a child's distressful voice," the boatman said again.
"Nay, hasten on!—the night is dark—and we should search in vain!"

"And oh! Lord William, dost thou know how dreadful 'tis to die?
And canst thou without pitying hear a child's expiring cry?
How horrible it is to sink beneath the chilly stream,
To stretch the powerless arms in vain, in vain for help to scream!"

The shriek again was heard: it came more deep, more piercing loud:
That instant o'er the flood the moon shone through a broken cloud;
And near them they beheld a child—upon a crag he stood—
A little crag, and all around was spread the rising flood.
The boatman plied the oar—the boat approached his resting place—
The moon-beam shone upon the child—and showed how pale his face!
"Now, reach thine hand!" the boatman cried, "Lord William, reach and save!"—
The child stretched forth his little hands—to grasp the hand he gave!
Then William shrieked; the hand he touched was cold, and damp, and dead!
He felt young Edmund in his arms! a heavier weight than lead!
"Oh, mercy! help!" Lord William cried, "the waters o'er me flow!"
"No—to a child's expiring cries no mercy didst thou show!"
The boat sunk down, the murderer sunk, beneath the avenging stream;
He rose, he shrieked—no human ear heard William's drowning scream!

LV.—CŒUR DE LION AT THE BIER OF HIS FATHER.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

Torches were blazing clear, hymns pealing deep and slow,
Where a King lay stately on his bier, in the church of Fontévraud;
Banners of battle o'er him hung, and warriors slept beneath;
And light, as the noon's broad light, was flung on the settled face of Death.

On the settled face of Death, a strong and ruddy glare,
Though dimmed at times by censers' breath, yet it fell still brightest there,—
As if each deeply-furrowed trace of earthly years to show:
Alas! that sceptred mortal's race had surely closed in woe!

The marble floor was swept by many a long dark stole,
As the kneeling priests, round him that slept, sang mass for the parted soul:
And solemn were the strains they poured in the stillness of the night,
With the cross above, and the crown, and sword,—and the silent King in sight.——

There was heard a heavy clang, as of steel-girt men the tread;
And the tombs and the hollow pavement rang, with a sounding thrill of dread.
And the holy chant was hushed awhile, as, by the torches' flame,
A gleam of arms, up the sweeping aisle, with a mail-clad Leader came.
He came with haughty look, a dark glance high and clear;
But his proud heart 'neath his breast-plate shook, when he stood beside the bier.
He stood there still, with drooping brow, and clasped hands o'er it raised:
For his Father lay before him low—it was Cœur de Lion gazed.

And silently he strove with the workings of his breast;
But there's more in late repentant love, than steel may keep suppressed.
And his tears brake forth at last like rain—men held their breath in awe.
For his face was seen by his warrior-train, and he recked not that they saw.

He looked upon the dead! and sorrow seemed to lie,
A weight of sorrow, even as lead, pale on the fast-shut eye.
He stooped and kissed the frozen cheek, and the hand of lifeless clay,
Till bursting words—yet all too weak—gave his soul's passion way.

"Oh, Father! is it vain, this late remorse and deep?
Speak to me, Father! once again!—I weep——behold, I weep!
Alas! my guilty pride and ire! Were but this work undone,
I would give England's crown, my sire! to hear thee bless thy son!

"Speak to me!—Mighty grief ere now the dust hath stirred!
Hear me! but hear me!—Father, Chief, my King! I *must* be heard!—
Hushed, hushed?—how is it that I call, and that thou answerest not?
When was it thus?—Woe, woe, for all the love my soul forgot!

"Thy silver hairs I see, so still, so sadly bright!
And, Father, Father! but for me, they had not been so white!
I bore thee down, high heart! at last no longer couldst thou strive—
Oh! for one moment of the past, to kneel, and say, 'Forgive!'

"Thou that my boyhood's guide didst take fond joy to be!——
The times I've sported at thy side, and climbed thy parent knee!
And now, before the blessèd shrine, my Sire, I see thee lie.——
How will that sad still face of thine, look on me till I die!"

LVI.—THE WAR OF THE LEAGUE.—*Macaulay.*

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now, let there be the merry sound of music and of dance.
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, oh, pleasant land of France!
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still, are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war,
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre!

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land!
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living Power who rules the fate of war,
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre!

The king is come to marshal us, all in his armour drest;
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled, from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "Long live our lord the King."—
"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may—
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—
Press where you see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery duke is speeding fast across Saint André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
"Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies now—upon them with the lance!"
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, Heaven be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned his rein.
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish Count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance; and all along our van
"Remember St. Bartholomew!" was passed from man to man;
But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe:
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons of Lucerne!
Weep, weep, and rend your hair, for those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls!
Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright!
Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to night!
For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the brave.—
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre!

LVII.—THE LAST DAYS OF HERCULANEUM.—*Atherstone.*

THERE was a man,
A Roman soldier, for some daring deed
That trespassed on the laws, in dungeon low
Chained down. His was a noble spirit, rough,
But generous, and brave, and kind.
He had a son,—'twas a rosy boy,—
A little faithful copy of his sire,
In face and gesture. In her pangs she died
That gave him birth; and ever since, the child
Had been his father's solace and his care.
Every sport
The father shared and heightened. But at length
The rigorous law had grasped him, and condemned
To fetters and to darkness.
The captive's lot
He felt in all its bitterness:—the walls
Of his deep dungeon answered many a sigh
And heart-heaved groan. His tale was known, and touched
His jailer with compassion;—and the boy,
Thenceforth a frequent visitor, beguiled
His father's lingering hours, and brought a balm
With his loved presence, that in every wound
Dropt healing. But, in this terrific hour,
He was a poisoned arrow in the breast,
Where he had been a cure.
With earliest morn
Of that first day of darkness and amaze,
He came. The iron door was closed—for them
Never to open more! The day, the night,
Dragged slowly by; nor did they know the fate
Impending o'er the city. Well they heard
The pent-up thunders in the earth beneath,
And felt its giddy rocking; and the air
Grew hot at length and thick; but in his straw
The boy was sleeping: and the father hoped
The earthquake might pass by; nor would he wake
From his sound rest the unfearing child, nor tell
The dangers of their state. On his low couch
The fettered soldier sunk—and with deep awe
Listened the fearful sounds:—with upturned eyes
To the great gods he breathed a prayer;—then strove
To calm himself, and lose in sleep awhile
His useless terrors. But he could not sleep:—
His body burned with feverish heat;—his chains
Clanked loud, although he moved not: deep in earth
Groaned unimaginable thunders:—sounds,
Fearful and ominous, arose and died
Like the sad moanings of November's wind
In the blank midnight. Deepest horror chilled
His blood that burned before;—cold clammy sweats
Came o'er him—then, anon, a fiery thrill
Shot through his veins. Now on his couch he shrunk,
And shivered as in fear:—then upright leaped,

As though he heard the battle-trumpet sound,
And longed to cope with death!
He slept at last—
A troubled dreamy sleep. Well, had he slept
Never to waken more! His hours are few,
But terrible his agony.
Soon the storm
Burst forth: the lightnings glanced:—the air
Shook with the thunders! They awoke;—they sprung
Amazed upon their feet. The dungeon glowed
A moment as in sunshine—then was dark:—
Again a flood of white flame fills the cell;
Dying away upon the dazzled eye
In darkening, quivering tints, as stunning sound
Dies throbbing, ringing in the ear. Silence,
And blackest darkness!——With intensest awe
The soldier's frame was filled; and many a thought
Of strange foreboding hurried through his mind,
As underneath he felt the fevered earth
Jarring and lifting, and the massive walls
Heard harshly grate and strain:—yet knew he not,
While evils undefined and yet to come
Glanced through his thoughts, what deep and cureless wound
Fate had already given. Where, man of woe!
Where, wretched father! is thy boy? Thou call'st
His name in vain:—he cannot answer thee!
Loudly the father called upon his child:
No voice replied! Trembling and anxiously
He searched their couch of straw:—with headlong haste
Trod round his stinted limits, and, low bent,
Groped darkling on the earth:—no child was there!
Again he called:—again, at farthest stretch
Of his accursed fetters—till the blood
Came bursting from his ears, and from his eyes
Fire flashed:—he strained, with arm extended far,
And fingers widely spread, greedy to touch
Though but his idol's garment. Useless toil!
Yet still renewed:—still round and round he goes,
And strains, and snatches—and with dreadful cries
Calls on his boy! Mad frenzy fires him now;
He plants against the wall his feet;—his chain
Grasps;—tugs with giant strength to force away
The deep-driven staple,—yells and shrieks with rage:
—But see! the ground is opening—a blue light
Mounts, gently waving—noiseless:—thin and cold
It seems, and like a rainbow tint, not flame.
But, by its lustre, on the earth outstretched,
Behold the lifeless child!—his dress singed,
And over his serene face, a dark line
Points out the lightning's track!
The father saw—
And all his fury fled:—a dead calm fell
That instant on him:—speechless, fixed he stood,
And, with a look that never wandered, gazed
Intensely on the corse. Those laughing eyes

Were not yet closed—and round those pouting lips
The wonted smile returned!
Silent and pale
The father stands:—no tear is in his eye:—
The thunders bellow—but he hears them not:—
The ground lifts like a sea—he knows it not:—
The strong walls grind and gape—the vaulted roof
Takes shapes like bubble tossing in the wind—
See! he looks up and smiles;—for death to him
Is happiness. Yet, could one last embrace
Be given, 'twere still a sweeter thing to die!
It will be given. Look how the rolling ground,
At every swell, nearer and still more near
Moves towards the father's outstretched arms his boy:—
Once he has touched his garment;—how his eye
Lightens with love, and hope, and anxious fear!
Ha! see! he has him now!—he clasps him round—
Kisses his face—puts back the curling locks
That shaded his fine brow—looks in his eyes—
Grasps in his own, those little, dimpled hands—
Then folds him to his breast, as he was wont
To lie when sleeping—and, resigned, awaits
Undreaded death!
And death came soon, and swift,
And pangless. The huge pile sunk down at once
Into the opening earth. Walls—arches—roof—
And deep foundation stones,—all mingling fell!

LVIII.—THE BRIDAL OF MALAHIDE.—*Gerald Griffin.*

The joy-bells are ringing in gay Malahide,
The fresh wind is singing along the sea-side;
The maids are assembling with garlands of flowers,
And the harp-strings are trembling in all the glad bowers.

Swell, swell the gay measure! roll trumpet and drum!
'Mid greetings of pleasure in splendour they come!
The chancel is ready, the portal stands wide,
For the lord and the lady, the bridegroom and bride.

What years, ere the latter, of earthly delight,
The future shall scatter o'er them in its flight!
What blissful caresses shall fortune bestow,
Ere those dark flowing tresses fall white as the snow!

Before the high altar young Maud stands arrayed:
With accents that falter her promise is made—
From father and mother for ever to part,
For him and no other to treasure her heart.

The words are repeated, the bridal is done,
The rite is completed—the two, they are one;
The vow, it is spoken all pure from the heart,
That must not be broken till life shall depart.

Hark! 'mid the gay clangour that compassed their car,
Loud accents in anger come mingling afar!
The foe's on the border! his weapons resound
Where the lines in disorder unguarded are found!

As wakes the good shepherd, the watchful and bold,
When the ounce or the leopard is seen in the fold,
So rises already the Chief in his mail,
While the new-married Lady looks fainting and pale.

"Son, husband, and brother, arise to the strife,
For sister and mother, for children and wife!
O'er hill and o'er hollow, o'er mountain and plain,
Up, true men, and follow! let dastards remain!"

Farrah! to the battle!—They form into line—
The shields, how they rattle! the spears, how they shine!
Soon, soon shall the foeman his treachery rue—
On, burgher and yeoman! to die or to do!

The eve is declining in lone Malahide:
The maidens are twining gay wreaths for the bride;
She marks them unheeding—her heart is afar,
Where the clansmen are bleeding for her in the war.

Hark! loud from the mountain—'tis victory's cry!
O'er woodland and fountain it rings to the sky!
The foe has retreated! he flees to the shore;
The spoiler's defeated—the combat is o'er!

With foreheads unruffled the conquerors come—
But why have they muffled the lance and the drum?
What form do they carry aloft on his shield?
And where does he tarry, the lord of the field?

Ye saw him at morning, how gallant and gay!
In bridal adorning, the star of the day;
Now, weep for the lover—his triumph is sped,
His hope it is over! the chieftain is dead!

But, O! for the maiden who mourns for that chief,
With heart overladen and rending with grief!
She sinks on the meadow:—in one morning-tide,
A wife and a widow, a maid and a bride!

Ye maidens attending, forbear to condole!
Your comfort is rending the depths of her soul:
True—true, 'twas a story for ages of pride;
He died in his glory—but, oh, he *has* died!

The war-cloak she raises all mournfully now,
And steadfastly gazes upon the cold brow;
That glance may for ever unaltered remain,
But the bridegroom will never return it again.

The dead-bells are tolling in sad Malahide,
The death-wail is rolling along the sea-side;
The crowds, heavy hearted, withdraw from the green,
For the sun has departed that brightened the scene!

How scant was the warning, how briefly revealed,
Before on that morning, death's chalice was filled!
Thus passes each pleasure that earth can supply—
Thus joy has its measure—we live but to die!

LIX.—VIRGINIA—A LAY OF ANCIENT ROME.—*Macaulay.*

Over the Alban mountains, the light of morning broke;
From all the roofs of the Seven Hills curled the thin wreaths of smoke
The city gates were opened; the Forum, all alive
With buyers and with sellers, was humming like a hive:
Blithely on brass and timber the craftsman's stroke was ringing,
And blithely o'er her panniers the market-girl was singing;
And blithely young Virginia came smiling from her home—
Ah! woe for young Virginia, the sweetest maid in Rome.
With her small tablets in her hand, and her satchel on her arm,
Forth she went bounding to the school, nor dreamed of shame or harm.
She crossed the Forum shining with the stalls in alleys gay,
And just had reached the very spot whereon I stand this day,
When up the varlet Marcus came; not such as when, erewhile,
He crouched behind his patron's heels, with the true client smile:
He came with lowering forehead, swollen features, and clenched fist,
And strode across Virginia's path, and caught her by the wrist:
Hard strove the frighted maiden, and screamed with look aghast—
And at her scream from right and left the folk came running fast;
And the strong smith Murræna gave Marcus such a blow,
The caitiff reeled three paces back, and let the maiden go:
Yet glared he fiercely round him, and growled, in harsh fell tone,
"She's mine, and I will have her: I seek but for mine own.
She is my slave, born in my house, and stolen away and sold,
The year of the sore sickness, ere she was twelve hours old.
I wait on Appius Claudius; I waited on his sire:
Let him who works the client wrong, beware the patron's ire!"
—But ere the varlet Marcus again might seize the maid,
Who clung tight to Murræna's skirt, and sobbed, and shrieked for aid,
Forth through the throng of gazers the young Icilius pressed,
And stamped his foot, and rent his gown, and smote upon his breast,
And beckoned to the people, and, in bold voice and clear,
Poured thick and fast the burning words which tyrants quake to hear.

"Now by your children's cradles, now, by your fathers' graves,
Be men to-day, Quirites, or be for ever slaves!
For this did Servius give us laws? For this did Lucrece bleed?
For this was the great vengeance wrought on Tarquin's evil seed?
For this did those false sons make red the axes of their sire?
For this did Scævola's right hand hiss in the Tuscan fire?
Shall the vile fox-earth awe the race that stormed the lion's den?
Shall we, who could not brook one lord, crouch to the wicked Ten?
Oh, for that ancient spirit which curbed the Senate's will!
Oh, for the tents which in old time whitened the Sacred Hill!
In those brave days, our fathers stood firmly side by side;
They faced the Marcian fury, they tamed the Fabian pride:
They drove the fiercest Quintius an outcast forth from Rome;
They sent the haughtiest Claudius with shivered fasces home.

But what their care bequeathed us, our madness flung away:
All the ripe fruit of three-score years is blighted in a day.
Exult, ye proud Patricians! the hard-fought fight is o'er:
We strove for honour—'twas in vain: for freedom—'tis no more.
Our very hearts, that were so high, sink down beneath your will:
Riches, and lands, and power, and state, ye have them—keep them still!
Still keep the holy fillets; still keep the purple gown,
The axes, and the curule chair, the car, and laurel crown;
Still press us for your cohorts, and, when the fight is done,
Still fill your garners from the soil which our good swords have won;
Still like a spreading ulcer which leech-craft may not cure,
Let your foul usance eat away the substance of the poor;
Still let your haggard debtors bear all their fathers bore;
Still let your dens of torment be noisome as of yore;
No fire, when Tiber freezes; no air, in dog-star heat;
And store of rods for free-born backs, and holes for free-born feet;
Heap heavier still the fetters; bar closer still the grate;
Patient as sheep we yield us up unto your cruel hate:—
But, by the Shades beneath us, and by the Gods above,
Add not unto your cruel hate your yet more cruel love!
Have ye not graceful ladies, whose spotless lineage springs
From Consuls, and high Pontiffs, and ancient Alban Kings?
Ladies, who deign not on our paths to set their tender feet—
Who from their cars look down with scorn upon the wondering street—
Who, in Corinthian mirrors, their own proud smiles behold.
And breathe of Capuan odours, and shine with Spanish gold?
Then leave the poor Plebeian his single tie to life—
The sweet, sweet love of daughter, of sister, and of wife—
The gentle speech, the balm for all that his vexed soul endures—
The kiss, in which he half forgets even such a yoke as yours!
Spare us the inexpiable wrong, the unutterable shame,
That turns the coward's heart to steel, the sluggard's blood to flame;
Lest, when our latest hope is fled, ye taste of our despair,
And learn, by proof, in some wild hour, how much the wretched dare!"

* * * * * *

Straightway Virginius led the maid a little space aside,
To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with horn and hide;
Close to yon low dark archway, where, in a crimson flood,
Leaps down to the great sewer the gurgling stream of blood.
Hard by, a flesher on a block had laid his whittle down—
Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid it in his gown;
And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to swell,
And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake, "Farewell, sweet child, farewell!
Oh! how I loved my darling! Though stern I sometimes be,
To thee, thou know'st, I was not so. Who could be so to thee?
And how my darling lovèd me! How glad she was to hear
My footstep on the threshold, when I came back last year!
And how she danced with pleasure to see my civic crown,
And took my sword, and hung it up, and brought me forth my gown.

Now, all those things are over—yes, all thy pretty ways—
Thy needlework, thy prattle, thy snatches of old lays;
And none will grieve when I go forth, or smile when I return,
Or watch beside the old man's bed, or weep upon his urn:
The house that was the happiest within the Roman walls,
The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's marble halls,
Now for the brightness of thy smile, must have eternal gloom,
And for the music of thy voice, the silence of the tomb.
The time is come! See, how he points his eager hand this way!
See, how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite's upon the prey!
With all his wit he little deems, that, spurned, betrayed, bereft,
Thy father hath, in his despair, one fearful refuge left.
He little deems, that in this hand, I clutch what still can save
Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of the slave;
Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and blow—
Foul outrage, which thou knowest not, which thou shalt never know!
Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more kiss,
And now, mine own dear little girl, there is no way—but this!"
—With that he lifted high the steel, and smote her in the side,
And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died!

When Appius Claudius saw that deed, he shuddered and sank down,
And hid his face, some little space, with the corner of his gown,
Till, with white lips, and blood-shot eyes, Virginius tottered nigh,
And stood before the judgment-seat and held the knife on high:
"Oh! dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain,
By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between us twain;
And even as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me and mine,
Deal you by Appius Claudius, and all the Claudian line!"
—So spake the slayer of his child, and turned, and went his way,
But first he cast one haggard glance to where the body lay,
And writhed, and groaned a fearful groan, and then with steadfast feet,
Strode right across the market-place into the Sacred Street.

Then up sprang Appius Claudius: "Stop him; alive or dead!
Ten thousand pounds of copper to the man who brings his head!"
He looked upon his clients; but none would work his will;
He looked upon his lictors; but they trembled, and stood still;
And, as Virginius through the press his way in silence cleft,
Ever the mighty multitude fell back to right and left:
And he hath passed in safety unto his woful home,
And there ta'en horse to tell the Camp what deeds are done in Rome.

LX.—MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.—*H. G. Bell.*

I LOOKED far back into other years, and lo! in bright array,
I saw, as in a dream, the forms of ages passed away.
It was a stately convent, with its old and lofty walls,
And gardens with their broad green walks, where soft the footstep falls;
And o'er the antique dial-stones the creeping shadow passed,
And all around the noon-day sun a drowsy radiance cast.
No sound of busy life was heard, save, from the cloister dim,
The tinkling of the silver bell, or the sisters' holy hymn.

And there five noble maidens sat beneath the orchard trees,
In that first budding spring of youth, when all its prospects please;
And little recked they, when they sang, or knelt at vesper prayers,
That Scotland knew no prouder names—held none more dear than theirs—
And little even the loveliest thought, before the holy shrine,
Of royal blood and high descent from the ancient Stuart line:
Calmly her happy days flew on, uncounted in their flight,
And, as they flew, they left behind a long-continuing light.

The scene was changed. It was the court, the gay court of Bourbon,
And 'neath a thousand silver lamps, a thousand courtiers throng;
And proudly kindles Henry's eye—well pleased, I ween, to see
The land assemble all its wealth of grace and chivalry:—
But fairer far than all the rest who bask on fortune's tide,
Effulgent in the light of youth, is she, the new-made bride!
The homage of a thousand hearts—the fond, deep love of one—
The hopes that dance around a life whose charms are but begun,—
They lighten up her chestnut eye, they mantle o'er her cheek,
They sparkle on her open brow, and high-souled joy bespeak:
Ah! who shall blame, if scarce that day, through all its brilliant hours,
She thought of that quiet convent's calm, its sunshine and its flowers?

The scene was changed. It was a bark that slowly held its way,
And o'er its lee the coast of France in the light of evening lay;
And on its deck a Lady sat, who gazed with tearful eyes
Upon the fast receding hills, that dim and distant rise.
No marvel that the lady wept,—there was no land on earth
She loved like that dear land, although she owed it not her birth;
It was her mother's land, the land of childhood and of friends,—
It was the land where she had found for all her griefs amends,—
The land where her dead husband slept—the land where she had known
The tranquil convent's hushed repose, and the splendours of a throne:
No marvel that the lady wept,—it was the land of France—
The chosen home of chivalry—the garden of romance!
The past was bright, like those dear hills so far behind her bark;
The future, like the gathering night, was ominous and dark!
One gaze again—one long, last gaze—"Adieu, fair France, to thee!"
The breeze comes forth—she is alone on the unconscious sea!

The scene was changed. It was an eve of raw and surly mood,
And in a turret-chamber high of ancient Holyrood
Sat Mary, listening to the rain, and sighing with the winds,
That seemed to suit the stormy state of men's uncertain minds.
The touch of care had blanched her cheek—her smile was sadder now,
The weight of royalty had pressed too heavy on her brow;
And traitors to her councils came, and rebels to the field;
The Stuart *sceptre* well she swayed, but the *sword* she could not wield.
She thought of all her blighted hopes—the dreams of youth's brief day,
And summoned Rizzio with his lute, and bade the minstrel play
The songs she loved in early years—the songs of gay Navarre,
The songs perchance that erst were sung by gallant Chatelar;
They half beguiled her of her cares, they soothed her into smiles,
They won her thoughts from bigot zeal, and fierce domestic broils:—
But hark! the tramp of armèd men! the Douglas' battle-cry!
They come—they come!—and lo! the scowl of Ruthven's hollow eye!

And swords are drawn, and daggers gleam, and tears and words are vain—
The ruffian steel is in his heart—the faithful Rizzio's slain!
Then Mary Stuart dashed aside the tears that trickling fell:
"Now for my father's arm!" she said; "my woman's heart, farewell!"
The scene was changed. It was a lake, with one small lonely isle,
And there, within the prison-walls of its baronial pile,
Stern men stood menacing their queen, till she should stoop to sign
The traitorous scroll that snatched the crown from her ancestral line:—
"My lords, my lords!" the captive said, "were I but once more free,
With ten good knights on yonder shore, to aid my cause and me,
That parchment would I scatter wide to every breeze that blows,
And once more reign a Stuart-queen o'er my remorseless foes!"
A red spot burned upon her cheek—streamed her rich tresses down,
She wrote the words—she stood erect—a queen, without a crown!
The scene was changed. A royal host a royal banner bore,
And the faithful of the land stood round their smiling queen once more;—
She stayed her steed upon a hill—she saw them marching by—
She heard their shouts—she read success in every flashing eye.—
The tumult of the strife begins—it roars—it dies away;
And Mary's troops and banners now, and courtiers—where are they?
Scattered and strown, and flying far, defenceless and undone.—
Alas! to think what she has lost, and all that guilt has won!
—Away! away! thy gallant steed must act no laggard's part;
Yet vain his speed—for thou dost bear the arrow in thy heart!
The scene was changed. Beside the block a sullen headsman stood.
And gleamed the broad axe in his hand, that soon must drip with blood.
With slow and steady step there came a Lady through the hall.
And breathless silence chained the lips, and touched the hearts of all.
I knew that queenly form again, though blighted was its bloom,—
I saw that grief had decked it out—an offering for the tomb!
I knew the eye, though faint its light, that once so brightly shone;
I knew the voice, though feeble now, that thrilled with every tone;
I knew the ringlets, almost gray, once threads of living gold;
I knew that bounding grace of step—that symmetry of mould!
Even now I see her far away, in that calm convent aisle,
I hear her chant her vesper-hymn, I mark her holy smile,—
Even now I see her bursting forth, upon the bridal morn,
A new star in the firmament, to light and glory born!
Alas! the change!—she placed her foot upon a triple throne,
And on the scaffold now she stands—beside the block—*alone!*
The little dog that licks her hand—the last of all the crowd
Who sunned themselves beneath her glance, and round her footsteps bowed!
—Her neck is bared—the blow is struck—the soul is passed away!
The bright—the beautiful—is now a bleeding piece of clay!
The dog is moaning piteously; and, as it gurgles o'er,
Laps the warm blood that trickling runs unheeded to the floor!
The blood of beauty, wealth, and power—the heart-blood of a queen,—
The noblest of the Stuart race—the fairest earth has seen,—
Lapped by a dog! Go, think of it, in silence and alone;
Then weigh, against a grain of sand, the glories of a throne!

LXI.—THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.—*Coates.*

Dark is the night! how dark!—no light! no fire!
Cold, on the hearth, the last faint sparks expire!
Shivering she watches by the cradle-side,
For him who pledged her love—last year a bride!

"Hark! 'tis his footstep! No—'tis past: 'tis gone:
Tick! —Tick! —How wearily the time crawls on!
Why should he leave me thus? He once was kind!
And I believed 'twould last:—how mad!—how blind!

"Rest thee, my babe!—rest on!—'Tis hunger's cry!
Sleep!—for there is no food! the fount is dry!
Famine and cold their wearying work have done;
My heart must break!—And thou!"——The clock strikes one.

"Hush! 'tis the dice-box! Yes, he's there, he's there!
For this, for this, he leaves me to despair!
Leaves love! leaves truth! his wife! his child!—for what?
The wanton's smile—the villain—and the sot!

"Yet I'll not curse him! No! 'tis all in vain!—
'Tis long to wait, but sure he'll come again!
And I could starve and bless him, but for you,
My child!—*his* child!—Oh fiend!"——The clock strikes two.

"Hark! how the sign-board creaks! The blast howls by!
Moan!—Moan!—A dirge swells through the cloudy sky!
Ha! 'tis his knock! he comes!—he comes once more—
—'Tis but the lattice flaps! Thy hope is o'er!

"Can he desert me thus? He knows I stay
Night after night in loneliness to pray
For his return—and yet he sees no tear!
No! no! it cannot be. He will be here.

"Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart!
Thou'rt cold! thou'rt freezing! But we will not part.
Husband!—I die!—Father!—It is not he!
Oh Heaven! protect my child!"——The clock strikes three.

They're gone! they're gone! The glimmering spark hath fled,
The wife and child are numbered with the dead!
On the cold hearth, out-stretched in solemn rest
The child lies frozen on its mother's breast!
—The gambler came at last—but all was o'er—
Dead silence reigned around—he groaned—he spoke no more!

LXII.—THE SACK OF BALTIMORE.—*Thomas Davis.*

The summer's sun is falling soft on Carb'ry's hundred isles—
The summer's sun is gleaming still through Gabriel's rough defiles—
Old Inisherkin's crumbled fane looks like a moulting bird;
And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide is heard:
The hookers lie upon the beach; the children cease their play;
The gossips leave the little inn; the households kneel to pray:—
And full of love, and peace, and rest—its daily labour o'er—
Upon that cosy creek there lay the town of Baltimore.

A deeper rest, a starry trance, has come with midnight there;
No sound, except that throbbing wave, in earth, or sea, or air.
The massive capes and ruined towers seem conscious of the calm;
The fibrous sod and stunted trees are breathing heavy balm.
So still the night, these two long barques, round Dunashad that glide,
Must trust their oars—methinks not few—against the ebbing tide.
Oh! some sweet mission of true love must urge them to the shore—
They bring some lover to his bride, who sighs in Baltimore!

All, all asleep within each roof along that rocky street,
And these must be the lover's friends, with gently gliding feet—
—A stifled gasp! a dreamy noise! "The roof is in a flame!"
From out their beds, and to their doors, rush maid, and sire, and dame—
And meet, upon the threshold-stone, the gleaming sabres' fall,
And o'er each black and bearded face the white or crimson shawl—
The yell of "Allah" breaks above the prayer, and shriek, and roar—
Oh, fearful fate! the Algerine is lord of Baltimore!

Then flung the youth his naked hand against the shearing sword;
Then sprung the mother on the brand with which her son was gored;
Then sunk the grandsire on the floor, his grand-babes clutching wild;
Then fled the maiden moaning faint, and nestled with the child;—
But see, yon pirate strangled lies, and crushed with splashing heel,
While o'er him in an Irish hand there sweeps his Syrian steel!—
Though virtue sink, and courage fail, and misers yield their store,
There's *one* hearth well avengèd in the sack of Baltimore!

Mid-summer morn!—in woodland nigh, the birds begin to sing—
They see not now the milking maids, deserted is the spring!
Mid-summer day!—this gallant rides from distant Bandon's town—
These hookers crossed from stormy Skull, that skiff from Affadown;
They only found the smoking walls, with neighbours' blood besprent,
And on the strewed and trampled beach awhile they wildly went—
Then dashed to sea, and passed Cape Clear, and saw, five leagues before,
The pirate-galleys vanishing that ravaged Baltimore.

"Oh! some must tug the galley's oar, and some must tend the steed—
This boy will bear a Schiek's chibouk, and that a Bey's jerreed.
Oh! some are for the arsenals, by beauteous Dardanelles;
And some are for the caravan to Mecca's sandy dells.
The maid that Bandon gallant sought is chosen for the Dey"—
—She's safe—he's dead—she stabbed him in the midst of his Serai;
And when to die a death of fire that noble maid they bore,
She only smiled—O'Driscol's child—she thought of Baltimore!

'Tis two long years since sunk the town beneath that bloody band,
And all around its trampled hearths a larger concourse stand,
Where high upon the gallows tree, a yelling wretch is seen—
'Tis Hackett of Dungarvan—he who steered the Algerine!
He fell amid a sullen shout, with scarce a passing prayer,
For he had slain the kith and kin of many a hundred there:—
Some muttered of MacMorrogh, who had brought the Norman o'er—
Some cursed him with Iscariot, that day in Baltimore!

LXIII.—ORANGE AND GREEN.—*Gerald Griffin.*

The night was falling dreary in merry Bandon town,
When in his cottage weary an Orangeman lay down.
The summer sun in splendour had set upon the vale,
And shouts of "No surrender" arose upon the gale.

Beside the waters, laving the feet of aged trees,
The Orange banners waving, flew boldly in the breeze—
In mighty chorus meeting, a hundred voices join,
And fife and drum were beating the *Battle of the Boyne.*

Ha! toward his cottage hieing, what form is speeding now,
From yonder thicket flying, with blood upon his brow?
"Hide—hide me, worthy stranger, though Green my colour be,
And in the day of danger may heaven remember thee!

"In yonder vale contending alone against that crew,
My life and limbs defending, an Orangeman I slew.
—Hark! hear that fearful warning! there's death in every tone—
Oh, save my life till morning, and heaven prolong your own."

The Orange heart was melted in pity to the Green;
He heard the tale and felt it, his very soul within.
"Dread not that angry warning, though death be in its tone—
I'll save your life till morning, or I will lose my own."

Now, round his lowly dwelling, the angry torrent pressed,
A hundred voices swelling, the Orangeman addressed—
"Arise, arise, and follow the chace along the plain!
In yonder stony hollow your only son is slain!"

With rising shouts they gather upon the track amain,
And leave the childless father aghast with sudden pain.
He seeks the righted stranger in covert where he lay—
"Arise!" he said, "all danger is gone and passed away!

"I had a son—one only, one lovèd as my life,
Thy hand has left me lonely, in that accursèd strife.
I pledged my word to save thee until the storm should cease,
I keep the pledge I gave thee—arise, and go in peace!"

The stranger soon departed from that unhappy vale;
The father, broken-hearted, lay brooding o'er the tale.
Full twenty summers after to silver turned his beard;
And yet the sound of laughter from him was never heard.

* * * *

The night was falling dreary in merry Wexford town,
When in his cabin weary, a peasant laid him down.
And many a voice was singing along the summer vale,
And Wexford town was ringing with shouts of "Granua Uile."*

Beside the waters, laving the feet of aged trees,
The green flag, gaily waving, was spread against the breeze—
In mighty chorus meeting, loud voices filled the town,
And fife and drum were beating, "*Down, Orangemen, lie down.*"

Hark! 'mid the stirring clangour that woke the echoes there,
Loud voices, high in anger, rise on the evening air.
Like billows of the ocean, he sees them hurry on—
And, 'mid the wild commotion, an Orangeman alone.

* Generally written *Grana-wail.*

"My hair," he said, "is hoary, and feeble is my hand,
And I could tell a story would shame your cruel band.
Full twenty years and over have changed my heart and brow,
And I am grown a lover of peace and concord now.

"It was not thus I greeted your brother of the Green,
When fainting and defeated I freely took him in.
I pledged my word to save him from vengeance rushing on.
I kept the pledge I gave him, though he had killed my son."

That aged peasant heard him, and knew him as he stood.
Remembrance kindly stirred him, and tender gratitude.
With gushing tears of pleasure, he pierced the listening train,
"I'm here to pay the measure of kindness back again!"

Upon his bosom falling, the old man's tears came down;
Deep memory recalling that cot and fatal town.
"The hand that would offend thee, my being first shall end;
I'm living to defend thee, my saviour and my friend!"

He said, and slowly turning, addressed the wondering crowd;
With fervent spirit burning, he told the tale aloud.
Now pressed the warm beholders their aged foe to greet:
They raised him on their shoulders and chaired him through the street.

As he had saved that stranger, from peril scowling dim,
So in his day of danger did Heaven remember him.
By joyous crowds attended, the worthy pair were seen,
And their flags that day were blended, of Orange and of Green.

LXIV.—THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.—*Byron.*

STOP!—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust!
An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below!—
Is the spot marked with no colossal bust,
Or column trophied, for triumphal show?
None; but the moral's truth tells simpler so.
As the ground was before, thus let it be.—
How that red rain—hath made the harvest grow!
And is this all the world has gained by thee,
Thou first and last of fields! King-making Victory?

There was a sound of revelry by night:
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry; and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell—
But hush!—hark! A deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No: 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance!—let joy be unconfined!
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—

But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain: he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which, but an hour ago,
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: Who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since, upon night so sweet, such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war:
And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum,
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star:
While thronged the citizens, with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! they come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
(The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard—and heard, too, have her Saxon foes!)
—How, in the noon of night, that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring, which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years:
And Evan's, Donald's fame, rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops; as they pass,
Grieving—if aught inanimate e'er grieves—
Over the unreturning brave;—alas!
Ere evening, to be trodden, like the grass—
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure; when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low!

Last noon, beheld them full of lusty life;
Last eve, in Beauty's circle proudly gay;
The midnight, brought the signal sound of strife,—

The morn, the marshalling in arms,—the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it: which when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay
Which her own clay shall cover—heaped and pent;
Rider and horse,—friend, foe—in one red burial blent!

LXV.—THE LADY OF PROVENCE.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

The war-note of the Saracen
Was on the winds of France;
It had stilled the harp of the troubadour,
And the clash of the tourney's lance.
The sounds of the sea, and the sounds of the night,
And the hollow echoes of charge and flight,
Were around Clotilde, as she knelt to pray
In a chapel where the mighty lay,
On the old Provençal shore:
Many a Chatillon beneath,
Unstirred by the ringing trumpets' breath,
His shroud of armour wore.
But meekly the voice of the Lady rose
Through the trophies of their proud repose;
And her fragile frame, at every blast
That full of the savage war-horn passed,
Trembling, as trembles a bird's quick heart
When it vainly strives from its cage to part,—
So knelt she in her woe;
A weeper alone with the tearless dead!
—Oh, they reck not of tears o'er their quiet shed,
Or the dust had stirred below!

Hark! a swift step: she hath caught its tone
Through the dash of the sea, through the wild wind's moan.
Is her lord returned with his conquering bands?
—No! a breathless vassal before her stands!
"Hast thou been on the field? art thou come from the host?"
"From the slaughter, Lady! all, all is lost!
Our banners are taken—our knights laid low—
Our spearmen chased by the Paynim foe—
And thy lord"—his voice took a sadder sound—
"Thy lord—he is not on the bloody ground!
There are those who tell that the leader's plume
Was seen on the flight, through the gathering gloom!"

A change o'er her mien and spirit passed:
She ruled the heart which had beat so fast;
She dashed the tears from her kindling eye,
With a glance as of sudden royalty.
"—Dost thou stand by the tombs of the glorious dead,
And fear not to say that their son hath fled?
Away!—he is lying by lance and shield:—
Point me the path to his battle field!"
Silently, with lips compressed,
Pale hands clasped above her breast,

Stately brow of anguish high,
Deathlike cheek, but dauntless eye;—
Silently, o'er that red plain,
Moved the Lady, 'midst the slain.
She searched into many an unclosed eye,
That looked without soul to the starry sky;
She bowed down o'er many a shattered breast,
She lifted up helmet and cloven crest—
Not there, not there he lay!
"Lead where the most has been dared and done;
Where the heart of the battle hath bled;—Lead on!"
And the vassal took the way.

He turned to a dark and lonely tree
That waved o'er a fountain red;
Oh, swiftest there had the current free
From noble veins been shed!
Thickest there the spear-heads gleamed,
And the scattered plumage streamed,
And the broken shields were tossed,
And the shivered lances crossed—
HE WAS THERE! the leader amidst his band,
Where the faithful had made their last vain stand;
With the falchion yet in his cold hand grasped,
And his country's flag to his bosom clasped!
—She quelled in her soul the deep floods of woe,—
The time was not yet for their waves to flow;
And a proud smile shone o'er her pale despair,
As she turned to her followers—"Your lord is there!
Look on him! know him by scarf and crest!
Bear him away with his sires to rest!"

There is no plumed head o'er the bier to bend—
No brother of battle—no princely friend:—
By the red fountain the valiant lie—
The flower of Provençal chivalry.
But *one* free step, and one lofty heart,
Bear through that scene, to the last, their part.
"I have won thy fame from the breath of wrong!
My soul hath risen for thy glory strong!
Now call me hence by thy side to be:
The world thou leav'st has no place for me.
Give me my home on thy noble heart!
Well have we loved—let us both depart!"
And pale on the breast of the dead she lay,
The living cheek to the cheek of clay.
The living cheek! oh, it was not in vain
That strife of the spirit, to rend its chain!—
She is there, at rest, in her place of pride!
In death, how queen-like!—a glorious bride!
From the long heart-withering early gone:
She hath lived—she hath loved—her task is done!

LXVI.—MARCO BOZZARIS.—*Halleck.*

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power;
In dreams, through camp and court he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams, his song of triumph heard—
Then, wore that monarch's signet ring—
Then, pressed that monarch's throne—a King!—
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird!

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True, as the steel of their tried blades,—
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persians' thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Platæa's day;
And now these breathed that haunted air—
The sons of sires who conquered there—
With arm to strike and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they!

An hour passed on:—the Turk awoke;—
That bright dream was his last;—
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms!—they come!—the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die, 'midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast,
Like forest-pines before the blast,
Or lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band;
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires,
Strike—for your altars and your fires,
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
Heaven—and your native land!"

They fought like brave men, long and well,
They piled that ground with Moslem slain,
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close,
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's, when she feels
For the first time her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals

Which close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come, in Consumption's ghastly form,
The Earthquake-shock, the Ocean-storm;
Come, when the heart beats high and warm
  With banquet-song, and dance, and wine,—
And thou art terrible!—the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
  Of agony, are thine!

But to the hero, when his sword
  Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
  The thanks of millions, yet to be!
Come, when his task of fame is wrought;
Come, with the laurel-leaf, blood-bought;
  Come, in the crowning hour; and then,
Thy sunken eyes' unearthly light
To him is welcome, as the sight
  Of sky and stars to prisoned men;
Thy grasp is welcome, as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome, as the cry
Which told the Indian isles were nigh
  To the world-seeking Genoese.
When the land-wind, from woods of palm,
And orange groves, and fields of balm,
  Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! she who gave thee birth,
Will, by the pilgrim-circled hearth,
  Talk of thy doom, without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's;
One of the few, the immortal names,
  That were not born to die.

LXVII.—HYMN ON MODERN GREECE.—*Byron.*

The isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!
  Where burning Sappho loved and sung;
Where grew the arts of war and peace;
  Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung;—
Eternal summer gilds them yet—
But all, except their sun, is set!

The Scian and the Teian muse,
  The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse.—
  Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds, which echo farther west
Than your sires' "Islands of the bless'd."

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea:
And musing there an hour, alone,
I dreamed—that Greece might still be free!
For, standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.—

A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men, in nations—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country?—On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though linked among a fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For, what is left the poet here?—
For Greeks, a blush!—for Greece, a tear!

Must *we* but weep o'er days more bless'd?
Must *we* but blush?—our fathers BLED.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the Three Hundred, grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?—
Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one arise,—*we* come, we come!"—
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain! in vain!—Strike other chords.
—Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call,
How answers each bold bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

"Fill high the bowl of Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served"—but served Polycrates—
—"A tyrant;"—but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine?—
On Suli's rock and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore:
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells:
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine?—
Our virgins dance beneath the shade;
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But, gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves!—

Place me on Sunium's marble steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

LXVIII.—DEATH OF RODERICK DHU.—*Scott.*

The Chief in silence strode before,
And reached that torrent's sounding shore;
And here his course the Chieftain stayed,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the Lowland warrior said:—
"Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
This murderous chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.

See here, all 'vantageless I stand,
Armed, like thyself, with single brand;
For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword!"
The Saxon paused:—"I ne'er delayed,
When foeman bade me draw my blade;
Nay, more, brave Chief, I vowed thy death:
Yet, sure, thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved:—
Can nought but blood our feud atone?
Are there no means?"—"No, Stranger, none!
And hear,—to fire thy flagging zeal,—
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;
For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead,
'Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
His party conquers in the strife.'"
"Then, by my word," the Saxon said,
The riddle is already read.
Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff—
There lies Red Murdock, stark and stiff.
Thus Fate hath solved her prophecy,
Then yield to Fate, and not to me."
Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye—
"Soars thy presumption then so high,
Because a wretched kern ye slew,
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu?
He yields not, he, to Man—nor Fate!
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate:—
My clansman's blood demands revenge!—
Not yet prepared?—Saxon! I change
My thought, and hold thy valour light
As that of some vain carpet-knight,
Who ill deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair."
"I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Now, truce, farewell! and ruth, begone!—
Yet think not that by thee alone,
Proud Chief! can courtesy be shown.
Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast.
But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt—
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt!"—
Then each at once his falchion drew,
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain,
As what he ne'er might see again;

Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed!
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood;
No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And showered his blows like wintry rain;
And, as firm rock, or castle roof,
Against the winter-shower is proof,
The foe, invulnerable still,
Foiled his wild rage by steady skill;
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
And, backwards borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.
"Now, yield thee, or, by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!"
"Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant yield, who fears to die."—
Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat that guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung;
Received, but recked not of a wound,
And locked his arms his foeman round.—
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel,
Through bars of brass and triple steel!—
They tug, they strain!—down, down, they go,
The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
The Chieftain's grip his throat compressed,
His knee was planted on his breast;
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight,
Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright!—
—But hate and fury ill supplied
The stream of life's exhausted tide,
And all too late the advantage came
To turn the odds of deadly game;
For, while the dagger gleamed on high,
Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye!
Down came the blow! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
The struggling foe may now unclasp
The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp;
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

LXIX.—THE MOTHER OF THE MACCABEES.—*Calvanon.*

That mother viewed the scene of blood;
Her six unconquered sons were gone:
Fearless she viewed;—beside her stood
Her last—her youngest—dearest one!
He looked upon her and he smiled;—
Oh! will she save that only child?

"By all my love, my son," she said,
"The breast that nursed,—the womb that bore—
The unsleeping care that watched thee,—fed,—
'Till manhood's years required no more;
By all I've wept and prayed for thee,
Now, now, be firm, and pity me!

"Look, I beseech thee, on yon heaven,
With its high field of azure light;
Look on this earth, to mankind given,
Arrayed in beauty and in might;
And think, nor scorn thy mother's prayer,
On Him who said it—and they were!

"So shalt thou not this tyrant fear,
Nor recreant, shun the glorious strife;
Behold! thy battle-field is near;
Then go, my son, nor heed thy life;
Go, like thy faithful brothers die,—
That I may meet you all on high!"

Like arrow from the bended bow
He sprang upon the bloody pile:—
Like sun-rise on the morning's snow,
Was that heroic mother's smile.
He died—nor feared the tyrant's nod—
For Judah's law and Judah's God.

LXX.—THE HIGH-BORN LADYE.—*Thomas Moore.*

In vain all the Knights of the Underwald woo'd her,
Though brightest of maidens, the proudest was she;
Brave chieftains they sought, and young minstrels they sued her,
But worthy were none of the high-born Ladye.

"Whomsoever I wed," said this maid so excelling,
"That knight must the conqueror of conquerors be;
He must place me in hall fit for monarchs to dwell in;—
None else shall be Lord of the high-born Ladye!"

Thus spoke the proud damsel, with scorn looking round her
On Knights and on Nobles of highest degree,
Who humbly and hopelessly left as they found her,
And worshipped at distance the high-born Ladye.

At length came a Knight from a far land to woo her,
With plumes on his helm like the foam of the sea;
His vizor was down—but, with voice that thrilled through her,
He whispered his vows to the high-born Ladye.

"Proud maiden! I come with high spousals to grace thee,
In me the great conqueror of conquerors see;
Enthroned in a hall fit for monarchs I'll place thee,
And mine thou'rt for ever, thou high-born Ladye!"

The maiden she smiled, and in jewels arrayed her,
Of thrones and tiaras already dreamt she;
And proud was the step, as her bridegroom conveyed her
In pomp to his home, of that high-born Ladye.

"But whither," she, starting, exclaims, "have you led me?"
Here's nought but a tomb and a dark cypress tree;
Is this the bright palace in which thou wouldst wed me?"
With scorn in her glance, said the high-born Ladye.

"'Tis the home," he replied, "of earth's loftiest creatures,"—
Then lifted his helm for the fair one to see;
But she sunk on the ground—'twas a skeleton's features!
—And Death was the Lord of the high-born Ladye!

LXXI.—THE PROGRESS OF MADNESS.—*M. G. Lewis.*

STAY, gaoler! stay, and hear my woe!
He is not mad who kneels to thee;
For what I'm now, too well I know,
And what I was—and what should be!
I'll rave no more in proud despair—
My language shall be mild, though sad;
But yet I'll firmly, truly swear,
I am not mad! I am not mad!

My tyrant foes have forged the tale,
Which chains me in this dismal cell!
My fate unknown my friends bewail—
Oh! gaoler, haste that fate to tell!
Oh! haste my father's heart to cheer;
His heart at once 'twill grieve and glad,
To know, though chained a captive here,
I am not mad! I am not mad!

He smiles in scorn—he turns the key—
He quits the grate—I knelt in vain!
His glimmering lamp still, still I see—
'Tis gone—and all is gloom again!
Cold, bitter cold!—no warmth, no light!
Life, all thy comforts once I had!
Yet here I'm chained, this freezing night,
Although not mad! no, no—not mad!

'Tis sure some dream—some vision vain!
What! I—the child of rank and wealth—
Am I the wretch who clanks this chain,
Bereft of freedom, friends, and health?
Ah! while I dwell on blessings fled,
Which never more my heart must glad,
How aches my heart, how burns my head!
But 'tis not mad! it is not mad!

Hast thou, my child, forgot e'er this
A parent's face, a parent's tongue?
I'll ne'er forget thy parting kiss.
Nor round my neck how fast you clung!
Nor how with me you sued to stay,
Nor how that suit my foes forbade;
Nor how—I'll drive such thoughts away—
They'll make me mad! they'll make me mad!

Thy rosy lips, how sweet they smiled!
Thy mild blue eyes, how bright they shone!
None ever saw a lovelier child!
And art thou now for ever gone?
And must I never see thee more,
My pretty, pretty, pretty lad?
I *will* be free!—Unbar the door!
I am not mad! I am not mad!

Oh, hark! what mean those yells and cries?
His chain some furious madman breaks!
He comes! I see his glaring eyes!
Now, now, my dungeon-grate he shakes!
Help! help!—he's gone!——O fearful woe,
Such screams to hear, such sights to see!
My brain, my brain! I know, I know
I am not mad—but soon shall be!

Yes, soon! for, lo now, while I speak,
Mark how yon demon's eye-balls glare!
He sees me!—now, with dreadful shriek,
Hé whirls a serpent high in air!
Horror! the reptile strikes his tooth
Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad!
Ay, laugh, ye fiends! I feel the truth!
Your task is done—I'm mad! I'm mad!

LXXII.—BOADICEA.—*Cowper.*

When the British warrior-queen, bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien, counsel of her country's gods,
Sage, beneath a spreading oak, sat the Druid, hoary chief,
Every burning word he spoke, full of rage, and full of grief.
"Princess, if our aged eyes weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties all the terrors of our tongues.
Rome shall perish! write that word in the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorred, deep in ruin, as in guilt!
Rome, for empire far renowned, tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—hark! the Gaul is at her gates!
—Other Romans shall arise, heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize, harmony the path to fame!
Then, the progeny that springs from the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings, shall a wider world command.
Regions Cæsar never knew, thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew, none invincible as they!"

Such the Bard's prophetic words, pregnant with celestial fire;
Bending as he swept the chords of his sweet but awful lyre.
She, with all a monarch's pride, felt them in her bosom glow;
Rushed to battle, fought, and died,—dying, hurled them on the foe!
"Ruffians! pitiless as proud, heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestowed, shame and ruin wait for you!"

LXXIII.—THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.—*Hood.*

With fingers weary and worn, with eye-lids heavy and red,
A Woman sat, in unwomanly rags, plying her needle and thread:
Stitch! stitch! stitch! in poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch, she sang the "Song of the Shirt."

"Work! work! work! while the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work, till the stars shine through the roof!
It's O! to be a slave along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save, if this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work—till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work—till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band—band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep, and sew them on in a dream!

"O! Men, with Sisters dear!—O! Men! with Mothers and Wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out, but human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch, in poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread, a shroud as well as a shirt.

"But why do I talk of Death—that phantom of grisly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape, it seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own, because of the fasts I keep:
Alas! that bread should be so dear, and flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work! my labour never flags:
And what are its wages? A bed of straw—a crust of bread—and rags;
That shattered roof—and this naked floor—a table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank for sometimes falling there!

"Work—work—work! From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work, as prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam—seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed, as well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work, in the dull December light,
And work—work—work, when the weather is warm and bright;
While underneath the eaves the brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs, and twit me with the Spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head, and the grass beneath my feet;
For only one short hour to feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want, and the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh, but for one short hour! a respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope, but only time for Grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart; but in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop hinders needle and thread."

With fingers weary and worn, with eye-lids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags, plying her needle and thread.
Stitch! stitch! stitch! in poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
(Would that its tone could reach the rich!)
She sang this "Song of the Shirt."

LXXIV.—THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.—*Leigh Hunt.*

King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the Court,
The nobles filled the benches round, the ladies by their side,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he sighed:
And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show—
Valour and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws:
With wallowing might and stifled roar, they rolled on one another,
Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thunderous smother;
The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing through the air;
Said Francis then, "Faith! gentlemen, we're better here than there!"

De Lorge's love o'er-heard the king,—a beauteous lively dame,
With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always seemed the same;
She thought, "The Count my lover is brave as brave can be—
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of me:
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine!
I'll drop my glove, to prove his love; great glory will be mine!"

She dropped her glove to prove his love, then looked at him and smiled;
He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild.
The leap was quick, return was quick—he has regained the place,—
Then threw the glove—but not with love—right in the lady's face.
"In truth," cried Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from where he sat:
"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that!"

LXXV.—SONG OF OLD TIME.—*Eliza Cook.*

I wear not the purple of earth-born kings,
Nor the stately ermine of lordly things;
But monarch and courtier, though great they be,
Must fall from their glory, and bend to me.
My sceptre is gemless; yet who can say
They will not come under its mighty sway?
Ye may learn who I am;—there's the passing chime,
And the dial to herald me—Old King Time!

Softly I creep, like a thief in the night,
After cheeks all blooming, and eyes all bright;
My steps are seen on the patriarch's brow,
In the deep-worn furrows, and locks of snow.

Who laughs at my power? The young and the gay:—
But they dream not how closely I track their way.
Wait till their first bright sands have run,
And they will not *smile* at what Time hath done.

I eat through treasures, with moth and rust:
I lay the gorgeous palace in dust;
I make the shell-proof tower my own,
And break the battlement, stone from stone.
Work on at your cities and temples, proud Man!
Build high as ye may, and strong as ye can;
But the marble shall crumble, the pillar shall fall,
And Time,—Old Time,—will be King, after all!

LXXVI.—THE KING OF THE WIND.—*Eliza Cook.*

He burst through the ice-pillared gates of the north,
And away on his hurricane wings he rushed forth:
He exulted all free in his might and his speed,
He mocked at the lion, and taunted the steed:
He whistled along through each cranny and creek;
He whirled o'er the mountains with hollow-toned shriek;
The arrow and eagle were laggard behind,
And alone in his flight sped the King of the Wind!

He swept o'er the earth—the tall battlements fell,
And he laughed, as they crumbled, with maniac yell;
The broad oak of the wood dared to wrestle again,
Till, wild in his fury, he hurled it in twain:
He grappled with pyramids, works of an age,
And dire records were left of his havoc and rage.
No power could brave him, no fetters could bind:
Supreme in his sway was the King of the Wind!

He careered o'er the waters with death and despair;
He wrecked the proud ship—and his triumph was there!
The cheeks that had blanched not at foeman or blade,
At the sound of his breathing turned pale and afraid:
He rocked the stanch light-house, he shivered the mast;
He howled;—the strong life-boat in fragments was cast;
And he roared in his glory, "Where, where will ye find
A despot so great as the King of the Wind?"

LXXVII.—DE BRUCE.—*Allan Cunningham.*

"De Bruce! De Bruce!"—With that proud call thy glens, green Galloway,
Grow bright with helm, and axe, and glave, and plumes in close array:
The English shafts are loosed, and see! they fall like winter sleet;
The southern nobles urge their steeds—earth shudders 'neath their feet.
Flow gently on, thou gentle Orr, down to old Solway's flood—
The ruddy tide that stains thy stream is England's richest blood

"De Bruce! De Bruce!"—Yon silver star that shines in heaven so
sweet—
The lonely Orr—the good greenwood—the sod aneath our feet—
Yon pasture-mountain green and large—the sea that sweeps its foot—
Shall die—shall dry—shall cease to be, and earth and air be mute;
The sage's word, the poet's song, and woman's love, shall be
Things charming none,—when Scotland's heart warms not with
naming thee.

"De Bruce! De Bruce!"—on Dee's wild banks, and on Orr's silver
side,
Far other sounds are echoing now than war-shouts answering wide:
The reaper's horn rings merrily now; beneath the golden grain
The sickle shines, and maidens' songs glad all the glens again.
But minstrel-mirth, and homely joy, and heavenly liberty—
De Bruce! De Bruce! we owe them all to thy good sword and thee.

Lord of the mighty heart and mind, and theme of many a song!
Brave, mild, and meek, and merciful, I see thee bound along:
Thy helmet-plume is seen afar, that never bore a stain,
Thy mighty sword is flashing high, which never fell in vain.
Shout, Scotland, shout—'till Carlisle-wall gives back the sound again:
"De Bruce! De Bruce!"—less than a god, but noblest of all men!

LXXVIII.—THE RUINED COTTAGE.—*Mrs. Maclean.*

None will dwell in that cottage, for they say oppression reft it from an honest man, and that a curse clings to it: hence the vine trails its green weight of leaves upon the ground; hence weeds are in that garden; hence the hedge, once sweet with honeysuckle, is half dead; and hence the grey moss on the apple tree. One once dwelt there, who had been in his youth a Soldier; and when many years had passed, he sought his native village, and sat down to end his days in peace. He had one child—a little laughing thing, whose large dark eyes, he said, were like the mother's he had left buried in strangers' land. And time went on in comfort and content:—and that fair girl had grown far taller than the red-rose tree her father planted on her first English birth-day: and he had trained it up against an ash till it became his pride;—it was so rich in blossom and in beauty, it was called the tree of Isabel. 'Twas an appeal to all the better feelings of the heart, to mark their quiet happiness; their home—in truth a home of love; and more than all, to see them on the Sabbath, when they came among the first to church, and Isabel, with her bright colour and her clear glad eyes, bowed down so meekly in the house of prayer; and in the hymn her sweet voice audible: her father looked so fond of her, and then from her looked up so thankfully to Heaven! And their small cottage was so very neat; their garden filled with fruits, and herbs, and flowers; and in the winter there was no fireside so cheerful as their own.

But other days and other fortunes came—an evil power! They bore against it cheerfully, and hoped for better times, but ruin came at last; and the old Soldier left his own dear home, and left it for a prison! 'Twas in June, one of June's brightest days:—the bee, the bird, the butterfly, were on their lightest wing; the fruits had their first tinge of summer light; the sunny sky, the very leaves seemed

glad, and the old man looked back upon his cottage, and he wept aloud. They hurried him away, from the dear child that would not leave his side. They led him from the sight of the blue heaven and the green trees, into a low, dark cell, the windows shutting out the blessèd sun with iron grating; and for the first time he threw him on his bed, and could not hear his Isabel's good night! But the next morn she was the earliest at the prison gate, the last on whom it closed; and her sweet voice and sweeter smile made him forget to pine.

She brought him every morning fresh wild flowers; but every morning could he mark her cheek grow paler and more pale, and her low tones get fainter and more faint, and a cold dew was on the hand he held. One day, he saw the sunshine through the grating of his cell—yet Isabel came not; at every sound his heart-beat took away his breath—yet still she came not near him! But one sad day he marked the dull street through the iron bars that shut him from the world; at length he saw a coffin carried carelessly along, and he grew desperate—he forced the bars, and he stood on the street free and alone! he had no aim, no wish for liberty—he only felt one want, to see the corpse that had no mourners. When they set it down, ere it was lowered into the new-dug grave, a rush of passion came upon his soul, and he tore off the lid—and saw the face of Isabel, and knew he had no child!—he lay down by the coffin quietly —his heart was broken!

LXXIX.—THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.—*Lord Byron.*

Alas!—It is a fearful thing to see the human soul take wing in any shape, in any mood:—I've seen it rushing forth in blood; I've seen it on the breaking ocean, strive with a swoln convulsive motion; I've seen the sick and ghastly bed of Sin, delirious with its dread: but these were horrors; this was woe unmixed with such—but sure and slow. He faded, and so calm and meek, so softly worn, so sweetly weak, so tearless, yet so tender—kind, and grieved for those he left behind; with all the while a cheek whose bloom was as a mockery of the tomb,—whose tints as gently sunk away as a departing rainbow's ray;—an eye of most transparent light, that almost made the dungeon bright; and not a word of murmur—not a groan o'er his untimely lot;—a little talk of better days, a little hope my own to raise, for I was sunk in silence—lost in this last loss, of all the most; and then the sighs he would suppress of fainting nature's feebleness, more slowly drawn, grew less and less: I listened, but I could not hear—I called, for I was wild with fear; I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread would not be thus admonishèd; I called, and thought I heard a sound. I burst my chain with one strong bound, and rushed to him:—I found him not! *I* only stirred in this black spot—*I* only lived—*I* only drew the accursed breath of dungeon-dew! The last—the sole—the dearest link between me and the eternal brink, which bound me to my failing race, was broken in this fatal place. One on the earth, and one beneath!—my brothers—both had ceased to breathe! I took that hand which lay so still—alas! my own was full as chill! I had not strength to stir, or strive, but felt that I was still alive—a frantic feeling, when we know that what we love shall ne'er be so. I know not why I could not die! I had no earthly hope—but faith, and that forbade a selfish death.——What next befel me then and

there, I know not well—I never knew:—first, came the loss of light and air, and then, of darkness too; I had no thought, no feeling—none:—among the stones I stood a stone.

A light broke in upon my brain—it was the carol of a bird; it ceased—and then it came again—the sweetest song ear ever heard! and mine was thankful, till my eyes ran over with the glad surprise; and they that moment could not see I was the mate of misery: but then, by dull degrees, came back my senses to their wonted track; I saw the dungeon walls and floor close slowly round me as before—I saw the glimmer of the sun creeping as it before had done:—but through the crevice where it came, that bird was perched!—as fond and tame, and tamer than upon the tree; a lovely bird with azure wings, and song that said a thousand things, and seemed to say them all for me! I never saw its like before, I ne'er shall see its likeness more: it seemed like me to want a mate, but was not half so desolate; and it was come to love me, when none lived to love me so again; and cheering from my dungeon's brink, had brought me back to feel and think. I know not if it late were free, or broke its cage to perch on mine; but knowing well captivity, sweet bird! I could not wish for thine! Or if it were, in wingèd guise, a visitant from Paradise; for—Heaven forgive that thought! the while which made me both to weep and smile—I sometimes deemed that it might be my brother's soul come down to me: But then at last away it flew, and then 'twas mortal—well I knew! for he would never thus have flown, and left me twice so doubly lone:—lone, as the corse within its shroud; lone, as a solitary cloud; a single cloud on a sunny day, while all the rest of heaven is clear;—a frown upon the atmosphere, that has no business to appear when skies are blue and earth is gay.

LXXX.—BATTLE OF FLODDEN FIELD, AND DEATH OF MARMION.—*Scott.*

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still with Lady Clare upon the hill; on which (for far the day was spent), the western sunbeams now were bent. The cry they heard—its meaning knew, could plain their distant comrades view. * * * *

But lo! straight up the hill there rode two horsemen, drenched with gore; and in their arms, a helpless load, a wounded Knight they bore. His hand still strained the broken brand; his arms were smeared with blood and sand; dragged from among the horses' feet, with dinted shield, and helmet beat—the falcon-crest and plumage gone——can that be haughty Marmion! When, doffed his casque, he felt free air, around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:—"Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace, where? Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare? Redeem my pennon,—charge again! Cry—'Marmion to the rescue!'—Vain!—last of my race, on battle-plain that shout shall ne'er be heard again!—Yet my last thought is England's:—fly—to Dacre bear my signet-ring, tell him his squadrons up to bring; Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie! Tunstall lies dead upon the field; his life-blood stains the spotless shield: Edmund is down—my life is reft!—the Admiral alone is left. Let Stanley charge with spur o fire, with Chester charge, and Lancashire, full upon Scotland's cen

tral host, or victory and England's lost. Must I bid twice?—hence, varlets, fly! leave Marmion here alone—to die."

They parted—and alone he lay: Clare drew her from the sight away, till pain wrung forth a lowly moan; and half he murmured,—"Is there none, of all my halls have nursed, page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring of blessed water, from the spring, to slake my dying thirst?"

O woman! in our hours of ease, uncertain, coy, and hard to please; and variable as the shade by the light quivering aspen made; when pain and anguish wring the brow, a ministering angel thou!—Scarce were the piteous accents said, when, with the Baron's casque, the maid to the nigh streamlet ran: forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears: the plaintive voice alone she hears, sees but the dying man. She stooped her by the runnel's side, but in abhorrence backward drew; for, oozing from the mountain-side, where raged the war, a dark red tide was curdling in the streamlet blue! Where shall she turn?—Behold her mark a little fountain cell, where water, clear as diamond spark, in a stone basin fell. She filled the helm, and back she hied,—and, with surprise and joy, espied a Monk, supporting Marmion's head; a pious man, whom duty brought to dubious verge of battle fought, to shrive the dying, bless the dead.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave, and as she stooped his brow to lave—"Is it the hand of Clare," he said, "or injured Constance, bathes my head?" Then, as remembrance rose, "Talk not to me of shrift or prayer, I must redress her woes! Short space, few words, are mine to spare!—Forgive!—and listen, gentle Clare!" "Alas!" she said, the while; "O think of your immortal weal! in vain for Constance is your zeal—she died at Holy Isle!" Lord Marmion started from the ground, as light as though he felt no wound; though in the action burst the tide in torrents from his wounded side! "Then it was truth!" he said:—"I knew that the dark presage must be true! I would the Fiend, to whom belongs the vengeance due to all her wrongs, would spare me but a day! for, wasting fire, and dying groan, and priests slain on the altar-stone, might bribe him for delay. It may not be—this dizzy trance!—Curse on yon base marauder's lance! and doubly curs'd my failing brand!—a sinful heart makes feeble hand!" Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk, supported by the trembling Monk.

With fruitless labour Clara bound, and strove to stanch the gushing wound: the Monk, with unavailing cares, exhausted all the Church's prayers: ever, he said, that, close and near, a Lady's voice was in his ear, and that the Priest he could not hear, for that she ever sung,—"In the lost battle, borne down by the flying, where mingles war's rattle, with groans of the dying!" so the notes rung.—"Avoid thee, fiend!—with cruel hand, shake not the dying sinner's sand! O! look, my son, upon yon sign of the Redeemer's grace divine! O! think on faith and bliss!—By many a death-bed I have been, and many a sinner's parting seen, but never aught like this!"——The war, that for a space did fail, now, trebly thundering, swelled the gale, and—"Stanley!" was the cry:—a light on Marmion's visage spread, and fired his glazing eye; with dying hand, above his head he shook the fragment of his blade, and shouted "Victory!—Charge! Chester, charge! On!—Stanley!—on!" were the last words of Marmion.

LXXXI.—MARY THE MAID OF THE INN.—*Southey.*

Who is she—the poor Maniac, whose wildly-fixed eyes seem a heart overcharged to express? She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs; she never complains, but her silence implies the composure of settled distress. No aid, no compassion, the maniac will seek, cold and hunger awake not her care; through her rags do the winds of the winter blow bleak on her poor withered bosom, half bare; and her cheek has the deadly, pale hue of despair. Yet cheerful and happy (nor distant the day), poor Mary the Maniac hath been; the traveller remembers, who journeyed this way, no damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay, as Mary, the Maid of the Inn. Her cheerful address filled the guests with delight, as she welcomed them in with a smile; her heart was a stranger to childish affright; and Mary would walk by the Abbey at night, when the wind whistled down the dark aisle.—She loved, and young Richard had settled the day, and she hoped to be happy for life; but Richard was idle and worthless, and they who knew him would pity poor Mary, and say, that she was too good for his wife.

'Twas in autumn; and stormy and dark was the night, and fast were the windows and door; two guests sat enjoying the fire that burned bright; and smoking in silence, with tranquil delight, they listened to hear the wind roar. "'Tis pleasant," cried one, "seated by the fire-side, to hear the wind whistle without." "What a night for the Abbey!" his comrade replied; "methinks a man's courage would now be well tried, who should wander the ruins about. I myself, like a school-boy, should tremble to hear the hoarse ivy shake over my head; and could fancy I saw, half-persuaded by fear, some ugly old abbot's grim spirit appear—for this wind might awaken the dead!" "I'll wager a dinner," the other one cried, "that Mary will venture there now." "Then wager, and lose," with a sneer he replied, "I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side, and faint if she saw a white cow." "Will Mary this charge on her courage allow?" his companion exclaimed with a smile; "I shall win, for I know she will venture there now, and earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough from the elder that grows in the aisle."

With fearless good-humour did Mary comply, and her way to the Abbey she bent; the night it was gloomy, the wind it was high, and, as hollowly howling it swept through the sky, she shivered with cold as she went. O'er the path, so well known, still proceeded the maid, where the Abbey rose dim on the sight; through the gateway she entered—she felt not afraid; yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade seemed to deepen the gloom of the night. All around her was silent, save when the rude blast howled dismally round the old pile; over weed-covered fragments, still fearless, she passed, and arrived at the innermost ruin at last where the elder-tree grew in the aisle. Well pleased did she reach it, and quickly drew near, and hastily gathered the bough—when the sound of a voice seemed to rise on her ear!—she paused—and she listened, all eager to hear—and her heart panted fearfully now!—The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her head; she listened;—nought else could she hear. The wind ceased:—her heart sank in her bosom with dread, for she heard in the ruins, distinctly, the tread of footsteps approaching her near! Behind a wide

column, half breathless with fear, she crept, to conceal herself there; that instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear, and she saw in the moonlight two ruffians appear, and between them a corpse did they bear. Then Mary could feel her heart's-blood curdle cold! Again the rough wind hurried by—it blew off the hat of the one, and behold! even close to the feet of poor Mary it rolled; she fell—and expected to die! "Stay!—the hat!" he exclaims,—"Nay, come on, and fast hide the dead body," his comrade replies. She beholds them in safety pass on by her side—she seizes the hat—fear her courage supplied, and fast through the Abbey she flies. She ran with wild speed, she rushed in at the door, she cast her eyes horribly round; her limbs could support their faint burden no more, but exhausted and breathless she sank on the floor, unable to utter a sound. Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart, for a moment the hat met her view; her eyes from that object convulsively start, for, alas! what cold horror thrilled through her heart, when the name of her Richard she knew!

Where the old Abbey stands, on the common-hard by, his gibbet is now to be seen; not far from the road it engages the eye: the traveller beholds it, and thinks, with a sigh, of poor Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

LXXXII.—THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.—*Mrs. Southey.*

TREAD softly—bow the head—in reverent silence bow;—no passing bell doth toll, yet an immortal soul is passing now. Stranger! however great, with lowly reverence bow: there's one in that poor shed—one by that paltry bed—greater than thou. Beneath that beggar's roof, lo! Death doth keep his state! Enter—no crowds attend; enter—no guards defend this palace gate. That pavement, damp and cold, no smiling courtiers tread; one silent woman stands, lifting, with meagre hands, a dying head. No mingling voices sound—an infant wail alone; a sob suppressed—again that short deep gasp, and then the parting groan! Oh! change—oh, wondrous change! burst are the prison bars. This moment there, so low, so agonized;—and now beyond the stars! Oh! change—stupendous change! there lies the soulless clod; the sun eternal breaks—the new immortal wakes—wakes with his God!

LXXXIII.—ODE TO ELOQUENCE.—*Carey.*

HEARD ye those loud-contending waves, that shook Cecropia's pillared state? Saw ye the mighty from their graves look up, and tremble at her fate? Who shall calm the angry storm? who the mighty task perform, and bid the raging tumult cease?—See, the son of Hermes rise, with syren tongue and speaking eyes, hush the noise, and soothe to peace! See the olive-branches waving o'er Illissus' winding stream; their lovely limbs the Naiads laving—the Muses smiling by, supreme! See the nymphs and swains advancing, to harmonious measures dancing: grateful Io Pæans rise to thee, O Power! who canst inspire soothing words—or words of fire, and shook'st thy plumes in Attic skies!

Lo! from the regions of the north, the reddening storm of battle pours—rolls along the trembling earth—fastens on the Olynthian towers. "Where rests the sword? where sleep the brave? Awake!

Cecropia's ally save from the fury of the blast: burst the storm on Phocis' walls! Rise! or Greece for ever falls; up, or Freedom breathes her last!"—The jarring states, obsequious now, view the Patriot's hand on high; thunder gathering on his brow, lightning flashing from his eye! Borne by the tide of words along, one voice, one mind, inspire the throng!—"To arms! to arms! to arms!" they cry; "grasp the shield, and draw the sword; lead us to Philippi's lord, let us conquer him, or die!"

Ah, Eloquence! thou wast undone, wast from thy native country driven, when Tyranny eclipsed the sun, and blotted out the stars of heaven! When Liberty from Greece withdrew, and o'er the Adriatic flew to where the Tiber pours his urn—she struck the rude Tarpeian rock; sparks were kindled by the shock—again thy fires began to burn! Now, shining forth, thou mad'st compliant the Conscript Fathers to thy charms; roused the world-bestriding giant, sinking fast in Slavery's arms! I see thee stand by Freedom's fane, pouring the persuasive strain, giving vast conceptions birth: hark! I hear thy thunder's sound shake the Forum round and round—shake the pillars of the earth!

First-born of Liberty divine! put on Religion's bright array; speak! and the starless grave shall shine the portal of eternal day! Rise! kindling with the orient beam, let Calvary's hill inspire the theme; unfold the garments rolled in blood! Oh, touch the soul—touch all her chords with all the omnipotence of words, and point the way to heaven—to God!

LXXXIV.—GINEVRA.—*Rogers.*

She was an only child—her name Ginevra, the joy, the pride of an indulgent sire; and in her fifteenth year became a bride, marrying an only son, Francesco Doria, her playmate from her birth, and her first love. She was all gentleness, all gayety, her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue. But now the day was come, the day, the hour; now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time, the nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum; and, in the lustre of her youth, she gave her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco. Great was the joy; but, at the nuptial feast, when all sat down, the bride was wanting there, nor was she to be found! Her father cried, "'Tis but to make a trial of our love!" and filled his glass to all; but his hand shook, and soon from guest to guest the panic spread. 'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco, laughing, and looking back, and flying still—her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger. But now, alas! she was not to be found; nor from that hour could any thing be guessed, but that she was not!

Weary of his life, Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith flung it away in battle with the Turk. Orsini lived; and long mightst thou have seen an old man wandering as in quest of something, something he could not find—he knew not what. When he was gone, the house remained awhile silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgot; when, on an idle day,—a day of search 'mid the old lumber in the gallery,—that mouldering chest was noticed; and 'twas said by one as young as thoughtless as Ginevra, "Why not remove it from its lurking-place?" 'Twas done as soon as said; but, on the way, it burst, it fell; and lo! a skeleton, with here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone, a golden clasp, clasp-

ing a shred of gold! All else had perished—save a nuptial ring, and a small seal, her mother's legacy, engraven with a name, the name of both—"Ginevra."——There then had she found a grave! Within that chest had she concealed herself, fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy; when a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there, fastened her down for ever!

LXXXV.—THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

"Oh! tell me, harper, wherefore flow thy wayward notes of wail and woe, far down the desert of Glencoe, where none may list their melody? Say, harp'st thou to the mists that fly, or to the dun deer glancing by, or to the eagle that from high screams chorus to thy minstrelsy?"

"No, not to these, for these have rest; the mist-wreath hath the mountain crest, the stag his lair, the erne her nest, abode of lone security; but those for whom I pour the lay, not wild-wood deep, nor mountain gray, not this deep dell that shrouds from day, could screen from treacherous cruelty. Their flag was furled, and mute their drum; the very household dogs were dumb, unwont to bay at guests that come in guise of hospitality. His blithest notes the piper plied, her gayest snood the maiden tied, the dame her distaff flung aside to tend her kindly housewifery. The hand that mingled in the meal, at midnight drew the felon steel, and gave the host's kind breast to feel meed for his hospitality! The friendly heart which warmed that hand, at midnight armed it with the brand; which bade destruction's flames expand their red and fearful blazonry. Then woman's shriek was heard in vain; nor infancy's unpitied plain, more than the warrior's groan, could gain respite from ruthless butchery. The winter-wind that whistled shrill, the snows that night that choked the hill, though wild and pitiless, had still far more than Saxon clemency!—Long have my harp's best notes been gone, few are its strings and faint their tone; they can but sound in desert lone their gray-haired master's misery. Were each gray hair a minstrel-string, each chord should imprecations fling, till startled Scotland loud should ring—'Revenge for blood and treachery!'"

LXXXVI.—O'CONNOR'S CHILD.—*Campbell.*

At bleating of the wild watch-fold, thus sang my love—"Oh, come with me: our bark is on the lake; behold, our steeds are fastened to the tree. Come far from Castle-Connor's clans: come with thy belted forester, and I, beside the lake of swans, shall hunt for thee the fallow-deer; and build thy hut, and bring thee home the wild-fowl and the honey-comb; and berries from the wood provide, and play my clarshech by thy side. Then come, my love!"—How could I stay? our nimble stag-hounds tracked the way, and I pursued, by moonless skies, the light of Connocht Moran's eyes.

And fast and far, before the star of day-spring, rushed we through the glade, and saw, at dawn, the lofty bawn of Castle-Connor fade. Sweet was to us the hermitage of this unploughed, untrodden shore; like birds all joyous from the cage, for man's neglect we loved it more. And well he knew, my huntsman dear, to search the game with hawk and spear; while I, his evening food to dress, would sing to him in

happiness. But, oh! that midnight of despair, when I was doomed to rend my hair: the night, to me, of shrieking sorrow! the night, to him, that had no morrow!

When all was hushed at even-tide, I heard the baying of their beagle: "Be hushed!" my Connocht Moran cried, "'tis but the screaming of the eagle." Alas! 'twas not the eyry's sound; their bloody bands had tracked us out; up-listening starts our couchant hound—and, hark! again, that nearer shout brings faster on the murderers! Spare—spare him!—Brazil!—Desmond fierce!—In vain—no voice the adder charms; their weapons crossed my sheltering arms: another's sword has laid him low—another's and another's; and every hand that dealt the blow—ah me! it was a brother's; yes, when his moanings died away, their iron hands had dug the clay, and o'er his burial-turf they trod, and I beheld—O God!—O God!—his life-blood oozing through the sod.

Dragged to their hated mansion back, how long in thraldom's grasp I lay I knew not, for my soul was black, and knew no change of night or day. But Heaven, at last, my soul's eclipse did with a vision bright inspire: I woke, and felt upon my lips a prophetess's fire. The standard of O'Connor's sway was in the turret where I lay; that standard, with so dire a look, as ghastly shone the moon and pale, I gave,—that every bosom shook beneath its iron mail. "And go!" I cried, "the combat seek, ye hearts, that, unappallèd, bore the anguish of a Sister's shriek, go!—and return no more! for sooner Guilt the ordeal-brand shall grasp unhurt, than ye shall hold the banner with victorious hand, beneath a Sister's Curse unrolled!—O stranger! by my country's loss! and by my love! and by the Cross! I swear I never could have spoke the curse that severed nature's yoke; but that a spirit o'er me stood, and fired me with the wrathful mood; and frenzy to my heart was given, to speak the malison of heaven!" They would have crossed themselves, all mute; they would have prayed to burst the spell; but, at the stamping of my foot, each hand down powerless fell! "And go to Athunree," I cried, "high lift the banner of your pride! but know, that, where its sheet unrolls, the weight of blood is on your souls! Go, where the havoc of your kern shall float as high as mountain-fern! Men shall no more your mansion know; the nettles on your hearth shall grow! Dead, as the green oblivious flood that mantles by your walls, shall be the glory of O'Connor's blood! Away! away to Athunree! where, downward when the sun shall fall, the raven's wing shall be your pall! and not a vassal shall unlace the vizor from your dying face!"

A bolt that overhung our dome, suspended till my curse was given, soon as it passed these lips of foam, pealed in the blood-red heaven. Dire was the look, that o'er their backs the angry parting brothers threw: but now, behold! like cataracts, come down the hills in view O'Connor's plumèd partisans—thrice ten Kilnagorvian clans were marching to their doom: a sudden storm their plumage tossed, a flash of lightning o'er them crossed.—and all again was gloom!

LXXXVII.—CELADON AND AMÉLIA.—*Thomson.*

'Tis listening fear and dumb amazement all, when, to the startled eye, the sudden glance appears far south, eruptive through the cloud; and following slower, in explosion vast, the thunder raises his tre-

mendous voice. At first, heard solemn, o'er the verge of heaven the tempest growls; but as it nearer comes, and rolls its awful burden on the wind, the lightnings flash a larger curve, and more the noise astounds; till, over-head, a sheet of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts, and opens wider; shuts and opens still, expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze: follows the loosened aggravated roar, enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal crushed horrible, convulsing heaven and earth. Guilt hears appalled, with deeply-troubled thought. And yet not always on the guilty head descends the fatal flash.

Young Celadon and his Amelia were a matchless pair; with equal virtue formed, and equal grace; the same, distinguished by their sex alone: hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn, and his the radiance of the risen day. They loved; but such their guileless passion was, as in the dawn of time informed the heart of innocence and undissembling truth. 'Twas friendship, heightened by the mutual wish; the enchanting hope and sympathetic glow beamed from the mutual eye. Devoting all to love, each was to each a dearer self; supremely happy in the awakened power of giving joy. Alone amid the shades, still in harmonious intercourse, they lived the rural day and talked the flowing heart, or sighed, and looked unutterable things.

So passed their life, a clear united stream, by care unruffled; till, in evil hour, the tempest caught them on the tender walk, heedless how far or where its mazes strayed, while, with each other blest, creative love still bade eternal Eden smile around. Presaging instant fate, her bosom heaved unwonted sighs; and, stealing oft a look towards the big gloom, on Celadon her eye fell tearful, wetting her disordered cheek. In vain, assuring love and confidence in Heaven repressed her fear; it grew, and shook her frame near dissolution. He perceived the unequal conflict, and, as angels look on dying saints, his eyes compassion shed, with love illumined high. "Fear not," he said, "sweet innocence! thou stranger to offence and inward storm! He, who yon skies involves in frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee with kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft, that wastes at midnight or the undreaded hour of noon, flies harmless; and that very voice which thunders terror through the guilty heart, with tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine. 'Tis safety to be near thee, sure, and thus to clasp perfection!"

From his void embrace, (mysterious Heaven!) that moment to the ground, a blackened corse, was struck the beauteous maid! But who can paint the lover, as he stood, pierced by severe amazement, hating life, speechless, and fixed in all the death of woe?—So, faint resemblance! on the marble tomb the well-dissembled mourner stooping stands, for ever silent, and for ever sad.

LXXXVIII.—THE LEGEND OF LOCHBUY.—*Thomas Nimmo.*

THE matins in Lochbuy's halls are said: Maclean, the doughty chief, with haughty mien his henchman calls, and gives command in language brief. "Go, let the pibroch of the clan, the 'Gathering,' both loud and clear, be sounded from the bartizan: Maclean to-day will hunt the deer. My child, Lochbuy's dear son and heir, my wife, the Lady Isobel, will, with myself, be present there: hence! quickly go—thy message tell."

The henchman sped:—the stag-hounds bay, the fiery steeds impatient rear; the vassals, in their tartans gay, with gladsome faces soon appear. The chief, with bow and bugle-horn, rides foremost with his island queen; the nurse and child aloft are borne within their wicker palanquin. Each gorge and pass is fenced with care, and strictest vigilance enjoined, in order that the quarry there no outlet for escape might find.—The bugles sound: the startled deer fly fleetly as the viewless wind; the shaggy hounds in full career pursue, and leave the woods behind. But quicker still the red deer fly, bounding before the clamorous train; while from the pass, the Warder's cry rings wild to turn them!—but in vain! On, on they dash!—the gorge they've won!—the hunting of the day is done.

The baffled Chief the Warder eyed with savage wild ferocity: "Seize, bind the slave!" he madly cried, "a cur-dog's death his doom shall be. But no! a refuge in the grave from sneering scorn all cowards find; then let him live his meed to brave: but for the lash the craven bind."—With lips compressed, and dauntless breast, brave Callum Dhu the whip-lash bore; no change of countenance confessed the pain that thrilled through every pore. "Enough!" the Chieftain cried aloud: the galling cords were quick untied; and slowly, followed by the crowd, Maclean to meet his lady hied. Like sun-beam, peering o'er the fells through murky clouds which sullen roll, she sweetly smiles, and soon dispels the moody umbrage of his soul. With kindly glow his bosom warms; and, stooping low upon the plain, he raised his infant in his arms, and kissed him o'er and o'er again. As if by force of magic's power, the clansmen, in their transports wild, join in the greetings of the hour, and bless the Lady and her child.

And Callum Dhu, with felon aim, his direful purpose to conceal, shouts with the crowd in wild acclaim, as if disgrace he could not feel. But sudden as the lightning's flash, he from the nurse the child has torn, and up the cliff, with frenzied dash, the infant in his arms has borne. He never stopped, till, clambering high, the fearful peak at last he gained; and thence he scowled, with glaring eye, on those who far below remained.—The chief stood powerless and appalled; the pale and frenzied Isobel wild shrieked, and for her infant called, as prostrate on the earth she fell. Infuriate, all the clansmen bound to scale the steep and narrow path, which up the cliff so slippery wound, to swerve the least were instant death "Move but a step," fierce Callum cried, "and on this dagger's hilt I swear, my blade that instant shall be dyed in this child's blood!—take heed!—beware!"

The Chieftain with uplifted hands, looks heavenward on the voiceless sky, and tremblingly imploring stands—racked—torn with fiercest agony! "One half my lands I'll freely give!—All! all!" he cried, in accents wild, "so that the innocent may live! Oh! save my wife, and spare my child!" "Maclean!" he solemnly replied, "gold never can indemnify for loss of honour, nor can hide the stains of open infamy. Me wantonly you have disgraced,—ay, me!—although full well you knew your confidence was ne'er misplaced when given in trust to Callum Dhu. Yet listen! If you shall consent to bare your shoulders to the scourge, and suffer what I underwent, this, this, perhaps, the stains may purge." "Stripes, torture, death itself I dare," Maclean exclaimed, in frantic

grief; then turning, with his back laid bare—"Clansmen," he cried, "chastise your chief!" They murmured loudly, till with tears the Chieftain prayed them to obey: "Spare, spare my child! assuage our fears! in mercy strike!—quick! strike, I say!"

'Tis over!—Now, with outstretched arm the desperate man holds out the child:—what! can he mean the babe to harm? His looks are haggard, dark, and wild! A moment more—he shades the hair, the infant's placid brow to kiss:—see!—horror!—vaulting into air, both sink into the black abyss. Ah! who can paint the scene so dread—the anguish of the mingled yell? Madness has fired the Chieftain's head, death seized the lady Isobel.——How vain, alas! is human pride, and how impatient of control!—it swells like ocean's raging tide, and saps the barriers of the soul. At morn the sun on Lochbuy shone—sire, husband, idol of his clan; at eve he stands—his treasures gone—a lone and broken-hearted man.

LXXXIX.—JUGURTHA'S PRISON THOUGHTS.—*C. Wolfe.*

WELL—is the rack prepared—the pincers heated? Where is the scourge? How!—not employed in Rome? We have them in Numidia. Not in Rome? I'm sorry for it; I could enjoy them now—I might have felt them yesterday; but now, now I have seen my funeral procession: the chariot-wheels of Marius have rolled o'er me—his horses' hoofs have trampled me in triumph—I have attained that terrible consummation my soul could stand aloof, and from on high look down upon the ruins of my body, smiling in apathy!—I feel no longer—I challenge Rome to give another pang!

Gods! how he smiled, when he beheld me pause before his car, and scowl upon the mob! The curse of Rome was burning on my lips; and I had gnawed my chain, and hurled it at him—but that I knew he would have smiled again!—A king, and led before the gaudy Marius! before those shouting masters of the world—as if I had been conquered! while each street, each peopled wall, and each insulting window, pealed forth their brawling triumphs o'er my head.—Oh! for a lion from thy woods, Numidia!—Or had I, in that moment of disgrace, enjoyed the freedom but of yonder slave, I would have made my monument in Rome! Yet am I not that fool,—that Roman fool,—to think disgrace entombs the hero's soul—for ever damps his fires, and dims his glories; that no bright laurel can adorn the brow that once was bowed, no victory's trumpet-sound can drown in joy the rattling of his chains: no;—could one glimpse of victory and vengeance dart preciously across me, I could kiss thy footstep's dust again; then, all in flame, with Massinissa's energies unquenched, start from beneath thy chariot-wheels, and grasp the gory laurel reeking in my view, and force a passage, through disgrace, to glory!—victory, vengeance—glory!——Oh, these chains! My soul's in fetters, too; for, from this moment, through all eternity I see but death! Then come, and let me gloom upon the past.——

Sleep! I'll sleep no more, until I sleep for ever! When I last slept, I heard Adherbal scream. I'll *sleep* no more! I'll *think*—until I die: my eyes shall pore upon my miseries, until my miseries shall be no more. Yet wherefore was that scream? Why, I have heard his *living* scream—it was not half so frightful. Whence comes the difference? When the man was living, why, I did gaze upon his

couch of torments with placid vengeance; and each anguished cry gave me stern satisfaction! Now, he's dead, and his lips move not; yet his voice's image flashed such a dreadful darkness o'er my soul, I would not mount Numidia's throne again, did every night bring such a scream as that. O, yes! 'twas I who caused that *living* one, and therefore did its echo seem so frightful!—If 'twere to do again, I would not kill thee: wilt thou not be contented?—But thou sayest, "My father was a father to thee also; he watched thy infant years, he gave thee all that youth could ask, and scarcely manhood came than came a kingdom also; yet didst thou"—Oh!—I am faint—they have not brought me food—how did I not perceive it until now? Gods!—I'm in tears!—I did not think of weeping. Oh, Marius, wilt thou ever feel like this?——Ha! I behold the ruins of a city; and, on a craggy fragment, sits a form that seems in ruins also: how unmoved—how stern he looks!—Amazement! it is Marius! Ha! Marius! think'st thou now upon Jugurtha? He turns—he's caught my eye!—I see no more!

XC.—MARRIAGE OF KENNEDY AND MATILDA.—*Hogg.*

THOUGH grateful the hope to the death-bed that flies, that lovers and friends o'er our ashes will weep; the soul, when released from her lingering ties, in secret may see if their sorrows are deep. Who wept for the worthy Macdougal?—Not one!—His darling Matilda, who, two months agone, would have mourned for her father in sorrow extreme, indulged in a painful, delectable dream.——But why do the matrons, while dressing the dead, sit silent, and look as if something they knew? Why gaze on the features? Why move they the head, and point at the bosom so dappled and blue? Say, was there foul play?—Then, why sleeps the red thunder? Ah! hold, for suspicion stands silent with wonder.—The body's entombed, and the green turf laid over; Matilda is wed to her dark Highland lover.

Yes, the new moon that stooped over green Aberfoyle, and shed her light dews on a father's new grave, beheld, in her wane, the gay wedding turmoil, and lighted the bride to her chamber at eve. Blue, blue was the heaven; and o'er the wide scene, a vapoury silver veil floated serene;—a fairy perspective, that bore from the eye, wood, mountain, and meadow, in distance to lie. The scene was so still, it was all like a vision; the lamp of the moon seemed as fading for ever: 'twas awfully soft, without shade or elision; and nothing was heard save the rush of the river. But why won't the bride-maidens walk on the lea, nor lovers steal out to the sycamore tree? Why turn to the hall with those looks of confusion?—there's nothing abroad!—'tis a dream!—a delusion!——But why do the horses snort over their food, and cling to the manger in seeming dismay? what scares the old owlet afar to the wood? why screams the blue heron as hastening away? Say, why is the dog hid so deep in his cover? each window barred up, and the curtain drawn over? each white maiden-bosom still heaving so high, and fixed on another each fear-speaking eye?

'Tis all an illusion; the lamp let us trim; come, rouse thee, old minstrel, to strains of renown; the old cup is empty, fill round to the brim, and drink the young pair ere their wedding day's flown. Ha! why is the cup from the lip ta'en away? Why fixed

every form like a statue of clay? Say, whence is that noise and that terrible clamour! Oh, horror! it comes from young Kennedy's chamber!

Oh, haste thee, Strath-Allan, Glen-Ogle, away! these outcries betoken wild horror and woe: the dull ear of midnight is stunnéd with dismay; Glen-Ogle! Strath-Allan! fly swift as the roe. 'Mid darkness and death, on eternity's brim, you stood with Macdonald, and Archibald the grim; then why do ye hesitate? Why do you stand with claymore unsheathed, and red taper in hand?

The tumult is o'er: not a murmur nor groan.—What footsteps so madly pace through the saloon? 'Tis Kennedy, naked and ghastly, alone, who hies him away by the light of the moon. All prostrate and bleeding, Matilda they found, the threshold her pillow, her couch the cold ground; her features distorted, her colour the clay, her feelings, her voice, and her reason away. Ere morn they returned; but how well had they never! they brought with them horror too deep to sustain; returned but to chasten, and vanish for ever, to harrow the bosom and fever the brain. List, list to her tale, youth, levity, beauty;—Oh, sweet is the path of devotion and duty!—When pleasure smiles sweetest, dread danger and death; and think of Matilda, the flower of the Teith.

XCI.—THE PALM-TREE.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

It waved not through an Eastern sky, beside a fount of Araby; it was not fanned by southern breeze in some green isle of Indian seas; nor did its graceful shadow sleep o'er stream of Afric, long and deep. But fair the exiled Palm-tree grew 'midst foliage of no kindred hue; through the laburnum's dropping gold rose the light shaft of orient mould; and Europe's violets, faintly sweet, purpled the moss-beds at its feet. Strange looked it there!—the willow streamed where silvery waters near it gleamed; the lime-bough lured the honey-bee to murmur by the Desert's tree; and showers of snowy roses made a lustre in its fan-like shade.——There came an eve of festal hours—rich music filled that garden's bowers: lamps, that from flowery branches hung, on sparks of dew soft colours flung; and bright forms glanced—a fairy show—under the blossoms to and fro.

But One, a lone one, 'midst the throng, seemed reckless all of dance or song: he was a youth of dusky mien, whereon the Indian sun had been; of crested brow, and long black hair—a stranger, like the Palm-tree, there. And slowly, sadly, moved his plumes, glittering athwart the leafy glooms: he passed the pale-green olives by, nor won the chestnut flowers his eye; but when to that sole Palm he came, there shot a rapture through his frame. To him, to him, its rustling spoke; the silence of his soul it broke! it whispered of his own bright isle, that lit the ocean with a smile; ay, to his ear that native tone had something of the sea-wave's moan! His mother's cabin-home that lay where feathery cocoas fringe the bay, the dashing of his brethren's oar, the conch-note heard along the shore,—all through his wakening bosom swept: he clasped his country's tree, and wept!

Oh! scorn him not!—the strength, whereby the patriot girds himself to die,—the unconquerable power, which fills the freeman battling on his hills,—these have one fountain deep and clear—the same whence gushed that child-like tear.

XCII.—THE DEATH OF SAMSON.—*Milton.*

The building was a spacious theatre, half-round, on two main pillars vaulted high, with seats, where all the lords, and each degree of sort, might sit in order to behold. The other side was open, where the throng on banks and scaffolds under sky might stand.

The feast and noise grew high; and sacrifice had filled their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine, when to their sports they turned. Immediately was Samson as a public servant brought, in their state livery clad: before him pipes and timbrels; on each side went armèd guards, both horse and foot; before him and behind, archers and slingers, cataphracts and spears. At sight of him, the people with a shout rifted the air, clamouring their God with praise, who made their dreadful enemy their thrall.

He, patient, but undaunted, where they led him, came to the place; and what was set before him, which without help of eye might be assayed, to heave, pull, draw, or break, he still performed, all with incredible stupendous force; none daring to appear antagonist. At length, for intermission's sake, they led him between the pillars; he his guide requested, as over-tired, to let him lean awhile with both his arms on those two massy pillars, that to the archèd roof gave main support. He, unsuspicious, led him; which, when Samson felt in his arms, with head awhile inclined, and eyes fast-fixed, he stood, as one who prayed, or some great matter in his mind revolved; at last, with head erect, thus cried aloud: "Hitherto, lords, what your commands imposed I have performed, as reason was obeying, not without wonder or delight beheld: now, of my own accord, such other trial I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater, as with amaze shall strike all who behold!"

This uttered, straining all his nerves, he bowed: as with the force of winds and waters pent, when mountains tremble, those two massy pillars with horrible convulsion to and fro he tugged, he shook, till down they came, and drew the whole roof after them with burst of thunder, upon the heads of all who sat beneath; lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests—their choice nobility and flower, met from all parts, to solemnize this feast. Samson, with these immixed, inevitably pulled down the same destruction on himself!

XCIII.—LOVE (A TALE).—*Coleridge.*

All thoughts, all passions, all delights, whatever stirs this mortal frame, are all but ministers of Love, and feed his sacred flame. Oft in my waking dreams do I live o'er again that happy hour, when midway on the mount I lay, beside the ruined tower. The moonshine stealing o'er the scene, had blended with the light of eve; and she was there, my hope, my joy, my own dear Genevieve! She leaned against the armèd man, the statue of the armèd knight: she stood and listened to my lay, amid the lingering light. Few sorrows hath she of her own, my hope! my joy! my Genevieve! she loves me best whene'er I sing the songs that make her grieve.——I played a soft and doleful air; I sang an old and moving story—an old rude song, that suited well that ruin, wild and hoary. She listened with a flitting blush, with downcast eyes and modest grace; for well she knew, I could not choose but gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore upon his shield a burning brand:

and that for ten long years he wooed the Lady of the land. I told her how he pined: and ah! the deep, the low, the pleading tone, with which I sang another's love, interpreted my own. She listened with a flitting blush, with downcast eyes and modest grace; and she forgave me that I gazed too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn, that crazed the bold and lovely Knight; and that he crossed the mountain-woods, nor rested day nor night; that sometimes from the savage den, and sometimes from the darksome shade, and sometimes starting up at once in green and sunny glade, there came and looked him in the face an Angel beautiful and bright, and that he knew it was a Fiend, this miserable knight!—and that, unknowing what he did, he leaped amid a murderous band, and saved from outrage worse than death, the Lady of the land!—and how she wept and clasped his knees, and how she tended him in vain, and ever strove to expiate the scorn that crazed his brain; and that she nursed him in a cave; and how his madness went away, when on the yellow forest-leaves, a dying man he lay; his dying words ——But when I reached that tenderest strain of all the ditty, my faltering voice and pausing harp disturbed her soul with pity.

All impulses of soul and sense, had thrilled my guileless Genevieve: the music, and the doleful tale, the rich and balmy eve: and hopes, and fears that kindle hope, an undistinguishable throng; and gentle wishes long subdued—subdued and cherished long. She wept with pity and delight, she blushed with love and virgin shame; and, like the murmur of a dream, I heard her breathe my name. Her bosom heaved—she stept aside,—as conscious of my look she stept—then suddenly, with timorous eye, she fled to me and wept. She half enclosed me with her arms; she pressed me with a meek embrace; and bending back her head, looked up, and gazed upon my face. 'Twas partly love—'twas partly fear—and partly 'twas a bashful art, that I might rather feel than see the swelling of her heart. I calmed her fears; and she was calm, and told her love with virgin pride;—and so I won my Genevieve, my bright and beauteous bride!

XCIV.—THE SWORD-CHANT OF THORSTEIN RAUDI.—*Motherwell.*

'Tis not the gray hawk's flight o'er mountain and mere; 'tis not the fleet hound's course tracking the deer; 'tis not the light hoof-print of black steed or gray, though sweltering it gallop a long summer's day, which mete forth the lordships I challenge as mine;—Ha! ha! 'tis the good brand I clutch in my strong hand, that can their broad marches and numbers define. Land Giver! I kiss thee.—— Dull builders of houses, base tillers of earth, gaping, ask me what lordships I owned at my birth? but the pale fools wax mute when I point with my sword, east, west, north, and south, shouting, 'There am I lord!'—Wold and waste, town and tower, hill, valley, and stream, trembling, bow to my sway in the fierce battle-fray, when the star that rules Fate, is this falchion's red gleam. Might Giver! I kiss thee.——I've heard great harps sounding in brave bower and hall, I've drank the sweet music that bright lips let fall, I've hunted in greenwood, and heard small birds sing; but away with this idle and cold jargoning!—the music I love is the shout of the brave, the yell of the dying, the scream of the flying, when this arm wields Death's sickle, and garners the grave. Joy Giver! I kiss thee.——Far isles

of the ocean thy lightning hath known, and wide o'er the main-land thy horrors have shone. Great sword of my father, stern joy of his hand! thou hast carved his name deep on the stranger's red strand, and won him the glory of undying song. Keen cleaver of gay crests, sharp piercer of broad breasts, grim slayer of heroes, and scourge of the strong! FAME GIVER! I kiss thee.——In a love more abiding than that the heart knows, for maiden more lovely than summer's first rose; my heart's knit to thine, and lives but for thee; in dreamings of gladness, thou'rt dancing, with me, brave measures of madness in some battle-field,—where armour is ringing, and noble blood springing, and cloven, yawn helmet, stout hauberk and shield. DEATH GIVER! I kiss thee.——The smile of a maiden's eye soon may depart, and light is the faith of fair woman's heart; changeful as light clouds, and wayward as wind, be the passions that govern weak woman's mind. But thy metal's as true as its polish is bright: when ills wax in number, thy love will not slumber; but, starlike, burns fiercer, the darker the night. HEART GLADDENER! I kiss thee.——My kindred have perished by war or by wave—now, childless and sireless, I long for the grave. When the path of our glory is shadowed in death, with me thou wilt slumber below the brown heath: thou wilt rest on my bosom, and with it decay—while harps shall be ringing, and Scalds shall be singing the deeds we have done in our old fearless day. SONG GIVER! I kiss thee.

XCV.—THE BATTLE OF ALBUERA.—*Byron.*

HARK! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note? sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath? saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote,—nor saved your brethren, ere they sank beneath tyrants, and tyrants' slaves?—The fires of death, the bale-fires, flash on high;—from rock to rock each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe; Death rides upon the sulphury siroc; red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock!——Lo! where the Giant on the mountain stands! his blood-red tresses deepening in the sun; with death-shot glowing in his fiery hands, and eye that scorcheth all it glares upon: restless it rolls; now fixed, and now anon, flashing afar,—and, at his iron feet, Destruction cowers to mark what deeds are done; for, on this morn, three potent nations meet, to shed, before his shrine, the blood he deems most sweet.

By Jove! it is a splendid sight to see—for one who hath no friend nor brother there—their rival scarfs of mixed embroidery, their various arms that glitter in the air! What gallant war-hounds rouse them from their lair, and gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the prey! All join the chace, but few the triumph share; the Grave shall bear the chiefest prize away—and Havoc, scarce for joy, can number their array!—Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice; three tongues prefer strange orisons on high; three gaudy standards flout the pale blue skies; the shouts are—"France"—"Spain"—"Albion"—"Victory!" The foe, the victim, and the fond ally, that fights for all, but ever fights in vain, are met—as if at home they could not die—to feed the crow on Talavera's plain, and fertilize the field, that each pretends to gain.

There shall they rot—Ambition's honoured fools! Yes—Honour decks the turf that wraps their clay! Vain sophistry! in these behold the tools,—the broken tools,—that tyrants cast away by myriads,

when they dare to pave their way with human hearts—to what?—a dream alone. Can despots compass aught that hails their sway? or call, with truth, one span of earth their own—save that, wherein, at last, they crumble bone by bone?

XCVI.—THE POLISH CHILDREN.—*Miss Pardoe.*

FORTH went they from their fatherland, a fallen and fettered race, to find, upon a distant strand, their dark abiding place. Forth went they:—not as freemen go with firm and fearless eye; but with the bowèd mien of woe, as men go forth to die. The aged in their silver hair, the young in manhood's might, the mother with her infant care, the child in wild affright;—Forth went they all—a pallid band! —with many an anguished start: the chains lay heavy on their hand, but heavier on their heart! No sounds disturbed the desert air, but those of bitter woe; save when, at times, re-echoed there, the curses of the foe—When hark! another cry pealed out—a cry of idiot glee; answered, and heightened, by the shout of the fierce soldiery! 'Twas childhood's voice! but, ah!—how wild, how demon like its swell!—the mother shrieked, to hear her child give forth that soul-fraught yell! And fathers wrung their fettered hands beneath their maddening woe, while shouted out their infant bands shrill chorus to the foe! And curses deep and low were said, whose murmurs reached to Heaven; thick sighs were heaved—hot tears were shed, and woman-hearts were riven; as, heedless of their present woes, the children onward trod, and sang—and their young voices rose a vengeance-cry to God!

XCVII.—LUCY.—*Wordsworth.*

THREE years she grew, in sun and shower: then Nature said, "A lovelier flower on earth was never sown; this Child I to myself will take; she shall be mine, and I will make a Lady of my own. Myself will to my darling be both law and impulse: and with me the girl, in rock and plain, in earth and heaven, in glade and bower, shall feel an overseeing power to kindle or restrain. She shall be sportive as the Fawn, that wild with glee across the lawn or up the mountain springs; and hers shall be the breathing balm, and hers the silence and the calm of mute insensate things. The floating Clouds their state shall lend to her; for her the willows bend; nor shall she fail to see, even in the motions of the Storm, grace that shall mould the Maiden's form by silent sympathy. The stars of midnight shall be dear to her; and she shall lean her ear in many a secret place where rivulets dance their wayward round; and Beauty, born of murmuring sound, shall pass into her face. And vital feelings of delight shall rear her form to stately height, her virgin bosom swell; such thoughts to Lucy I will give, while she and I together live here in this happy dell." Thus Nature spake—the work was done—How soon my Lucy's race was run! She died, and left to me this heath, this calm and quiet scene—the memory of what has been, and never more will be! * * * * * * *

She dwelt among untrodden ways beside the springs of Dove; a maid whom there were none to praise, and very few to love. A violet by a mossy stone half hidden from the eye! fair as a star, when only one is shining in the sky. She lived unknown, and few could know when Lucy ceased to be; but she is in her grave—and oh, the difference to me!

XCVIII.—SAUL.—*Byron.*

THOU whose spell can raise the dead, bid the Prophet's form appear. —"Samuel, raise thy buried head! King, behold the phantom seer!" Earth yawned; he stood, the centre of a cloud; light changed its hue, retiring from his shroud. Death stood all glassy in his fixèd eye; his hand was withered, and his veins were dry; his foot, in bony whiteness glittered there, shrunken and sinewless, and ghastly bare. From lips that moved not, and unbreathing frame, like caverned winds the hollow accents came.—Saul saw, and fell to earth.—as falls the oak at once, when blasted by the thunder-stroke!

"Why is my sleep disquieted? Who is he that calls the dead? Is it thou, O king? Behold, bloodless are these limbs, and cold: such are mine; and such shall be thine to-morrow, when with me: ere the coming day be done, such shalt thou be, such thy son! Fare thee well, but for a day!—then we mix our mouldering clay; then thy race lie pale and low, pierced by shafts of many a bow; and the falchion by thy side to thy heart thy hand shall guide: crownless, breathless, headless, fall son and sire,—the house of Saul!"

XCIX.—THE NORMAN BARON.—*Longfellow.*

IN his chamber, weak and dying was the Norman baron lying; loud, without, the tempest thundered, and the castle-turret shook. In this fight was Death the gainer,—spite of vassal and retainer, and the lands his sires had plundered, written in the Doomsday Book. By his bed a Monk was seated, who in humble voice repeated many a prayer and Pater-noster, from the missal on his knee; and, amid the tempest pealing, sounds of bells came faintly stealing—bells, that from the neighbouring kloster rang for the Nativity. In the hall, the serf and vassal held that night their Christmas wassail; many a carol, old and saintly, sang the minstrels and the waits. And so loud these Saxon gleemen sang to slaves the songs of freemen, that the storm was heard but faintly knocking at the castle-gates. Till at length the lays they chanted reached the chamber terror-haunted, where the Monk, with accents holy, whispered at the Baron's ear. Tears upon his eyelids glistened, as he paused awhile and listened; and the dying Baron slowly turned his weary head to hear. "Wassail for the kingly Stranger born and cradled in a manger! king, like David, priest like Aaron—Christ is born to set us free!" And the lightning showed the sainted figures on the casement painted; and exclaimed the shuddering Baron, "Miserere. Domine!"

In that hour of deep contrition, he beheld, with clearer vision, through all outward show and fashion, Justice, the Avenger, rise. All the pomp of earth had vanished, falsehood and deceit were banished, reason spake more loud than passion, and the truth wore no disguise.—Every vassal of his banner, every serf born to his manor, all those wronged and wretched creatures, by his hand were freed again. And, as on the sacred missal he recorded their dismissal, Death relaxed his iron features, and the Monk replied, "Amen."——Many centuries have been numbered since in death the Baron slumbered by the convent's sculptured portal, mingling with the common dust. But the good deed, through the ages living in historic pages, brighter grows and gleams immortal, unconsumed by moth or rust.

C.—VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.—*Byron.*

THE king was on his throne, the Satraps thronged the hall; a thousand bright lamps shone o'er that high festival. A thousand cups of gold, in Judah deemed divine—Jehovah's vessels hold the godless Heathen's wine! In that same hour and hall, the fingers of a hand came forth against the wall, and wrote as if on sand: the fingers of a man;—a solitary hand along the letters ran, and traced them like a wand. The monarch saw, and shook, and bade no more rejoice; all bloodless waxed his look, and tremulous his voice. "Let the men of lore appear, the wisest of the earth; and expound the words of fear, which mar our royal mirth." Chaldæa's seers are good, but here they have no skill; and the unknown letters stood untold and awful still. And Babel's men of age are wise and deep in lore; but now they were not sage, they saw—but knew no more A Captive in the land, a stranger and a youth, he heard the king's command, he saw that writing's truth. The lamps around were bright, the prophecy in view; he read it on that night,—the morrow proved it true. "Belshazzar's grave is made—his kingdom passed away—he, in the balance weighed, is light and worthless clay. The shroud, his robe of state—his canopy, the stone; the Mede is at his gate—the Persian on his throne!"

CI.—THE MEN OF OLD.—*R. M. Milnes.*

I KNOW not that the men of old were better men than now, of heart more kind, of hand more bold, of more ingenuous brow: I heed not those who pine for force a ghost of Time to raise, as if they thus could check the course of these appointed days. Still it is true, and ever true, that I delight to close this book of life self-wise and new, and let my thoughts repose on all that humble happiness the world has since foregone,—the daylight of contentedness that on those faces shone! With rights, though not too closely scanned—enjoyed, as far as known,—with will by no reverse unmanned,—with pulse of even tone; they from to-day and from to-night expected nothing more than yesterday and yesternight had proffered them before. To them was life a simple art of duties to be done; a game where each man took his part; a race that all must run; a battle whose great scheme and scope they little cared to know—content, as men at arms, to cope each with his fronting foe. Man now his virtue's diadem puts on and proudly wears; great thoughts, great feelings came to them like instincts, unawares: blending their souls' sublimest needs with tasks of every day, they went about their gravest deeds as noble boys at play.

And what if Nature's fearful wound they did not probe and bare, for that their spirits never swooned to watch the misery there,—for that their love but flowed more fast, their charities more free? not conscious what mere drops they cast into the evil sea. A man's best things are nearest him, lie close about his feet; it is the distant and the dim that we are sick to greet: for flowers that grow our hands beneath we struggle and aspire; our hearts must die, except they breathe the air of fresh desire. Yet, Brothers, who up reason's hill advance with hopeful cheer,—O! loiter not, those heights are chill, as chill as they are clear; and still restrain your haughty gaze the loftier that ye go, remembering distance leaves a haze on all that lies below.

DRAMATIC EXTRACTS.

SPEECHES AND SOLILOQUIES

I.—BRUTUS ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.—*Shakspeare.*

Romans, Countrymen and Lovers!—Hear me. for my cause; and be silent that you may hear. Believe me, for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe. Censure me. in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge.——If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer; not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen?—As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it: as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him! There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition!—Who's here so base, that would be a bondman? if any, speak! for him have I offended. Who's here so rude, that would not be a Roman? if any, speak! for him have I offended. Who's here so vile, that will not love his country? if any, speak! for him have I offended.——I pause for a reply.——

None? then none have I offended!—I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying,—a place in the commonwealth;—as which of you shall not?

With this I depart:—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

II.—MARK ANTONY ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.—*Shakspeare.*

Friends, Romans, Countrymen! lend me your ears:
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interrèd with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar!—Noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious—
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;

And grievously hath Cæsar answered it!
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest—
For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me—
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff—
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I, thrice, presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And sure he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke;
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once; not without cause!
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O Judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me:
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar;
And I must pause till it come back to me!—
But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world—now lies he there,
And none so poor as do him reverence!
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men!—
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men!—
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar—
I found it in his closet—'tis his will!
Let but the Commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—
And they will go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue!—
If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle? I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on:
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent—
That day he overcame the Nervii!—
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through!—
See! what a rent the envious Casca made!—

Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed!
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it!—
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;—
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel!
Judge, O ye Gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!—
This, this was the unkindest cut of all;
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him. Then burst his mighty heart:
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue—
Which all the while ran blood—great Cæsar fell!
Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us, fell down;
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us!—
Oh, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops!
Kind souls!—what! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded?—look you here!
Here is himself—marred, as you see, by traitors!——
Good friends! sweet friends! let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny!
They that have done this deed are honourable!—
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reason answer you!
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That loves his friend;—and that they know full well.
That gave me public leave to speak of him:—
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on!
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds,—poor, poor, dumb mouths!—
And bid them speak for me. But, were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny!

III.—RICHMOND ENCOURAGING HIS SOLDIERS.—*Shakspeare.*

Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we marched on without impediment.
Richard, the bloody and devouring boar,
Whose ravenous appetite has spoiled your fields,
Laid this rich country waste, and rudely cropped
Its ripened hopes of fair posterity,
Is now even in the centre of the isle.
Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just;

And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted:
The very weight of Richard's guilt shall crush him—
Then, let us on, my friends, and boldly face him!
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As mild behaviour and humanity;
But, when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Let us be tigers in our fierce deportment!
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be—this body on the earth's cold face;
But, if we thrive, the glory of the action
The meanest soldier here shall share his part of.
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords,
Sound drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully;
The words—"St. George, Richmond, and Victory!"

IV.—HENRY V. TO HIS SOLDIERS AT THE SIEGE OF HARFLEUR.—*Shakspeare.*

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favoured rage;
Then, lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully as doth a gallèd rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.—
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height! Now on! you noblest English,
Whose blood is fetched from fathers of war-proof;
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument!
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's a-foot;
Follow your spirit; and upon this charge,
Cry, Heaven for Harry, England, and St. George!

V.—CLARENCE'S DREAM.—*Shakspeare.*

O, I have passed a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Methought that I had broken from the Tower
And was embarked to cross to Burgundy,—
And in my company my brother Glo'ster;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches. Thence we looked toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befallen us. As we passed along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Glo'ster stumbled, and, in falling,
Struck me (that sought to stay him) overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Oh, Heaven! methought what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
I thought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels:
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.
And often did I strive
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood,
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wandering air;
But smothered it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.
Yet 'waked I not with this sore agony—
Ah no; my dream was lengthened after life:
O then began the tempest of my soul!
I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman whom poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger-soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renownèd Warwick,
Who cried aloud,—"*What scourge for perjury*
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?"
And so he vanished. Then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood; and he shrieked out aloud,—
"*Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,*
That stabbed me in the field by Tewkesbury:
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!"—
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environed me, and howlèd in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I, trembling, waked; and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell:
Such terrible impression made my dream.

VI.—SOLILOQUY OF KING CLAUDIUS IN "HAMLET."—*Shakspeare.*

Oh! my offence is rank, it smells to Heaven!
It hath the primal, eldest curse upon't;
A brother's murder!—Pray I cannot:
Though inclination be as sharp as 'twill,
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent:
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin—
And both neglect. What if this cursèd hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood—
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heaven
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force—
To be forestallèd, ere we come to fall;
Or pardoned, being down?—Then I'll look up;
My fault is past.—But oh! what form of prayer
Can serve my turn?—"Forgive me my foul murder!"—
That cannot be, since I am still possessed
Of those effects for which I did the murder—
My crown, my own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardoned, and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by Justice;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above—
There is no shuffling: there the action lies
In its true nature, and we ourselves compelled
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? What rests?
Try what repentance can:—what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
Oh, wretched state! oh, bosom black as death!
Oh, limèd soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged! Help, angels!—Make essay:
Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart, with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well.

VII.—HENRY IV., ON SLEEP.—*Shakspeare.*

How many thousands of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep!—O gentle sleep!
Nature's soft nurse! how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness!
Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody?

O thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
A watch-case to a common 'larum-bell?
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And, in the visitation of the winds,
Which take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deafening clamours in the slippery shrouds,
That, with the hurly, Death itself awakes:—
Canst thou, O partial Sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
And, in the calmest and the stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy, lowly clown!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

VIII.—THE BISHOP OF CARLISLE IN DEFENCE OF KING RICHARD II.—*Shakspeare.*

Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
I would that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard; then true nobleness would
Teach him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on a king?
And who sits here, that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judged, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them:
And shall the figure of Heaven's Majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elect,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judged by subject and inferior breath,
And he himself not present? O, forbid it, heaven,
That, in a Christian climate, souls refined
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
Stirred up by truth, thus boldly for his king.
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
And if you crown him, let me prophesy—
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act;
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin and kind with kind confound;
Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
Shall here inhabit, and this land be called
The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
O! if you rear this house against this house,

It will the wofullest division prove,
That ever fell upon this cursèd earth!
Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
Lest children's children cry against you—woe!

IX.—MACBETH TO THE AIR-DRAWN DAGGER.—*Shakspeare.*

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee:——
I have thee not; and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest:—I see thee still!
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before!—There 's no such thing:
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.——Now o'er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered Murder,
Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk; for fear
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
And take the present horror from the time
Which now suits with it. While I threat, he lives,
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives. [*A bell rings.*]
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan! for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell!

X.—CATO, ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.—*Addison.*

It must be so!—Plato, thou reason'st well:
Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing, after immortality?
Or, whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out—an Hereafter,
And intimates—Eternity to man.
Eternity!—thou pleasing—dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!

The wide, the unbounded prospect, lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a power above us—
And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works—He must delight in virtue,
And that which He delights in, must be happy.
But when? or where? This world—was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them.
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]
Thus am I doubly armed. My death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This—in a moment, brings me to an end;
But this—informs me, I shall never die!
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.—
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years:
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt, amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds!

XI.—LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS, OVER THE BODY OF LUCRETIA.—*J. H. Payne.*

Thus, thus, my friends! fast as our breaking hearts
Permitted utterance, we have told our story:
And now, to say one word of the imposture—
The mask, necessity has made me wear.
When the ferocious malice of your king—
King, do I call him?—when the monster, Tarquin,
Slew, as most of you may well remember,
My father Marcus, and my elder brother,
Envying at once their virtues and their wealth,
How could I hope a shelter from his power,
But in the false face I have worn so long?
Would you know why I summoned you together?
Ask ye what brings me here? Behold this dagger,
Clotted with gore! Behold that frozen corse!
See where the lost Lucretia sleeps in death!
She was the mark and model of the time,
The mould in which each female face was formed,
The very shrine and sacristy of virtue!
The worthiest of the worthy! Not the nymph
Who met old Numa in his hallowed walk
And whispered in his ear her strains divine,
Can I conceive beyond her!—The young choir
Of vestal virgins bent to her! Oh my countrymen!
You all can witness that when she went forth,
It was a holiday in Rome; old age
Forgot its crutch, labour its task,—all ran;
And mothers, turning to their daughters, cried,
"There, there's Lucretia!"—Now look ye where she lies,
That beauteous flower, that innocent sweet rose,
Torn up by ruthless violence—gone! gone!

Say—would you seek instruction? would you seek
What ye should do?—Ask ye yon conscious walls
Which saw his poisoned brother, saw foul crimes
Committed there, and they will cry, Revenge!
Ask yon deserted street, where Tullia drove
O'er her dead father's corse, 'twill cry, Revenge!
Ask yonder Senate-house, whose stones are purple
With human blood, and it will cry, Revenge!
Go to the tomb where lie his murdered wife,
And the poor queen who loved him as her son—
Their unappeasèd ghosts will shriek, Revenge!
The temples of the gods, the all-viewing heaven—
The gods themselves—shall justify the cry,
And swell the general sound—Revenge! Revenge!

XII.—ROLLA TO THE PERUVIANS.—*Sheridan.*

My brave associates—partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame!—Can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts?—No! you have judged, as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you. Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate their minds and ours. They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule;—we, for our country, our altars, and our homes. They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate;—we serve a monarch whom we love, a God whom we adore. Whene'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress! where'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship! They boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error:—Yes; they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride!—They offer us their protection:—yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them!—They call upon us to barter all the good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better—which they promise. Be our plain answer this: the throne we honour is the people's choice—the laws we reverence are our brave fathers' legacy—the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hope of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this, and tell them too, we seek no change; and, least of all, such change as they would bring us.

XIII.—WILLIAM TELL TO HIS NATIVE MOUNTAINS.—*J. S. Knowles.*

Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home
Again!—O sacred forms, how proud you look!
How high you lift your heads into the sky!
How huge you are, how mighty, and how free!
Ye are the things that tower, that shine;

Makes glad—whose frown is terrible; whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine. Ye guards of liberty,
I'm with you once again!—I call to you
With all my voice!—I hold my hands to you
To show they still are free. I rush to you
As though I could embrace you!
Scaling yonder peak,
I saw an eagle wheeling near its brow,
O'er the abyss: his broad expanded wings
Lay calm and motionless upon the air.
As if he floated there without their aid,
By the sole act of his unlorded will,
That buoyed him proudly up. Instinctively
I bent my bow: yet kept he rounding still
His airy circle, as in the delight
Of measuring the ample range beneath,
And round about; absorbed, he heeded not
The death that threatened him.—I could not shoot—
'Twas liberty!—I turned my bow aside,
And let him soar away!
Heavens! with what pride I used
To walk these hills, and look up to my God,
And think the land was free. Yes, it was free—
From end to end, from cliff to lake, 'twas free—
Free as our torrents are that leap our rocks,
And plough our valleys without asking leave;
Or as our peaks that wear their caps of snow
In very presence of the regal sun.
How happy was I then! I loved
Its very storms. Yes, I have often sat
In my boat at night, when midway o'er the lake—
The stars went out, and down the mountain-gorge
The wind came roaring. I have sat and eyed
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
And think I had no master save his own.
—On the wild jutting cliff, o'ertaken oft
By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along;
And while gust followed gust more furiously,
As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink,
Then I have thought of other lands, whose storms
Are summer flaws to those of mine, and just
Have wished me there;—the thought that mine was free
Has checked that wish, and I have raised my head,
And cried in thraldom to that furious wind,
Blow on! This is the land of liberty!

XIV.—ION CONTEMPLATING THE DEATH OF KING ADRASTUS.—*Talfourd.*

I DREAM no more
Of azure realms where restless beauty sports
In myriad shapes fantastic; but black vaults
In long succession open, till the gloom

Afar is broken by a streak of fire
That shapes my name;—the fearful wind, that moans
Before the storm, articulates its sound:
And as I passed but now the solemn range
Of Argive monarchs, that in sculptured mockery
Of present empire sit, their eyes of stone
Bent on me, instinct with a frightful life
That drew me into fellowship with them
As conscious marble; while their ponderous lips—
Fit organs of eternity!—unclosed,
And murmured—"HAIL! HAIL! ION THE DEVOTED!"
The gods have prompted me! for they have given
One dreadful voice to all things which should be
Else dumb or musical; and I rejoice
To step from the grim round of waking thoughts
Into the fellowship which makes all clear.
Ye eldest gods!
Who in no statues of exactest form
Are palpable; who shun the azure heights
Of beautiful Olympus, and the sound
Of ever-young Apollo's minstrelsy,
Yet, mindful of the empire which ye held
Over dim Chaos, keep revengeful watch
On falling nations, and on kingly lines
About to sink for ever; ye, who shed
Into the passions of earth's giant brood
And their fierce usages, the sense of justice;
Who clothe the faded battlements of tyranny
With blackness, as a funeral pall, and breathe,
Through the proud halls of time-emboldened guilt,
Portents of ruin,—hear me! In your presence,
For now I feel you nigh, I dedicate
This arm to the destruction of the King
And of his race! O, keep me pitiless;
Expel all human weakness from my frame,
That this keen weapon shake not, when his heart
Should feel its point; and if he has a child
Whose blood is needful to the sacrifice
My country asks, harden my soul to shed it!

XV.—LEONI'S NIGHT-SOLILOQUY IN VENICE.—*Byron.*

I WILL to rest, right weary of this revel,
The gayest we have held, for many moons.
And yet, I know not why, it cheered me not;
There came a heaviness across my heart,
Which, in the lightest movement of the dance,
Oppressed me,
And through my spirit chilled my blood, until
A damp, like death, rose o'er my brow: I strove
To laugh the thought away, but 'twould not be;
So that I left the festival before
It reached its zenith, and will woo my pillow
For thoughts more tranquil, or forgetfulness.—
I will try

Whether the air will calm my spirits: 'tis
A goodly night: the cloudy wind which blew
From the Levant, hath crept into its cave.
And the broad moon has brightened.—What a stillness!
And what a contrast with the scene I left,
Where the tall torches' glare, and silver lamps'
More pallid gleam along the tapestried walls,
Spread over the reluctant gloom, which haunts
Those vast and dimly-latticed galleries,
A dazzling mass of artificial light,
Which showed all things, but nothing as they were.
Around me are the stars and waters,—
Worlds mirrored in the ocean, goodlier sight
Than torches glared back by a gaudy glass;
And the great element, which is to space
What ocean is to earth, spreads its blue depths,
Softened with the first breathings of the spring;
The high moon sails upon her beauteous way,
Serenely smoothing o'er the lofty walls
Of those tall pines, and sea-girt palaces;
Whose porphyry pillars, and whose costly fronts,
Fraught with the orient spoil of many marbles,
Like altars ranged along the broad Canal,
Seem each a trophy of some mighty deed,
Reared up from out the waters,—scarce less strangely
Than those more massy and mysterious giants
Of architecture, those Titanian fabrics,
Which point in Egypt's plains to times that have
No other record. All is gentle: nought
Stirs rudely; but, congenial with the night,
Whatever walks, is gliding like a spirit.
The tinkling of some vigilant guitars
Of sleepless lovers to a wakeful mistress,
And cautious opening of the casement, showing
That he is not unheard; while her young hand.—
Fair as the moonlight, of which it seems a part,
So delicately white, it trembles in
The act of opening the forbidden lattice
To let in love through music.—makes his heart
Thrill like his lyre-strings at the sight;—the dash
Phosphoric of the oar, or rapid twinkle
Of the far lights of skimming gondolas,
And the responsive voices of the choir
Of boatmen, answering back, with verse for verse—
Some dusky shadow, checkering the Rialto—
Some glimmering palace-roof, or tapering spire—
Are all the sights and sounds which here pervade
The ocean-born and earth-commanding city.
How sweet and soothing is the hour of calm!
I thank thee, Night! for thou hast chased away
Those horrid bodements, which, amidst the throng,
I could not dissipate, and,—with the blessing
Of thy benign and quiet influence,—
Now will I to my couch; although to rest
Is almost wronging such a night as this.

DIALOGUES.

I.—BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.—*Shakspeare.*

Cas. That you have wronged me doth appear in this—
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters (praying on his side,
Because I knew the man) were slighted of.
Bru. You wronged yourself to write in such a case.
Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment.
Bru. Yet let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.
Cas. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last!
Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.
Cas. Chastisement!
Bru. Remember March, the ides of March, remember
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cas. Brutus, bay not me!
I'll not endure it; you forget yourself
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.
Cas. I am!
Bru. I say, you are not.
Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself—
Have mind upon your health—tempt me no farther!
Bru. Away, slight man!
Cas. Is't possible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

Cas. O gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?
Bru. All this? ay, more. Fret till your proud heart break;
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cas. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say you are a better soldier;
Let it appear so: make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cas. You wrong me every way——you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better;
Did I say better?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.
Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.
Cas. I durst not?
Bru. No.
Cas. What! durst not tempt him?
Bru. For your life you durst not.
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;
For I can raise no money by vile means.
I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring,
From the hard hands of peasants, their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal-counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!
Cas. I denied you not.
Bru. You did.
Cas. I did not;—he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived my heart.
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.
Cas. You love me not?
Bru. I do not like your faults.
Cas. A frier[illegible]'d never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come!
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world:
Hated by one he loves—braved by his brother—
Checked like a bondman—all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth—O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold!
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth.
I that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.
Bru. Sheathe your dagger;
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius! you are yokèd with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Which, much enforcèd, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him?
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.
Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.
Cas. O Brutus!
Bru. What's the matter?
Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?
Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

II.—MACDUFF, PRINCE MALCOLM, AND ROSSE.—*Shakspeare.*

Macd. See, who comes here?
Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.
Macd. My ever-gentle cousin!—welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now. Kind Powers! betimes remove
The means which make us strangers!
Rosse. Sir, amen.
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Rosse. Alas, poor country,
Almost afraid to know itself!—it cannot
Be called our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not marked; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy: the dead-man's knell

Is there scarce asked, for whom; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps—
Dying, or ere they sicken.
Macd. Oh, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!
Mal. What is the newest grief?
Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife?
Rosse. Why, well.
Macd. And all my children?
Rosse. Well too.
Macd. The tyrant has not battered at their peace?
Rosse. No; they were well at peace, when I did leave them.
Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes it?
Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out,
Which was to my belief witnessed the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:—
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, and make women fight
To doff their dire distresses.
Mal. Be't their comfort
We're coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.
Rosse. 'Would, I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be howled out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not catch them.
Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? Or is it a fee-grief,
Due to some single breast?
Rosse. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it!
Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Ah! I guess at it!
Rosse. Your castle is surprised, your wife and babes
Savagely slaughtered!—to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry of these murdered deer,
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful Powers!
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brow;
Give sorrow words; the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
Macd. My children too?——
Rosse. Wife. children, servants, all that could be found.
Macd. And I must be from thence! My wife killed too?

Rosse. I have said.
Mal. Be comforted.
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no children——All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? what, all?—Oh, hell-kite!—all?
What! all my pretty ones, at one fell swoop?
Mal. Dispute it like a man.
Macd. I shall do so!
But I must also feel it as a man.
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me: did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! Naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls!
Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword, let grief
Convert to wrath: blunt not the heart, enrage it.
Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue. But, gentle heaven!
Cut short all intermission: front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him!—if he 'scape,
Then Heaven forgive him too!

III.—HENRY IV., NORTHUMBERLAND, AND HOTSPUR.—*Shakspeare.*

King Henry. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities;
And you have found me; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,
I will, from henceforth, rather be myself,
Mighty, and to be feared, than my condition,
Which has been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And, therefore, lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.
North. My good lord,
Those prisoners, in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here, at Holmedon, took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied,
As is delivered to your majesty.
Hotspur. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dressed,
Fresh as a bridegroom, and his chin, new-reaped,
Showed like a stubble-land at harvest-home;
He was perfumèd like a milliner;
And, 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he held
A pouncet-box, which, ever and anon,
He gave his nose, and took't away again;—
And still he smiled and talked;
And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He called them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,

To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corse,
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms,
He questioned me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.
I, then, all smarting with my wounds—being galled,
To be so pestered with a popinjay—
Out of my grief, and my impatience,
Answered, neglectingly—I know not what—
He should, or he should not; for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk, so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds—O, save the mark!—
And telling me, "The sovereign'st thing on earth
Was spermaceti, for an inward bruise;"
And that "it was great pity—so it was—
This villainous saltpetre should be digged
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good, tall fellow had destroyed
So cowardly;" and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier!
—This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answered indirectly, as I said;
And, I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation,
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.
North. The circumstance considered, good my lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had said,
To such a person, and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die, and never rise
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.
King Henry. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners;
But with proviso and exception—
That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my truth, hath wilfully betrayed
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against the great magician, bold Glendower.
Shall our coffers, then,
Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;
For I shall never hold that man my friend,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost,
To ransom home revolted Mortimer!
Hotspur. Revolted Mortimer!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war. To prove that true,
Needs no more but one tongue, for all those wounds,
Those mouthèd wounds, which valiantly he took,
When, on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,

He did confound the best part of an hour,
In changing hardiment with great Glendower.
Three times they breathed, and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who, then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank,
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
And never could the noble Mortimer,
Receive so many, and all willingly.
Then, let him not be slandered with revolt!

King Henry. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou beliest him!
He never did encounter with Glendower.
Art not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease you. My Lord Northumberland,
We license your departure—with your son.
Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

IV.—PRINCE HENRY AND SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.—*Shakspeare.*

Prince H. Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?

Falstaff. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! Marry, and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant?

Prince H. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun! If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Falstaff. You rogue, here's lime in this sack, too!—there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it: a villainous coward! Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England, and one of them is fat and grows old. A bad world I say!—I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still!

Prince H. How now, woolsack! what mutter you?

Falstaff. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom, with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects before me like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

Prince H. Why, what's the matter?

Falstaff. Are you not a coward? Answer me to that.

Prince H. Why, ye fat paunch, an' ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Falstaff. I call thee coward! I'll see thee hanged ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pounds I could run as fast as

thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! Give me them that will face me. Give me—a cup of sack; I'm a rogue if I have drunk to-day.

Prince H. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drankest last.

Falstaff. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I.

Prince H. What's the matter?

Falstaff. What's the matter! There be four of us have ta'en a thousand pounds this morning.

Prince H. Where is it, Jack? Where is it?

Falstaff. Where is it! Taken from us it is: a hundred upon four of us.

Prince H. What! a hundred, man?

Falstaff. I am a rogue if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them, two hours together. I have escaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man! All would not do. A plague of all cowards!

Prince H. Speak, Jack; how was it?

Falstaff. Four of us set upon some dozen, and bound them—every man of them; and as we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us, and unbound the rest; and then came in the others.

Prince H. What! fought ye with them all?

Falstaff. All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish; if there were not two or three-and-fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Prince H. I pray you have not murdered some of them?

Falstaff. Nay; that's past praying for! I have peppered two of them—two, I am sure I have paid—two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face—call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

Prince H. What! four? Thou saidst but two even now.

Falstaff. Four, Hal; I told thee, four. These four came all afront, and mainly thrust at me. I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

Prince H. Seven? Why, there were but four even now.

Falstaff. In buckram?

Prince H. Ay, four in buckram suits.

Falstaff. Seven, by these hilts, or, I am a villain else. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

Prince H. Ay, and mark thee too.

Falstaff. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of—

Prince H. So, two more, already.

Falstaff. Their points being broken, they began to give me ground; but I followed them close, came in foot and hand, and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

Prince H. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Falstaff. But, as bad luck would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal-green, came at my back, and let drive at me; for, it was dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

Prince H. These lies are like the father that begets them—gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained and knotty-pated fool, thou obscene, greasy tallow-keech—

Falstaff. What! art thou mad? art thou mad? Is not the truth the truth?

Prince H. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when "it was so dark, thou couldst not see thy hand?" Come, tell us your reason. What sayest thou to this? Come, your reason. Jack, your reason.

Falstaff. What! upon compulsion! No! were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you upon compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason on compulsion, I!

Prince H. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. Thou sanguine coward, thou bed-presser, thou horse back-breaker, thou huge hill of flesh—

Falstaff. Away! you starveling—you eel-skin—you dried neat's tongue—you stock-fish!—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard—you sheath—you bow-case—you vile standing tuck—

Prince H. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this:—Poins and I saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark, now, how plain a tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and, with a word, outfaced you from your prize, and have it, yea, and can show it you here in the house. And, Falstaff, you carried your mountain-belly away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole canst thou find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Falstaff. Ha! ha! ha! I knew ye, as well as he that made you. Why, hear you, my master—was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules, but, beware instinct! The lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter! I was a coward—on instinct! I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; myself for a valiant lion, and thee for a true prince. But I am glad you have the money. Clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—What, shall we be merry? Shall we have a play extempore?

Prince H. Content; and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Falstaff. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an' thou lovest me.

V.—CORIOLANUS AND AUFIDIUS.—*Shakspeare.*

Cor. I plainly, Tullus, by your looks, perceive
You disapprove my conduct.

Auf. I mean not to assail thee with the clamour
Of loud reproaches, and the war of words;
But—pride apart, and all that can pervert
The light of steady reason—here, to make
A candid, fair proposal.

Cor. Speak, I hear thee.
Auf. I need not tell thee, that I have performed
My utmost promise. Thou hast been protected,
Hast had thy amplest, most ambitious wish;
Thy wounded pride is healed, thy dear revenge
Completely sated; and, to crown thy fortune,
At the same time, thy peace with Rome restored.
Thou art no more a Volscian, but a Roman:
Return, return; thy duty calls upon thee
Still to protect the city thou hast saved;
It still may be in danger from our arms:
Retire: I will take care thou may'st with safety.
Cor. With safety?—Heavens!—and thinkest thou Coriolanus
Will stoop to thee for safety?—No! my safeguard
Is in myself, a bosom void of fear.——
O, 'tis an act of cowardice and baseness,
To seize the very time my hands are fettered
By the strong chain of former obligation,
The safe, sure moment to insult me!—Gods!
Were I now free, as on that day I was
When at Corioli I tamed thy pride—
This had not been!
Auf. Thou speak'st the truth: it had not.
O, for that time again! propitious gods,
If you will bless me, grant it! Know, for that—
For that dear purpose—I have now proposed
Thou shouldst return: I pray thee, Marcius, do it!
And we shall meet again on nobler terms.
Cor. 'Till I have cleared my honour in your council,
And proved before them all,—to thy confusion,—
The falsehood of thy charge; as soon in battle
I would before thee fly, and howl for mercy,
As quit the station they've assigned me here.
Auf. Thou canst not hope acquittal from the Volscians?
Cor. I do:—Nay, more, expect their approbation,
Their thanks. I will obtain them such a peace
As thou durst never ask; a perfect union
Of their whole nation with imperial Rome,
In all her privileges, all her rights;
By the just gods, I will.—What wouldst thou more?
Auf. What would I more, proud Roman? This I would—
Fire the curs'd forest, where these Roman wolves
Haunt and infest their nobler neighbours round them;
Extirpate from the bosom of this land
A false, perfidious people, who, beneath
The mask of freedom, are a combination
Against the liberty of human kind——
The genuine seed of outlaws and of robbers.
Cor. The seed of gods!—'Tis not for thee, vain boaster,
'Tis not for such as thou,—so often spared
By her victorious sword,—to speak of Rome,
But with respect and awful veneration.—
Whate'er her blots, whate'er her giddy factions,
There is more virtue in one single year

Of Roman story, than your Volscian annals
Can boast through all their creeping, dark duration!
Auf. I thank thy rage:—This full displays the traitor.
Cor. Traitor!—How now?
Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.
Cor. Marcius!
Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius! Dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stolen name,
Coriolanus, in Corioli?
You lords, and heads o' the state, perfidiously
He has betrayed your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,—
I say, your city,—to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk; never admitting
Counsel o' the war: but, at his nurse's tears,
He whined and roared away your victory,
That pages blushed at him, and men of heart
Looked wondering at each other.
Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?
Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears.
Cor. Measureless liar! thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it.—Boy!—O slave!—
Cut me to pieces, Volscians; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy!—False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cot, I
Fluttered your Volscians in Corioli;
Alone I did it:—Boy! . . . But let us part;
Lest my rash hand should do a hasty deed
My cooler thought forbids.
Auf. I court
The worst thy sword can do; while thou from me
Hast nothing to expect, but sore destruction.
Quit then this hostile camp; once more I tell thee,
Thou art not here one single hour in safety.
Cor. O, that I had thee in the field,
With six Aufidiuses, or more,—thy tribe,—
To use my lawful sword!——

VI.—WOLSEY AND CROMWELL.—*Shakspeare.*

Wolsey. Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!—
This is the state of man;—to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And—when he thinks, good easy man! full surely
His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory—
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,

Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate you!
I feel my heart new opened: O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on prince's favours!
There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and his ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again!—

Enter CROMWELL.

Wol. Why, how now, Cromwell?
Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.
Wol. What! amazed
At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, an' you weep,
I'm fallen indeed.
Crom. How does your grace?
Wol. Why, well,
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities—
A still and quiet conscience.
Crom. I'm glad your grace has made that right use of it.
Wol. I hope I have: I'm able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure more miseries and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer,—
What news abroad?
Crom. The heaviest and the worst
Is your displeasure with the king.
Wol. God bless him!
Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.
Wol. That's somewhat sudden:—
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience', that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on them!—
What more?
Crom. That Cranmer is returned with welcome,
Installed Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.
Wol. That's news indeed!
Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was viewed in open as his queen,
Going to chapel: and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.
Wol. There was the weight that pulled me down!—O Cromwell!
The king has gone beyond me; all my glories,
In that one woman, I have lost for ever:
No sun shall ever usher forth my honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited

On my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: Seek the king:
I have told him
What and how true thou art; he will advance thee:
Some little memory of me will stir him
(I know his noble nature) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too:—go, Cromwell!
Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? Must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?—
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord!—
The king shall have my service; but my prayers,
For ever and for ever, shall be yours!
Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.—
Let's dry our eyes:—and thus far hear me, Cromwell:
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me must more be heard—say then I taught thee—
Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour—
Found thee a way out of his wreck to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it!
Mark but my fall, and that which ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee:
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's: then, if thou fall'st,
O Cromwell, thou fall'st a blessed martyr!—
Lead me in;
There take an inventory of all I have;
To the last penny—'tis the king's:—my robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, are all
I dare now call mine own.—O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God, with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not, in mine age,
Have left me naked to mine enemies!
Crom. Good sir, have patience.
Wol. So I have.—Farewell
The hopes of Court! My hopes in Heaven do dwell!

VII.—SCENE FROM VENICE PRESERVED.—*Otway.*

[DUKE, *seated, with Senators on each side.* PIERRE, *in chains*; *other Conspirators in chains, near him.*]

Pier. You, my lords, and fathers
(As you are pleased to call yourselves) of Venice;
If you sit here to guide the course of justice,
Why these disgraceful chains upon the limbs
That have so often laboured in your service?
Are these the wreaths of triumph you bestow
On those that bring you conquest home, and honours?
Duke. Go on: you shall be heard, sir.
Pier. Are these the trophies I have deserved for fighting
Your battles with confederated powers?
When winds and seas conspired to overthrow you,
And brought the fleets of Spain to your own harbours;
When you, great duke, shrunk trembling in your palace;
Stepped not I forth, and taught your loose Venetians
The task of honour, and the way to greatness?
Raised you from your capitulating fears
To stipulate the terms of sued-for peace?
—And this my recompense! If I'm a traitor,
Produce my charge; or show the wretch that's base
And brave enough to tell me that I am so!
Duke. Know you one Jaffier?
Pier. Yes, and know his virtue.—
His justice, truth, his general worth, and sufferings
From a hard father, taught me first to love him.
Duke. See him brought forth.

Enter JAFFIER (*in chains*).

Pier. My friend too bound! Nay, then,
Our fate has conquered us, and we must fall.
Why droops the man, whose welfare's so much mine
They're but one thing? These reverend tyrants, Jaffier,
Call us traitors. Art thou one, my brother?
Jaff. To thee I am the falsest, veriest slave,
That e'er betrayed a generous, trusting friend,
And gave up honour to be sure of ruin.
All our fair hopes, which morning was to have crowned,
Has this curs'd tongue o'erthrown.
Pier. So then, all's over:
Venice has lost her freedom, I my life.
No more!
Duke. Say; will you make confession
Of your vile deeds, and trust the senate's mercy?
Pier. Curs'd be your senate, curs'd your constitution!
The curse of growing factions and divisions
Still vex your councils, shake your public safety,
And make the robes of government you wear
Hateful to you, as these vile chains to me!
Duke. Pardon, or death?
Pier. Death! honourable death!
Death's the best thing we ask, or you can give.
No shameful bonds, but honourable death!

Duke. Break up the council. Captain, guard your prisoners. Jaffier, you're free, the rest must wait for judgment.

[DUKE, *Senators, Conspirators, and Officers, go out.*]

Pier. Come, where's my dungeon? Lead me to my straw:
It will not be the first time I've lodged hard
To do your Senate service.

Jaff. Hold one moment. [*Meeting* PIERRE.]

Pier. Who 's he disputes the judgment of the Senate?
Presumptuous rebel! [*Strikes* JAFFIER.] On!

Jaff. Nay, nay, you stir not!
I must be heard! I must have leave to speak.
Thou hast disgraced me, Pierre, by a vile blow:
Had not a dagger done thee nobler justice?
But use me as thou wilt, thou canst not wrong me,
For I am fallen beneath the basest injuries;
Yet look upon me with an eye of mercy,
And, as there dwells a god-like nature in thee,
Listen with mildness to my supplications.

Pier. What whining fool art thou? What holy cheat,
That wouldst encroach upon my credulous ears,
And cant'st thus vilely! Hence! I know thee not!

Jaff. Not know me, Pierre!

Pier. No, know thee not. What art thou?

Jaff. Jaffier, thy friend—thy once loved, valued friend!
Though now deservedly scorned, and used most hardly.

Pier. Thou Jaffier! thou, my once loved, valued friend?
Thou liest; the man so called my friend,
Was generous, honest, faithful, just, and valiant,
Noble in mind, and in his person lovely,
Dear to my eyes, and tender to my heart:
But thou, a wretched, base, false, worthless coward,—
Poor even in soul, and loathsome in thy aspect—
All eyes must shun thee, and all hearts detest thee.
Pr'ythee avoid, nor longer cling thus round me,
Like something baneful, that my nature's chilled at.

Jaff. I have not wronged thee; by these tears I have not.

Pier. Hast thou not wronged me? Dar'st thou call thyself
That once-loved, honest, valued friend of mine,
And swear thou hast not wronged me? Whence these chains?
Whence the vile death that I may meet this moment?
Whence this dishonour, but from thee, thou false one?

Jaff. All's true; yet grant one thing, and I've done asking.

Pier. What's that?

Jaff. To take thy life, on such conditions
The council have proposed: thou and thy friends
May yet live long, and to be better treated.

Pier. Life! ask my life! confess! record myself
A villain, for the privilege to breathe!
And carry up and down this hated city
A discontented and repining spirit,
Burdensome to itself, a few years longer!—
To lose it, may be, at last, in a base quarrel
For some new friend, treacherous and false as thou art!
No, this vile world and I have long been jangling,

And cannot part on better terms than now,
When only men like thee are fit to live in't.
Jaff. By all that's just——
Pier. Swear by some other power,
For thou hast broke that sacred oath too lately.
Jaff. Then by that doom I merit, I'll not leave thee
Till, to thyself at least, thou'rt reconciled,
However thy resentments deal with me.
Pier. Not leave me!
Jaff. No; thou shalt not force me from thee.
Use me reproachfully, and like a slave;
Tread on me, buffet me, heap wrongs on wrongs
On my poor head—I'll bear it all with patience,
Shall weary out thy most unfriendly cruelty;
Till, wounded by my sufferings, thou relent.
And take me to thy arms with dear forgiveness.
Pier. Art thou not——
Jaff. What?
Pier. A traitor!
Jaff. Yes.
Peir. A villain!
Jaff. Granted.
Pier. A coward!—a most scandalous coward;
Spiritless, void of honour; one who has sold
Thy everlasting fame, for shameless life!
Jaff. All, all, and more, much more; my faults are numberless.
Pier. And wouldst thou have me live on terms like thine?
Base as thou'rt false—
Jaff. No; 'tis to me that's granted;
The safety of thy life was all I aimed at,
In recompense for faith and trust so broken.
Pier. I scorn it more, because preserved by thee;
And, as when first my foolish heart took pity
On thy misfortunes, sought thee in thy miseries,
Relieved thy wants, and raised thee from the state
Of wretchedness, in which thy fate had plunged thee,
To rank thee in my list of noble friends;
All I received in surety for thy truth,
Were unregarded oaths, and this, this dagger,—
Given with a worthless pledge, thou since hast stolen:
So I restore it back to thee again,—
Swearing, by all those powers which thou hast violated,
Never, from this curs'd hour, to hold communion,
Friendship, or interest, with thee, though our years
Were to exceed those limited the world.
—Take it—farewell!—for now I owe thee nothing.
Jaff. Say thou wilt live, then?
Pier. For my life, dispose it
Just as thou wilt, because 'tis what I'm tired of.
Jaff. O Pierre!
Pier. No more! [*Going.*]
Jaff. My eyes won't lose the sight of thee, [*Holding him.*]
But languish after thine, and ache with gazing.
Pier. Leave me!—Nay, then, thus, thus I throw thee from me:
And curses, great as is thy falsehood, catch thee! [*Throws him off.*]

VIII.—RIENZI AND ANGELO.—*Miss Mitford.*

Rie. Son.
Methinks this high solemnity might well
Have claimed thy presence. A great ruler's heir
Should be familiar in the people's eyes;
Live on their tongues; take root within their hearts;
Win woman's smiles by honest courtesy,
And force man's tardier praise by bold desert:
So, when the chief shall die, the general love
May hail his successor. But thou—where wast thou?
If with thy bride——
Ang. I have not seen her.—Tribune—!
Thou wav'st away the word with such a scorn
As I poured poison in thine ear.—Already
Dost weary of the title?
Rie. Wherefore should I?
Ang. Thou art ambitious.
Rie. Granted.
Ang. And wouldst be
A king.
Rie. There thou mistak'st.—A king!—Fair son,
Power dwelleth not in sound, and fame hath garlands
Brighter than diadems. I might have been
Anointed, sceptred, crowned—have cast a blaze
Of glory round the old imperial wreath,
The laurel of the Cæsars: but I chose
To master kings, not be one; to direct
The royal puppets at my sovereign will,
And Rome—my Rome, decree!—Tribune! the Gracchi
Were called so.—Tribune! I will make that name
A word of fear to kings.
Ang. Rienzi!—— Tribune!——
Hast thou forgotten, on this very spot
How thou didst shake the slumbering soul of Rome
With the brave sound of Freedom, till she rose,
And from her giant-limbs the shackles dropped,
Burst by one mighty throe? Hadst thou died then,
History had crowned thee with a glorious title—
Deliverer of thy country.
Rie. Well?
Ang. Alas!
When now thou fall'st, as fall thou must, 'twill be
The common tale of low ambition:—Tyrants
O'erthrown to form a wider tyranny;
Princes cast down, that thy obscurer house
May rise on nobler ruins.
Rie. Hast thou ended?
I fain would have mistaken thee—Hast done?
Ang. No; for, despite thy smothered wrath, the voice
Of warning truth shall reach thee. Thou to-day
Hast, by thy frantic sacrilege, drawn on thee
The thunders of the church, the mortal feud
Of either emperor. Here, at home, the barons
Hate thee, and the people shun thee. See'st thou not,

Even in this noon of pride, thy waning power
Fade, flicker, and wax dim? Thou art as one
Perched on some lofty steeple's dizzy height,
Dazzled by the sun, inebriate by long draughts
Of thinner air; too giddy to look down
Where all his safety lies; too proud to dare
The long descent, to the low depths from whence
The desperate climber rose.
Ric. Ay, there's the sting,—
That I, an insect of to-day, outsoar
The reverend worm, nobility! Wouldst shame me
With my poor parentage?—Sir, I'm the son
Of him who kept a sordid hostelry
In the Jews' quarter; my good mother cleansed
Linen for honest hire.—Canst thou say worse?
Ang. Can worse be said?
Ric. Add, that my boasted school-craft
Was gained from such base toil;—gained with such pain,
That the nice nurture of the mind was oft
Stolen at the body's cost. I have gone dinnerless
And supperless, (the scoff of our poor street,
For tattered vestments and lean hungry looks,)
To pay the pedagogue.—Add what thou wilt
Of injury. Say that, grown into man,
I've known the pittance of the hospital,
And, more degrading still, the patronage
Of the Colonna. Of the tallest trees
The roots delve deepest. Yes, I've trod thy halls,
Scorned and derided 'midst their ribald crew—
A licensed jester, save the cap and bells:
I have borne this—and I have borne the death,
The unavengèd death, of a poor brother.
I seemed I was a base ignoble slave.
What am I?—peace, I say!—what am I now?
Head of this great republic, chief of Rome—
In all but name, her sovereign; last of all,
Thy father.
Ang. In an evil hour—
Ric. Darest thou
Say that? An evil hour for thee, my Claudia!
Thou shouldst have been an emperor's bride, my fairest.
In evil hour thy woman's heart was caught,
By the form moulded as an antique god:
The gallant bearing, the feigned tale of love—
All false, all outward, simulated all.
Ang. But that I loved her, but that I do love her,
With a deep tenderness, softer and fonder
Than thy ambition-hardened heart e'er dreamed of,
My sword should answer thee.
Ric. Go to, Lord Angelo;
Thou lov'st her not.—Men taunt not, nor defy
The dear one's kindred. A bright atmosphere
Of sunlight and of beauty breathes around
The bosom's idol!—I have loved!—she loves thee;
And therefore thy proud father,—even the shrew,

Thy railing mother—in her eyes, are sacred.
Lay not thy hand upon thy sword, fair son—
Keep that brave for thy comrades. I'll not fight thee.
Go and give thanks to yonder simple bride,
That her plebeian father mews not up,
Safe in the citadel, her noble husband.
Thou art dangerous, Colonna. But, for her,
Beware! [*Going.*]
Ang. Come back, Rienzi! Thus I throw
A brave defiance in thy teeth. [*Throws down his glove.*]
Rie. Once more,
Beware!
Ang. Take up the glove!
Rie. This time, for her— [*Takes up the glove.*]
For her dear sake—Come to thy bride! home! home!
Ang. Dost fear me, tribune of the people?
Rie. Fear!
Do I fear thee?—Tempt me no more.—This once
Home to thy bride! [*Exit.*]
Ang. Now, Ursini, I come—
Fit partner of thy vengeance!

IX.—LOCHIEL'S WARNING.—*Campbell.*

Wizard. Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in flight:
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain!—
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, oh, Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
Oh, weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead:
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave—
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.
Lochiel. Go preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.
Wizard. Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth
From his home, in the dark-rolling clouds of the north?
Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high,
Ah! home let him speed,—for the spoiler is nigh.

Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyry, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn:
Return to thy dwelling—all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.
Lochiel. False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan,
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one;
They are true, to the last of their blood and their breath:
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock;
Let him dash his proud foam, like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array——
Wizard. —— Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day!
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal:
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the blood-hounds that bark for thy fugitive king!
—Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!
Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight:
Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!——
'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors:
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores!
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
—Ah no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier—
His death-bell is tolling! O mercy! dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims!
Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale——
Lochiel. ——Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale:
For never shall Albin a destiny meet,
So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,

Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his face to the foe!
And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame.

X.—GLENALVON, NORVAL, AND LORD RANDOLPH.—*Home.*

Glen. His port I love: he's in a proper mood
To chide the thunder, if at him it roared.— [*Aside.*]
Has Norval seen the troops?
Norv. The setting sun
With yellow radiance lighted all the vale;
And, as the warriors moved, each polished helm,
Corslet, or spear, glanced back his gilded beams.
The hill they climbed, and, halting at its top,
Of more than mortal size, towering, they seemed
A host angelic, clad in burning arms.
Glen. Thou talk'st it well; no leader of our host
In sounds more lofty speaks of glorious war.
Norv. If I shall e'er acquire a leader's name,
My speech will be less ardent. Novelty
Now prompts my tongue, and youthful admiration
Vents itself freely; since no part is mine
Of praise pertaining to the great in arms.
Glen. You wrong yourself, brave sir; your martial deeds
Have ranked you with the great. But mark me, Norval;
Lord Randolph's favour now exalts your youth
Above his veterans of famous service.
Let me, who know these soldiers, counsel you:—
Give them all honour; seem not to command;
Else they will hardly brook your late-sprung power,
Which nor alliance props, nor birth adorns.
Norv. Sir,—I have been accustomed, all my days,
To hear and speak the plain and simple truth;
And though I have been told that there are men
Who borrow friendship's tongue to speak their scorn,
Yet in such language I am little skilled:
Therefore, I thank Glenalvon for his counsel,
Although it sounded harshly! Why remind
Me of my birth obscure? Why slur my power
With such contemptuous terms?
Glen. I did not mean
To gall your pride, which now I see is great.
Norv. My pride!
Glen. Suppress it, as you wish to prosper.
Your pride's excessive. Yet, for Randolph's sake,
I will not leave you to its rash direction.
If thus you swell and frown at high-born men,
Will high-born men endure a shepherd's scorn?
Norv. A shepherd's scorn!
Glen. Yes; if you presume
To bend on soldiers these disdainful eyes,
As if you took the measure of their minds,

And said in secret, "You're no match for me!"
What will become of you?
Norv. Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous self?
Glen. Ha! dost thou threaten me!
Norv. Didst thou not hear?
Glen. Unwillingly I did; a nobler foe
Had not been questioned thus; But such as thou——
Norv. Whom dost thou think me?
Glen. Norval.
Norv. So I am——
And who is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes?
Glen. A peasant's son, a wandering beggar boy;
At best no more, even if he speaks the truth.
Norv. False as thou art, dost thou suspect my truth?
Glen. Thy truth! thou'rt all a lie; and basely false
Is the vain-glorious tale thou told'st to Randolph.
Norv. If I were chained, unarmed, or bed-rid old,
Perhaps I should revile; but, as I am,
I have no tongue to rail. The humble Norval
Is of a race—who strive not but with deeds!
Did I not fear to freeze thy shallow valour,
And make thee sink too soon beneath my sword,
I'd tell thee—what *thou* art! I know thee well!
Glen. Dost thou not know Glenalvon, born to command
Ten thousand slaves like thee?
Norv. Villain, no more!
Draw and defend thy life. I did design
To have defied thee in another cause;
But Heaven accelerates its vengeance on thee.
Now for my own and Lady Randolph's wrongs!
[*Both draw their swords.*]
[*Lord Randolph, as he advances*] Hold! I command you both! The man that stirs
Makes me his foe.
Norv. Another voice than thine
That threat had vainly sounded, noble Randolph.
Glen. Hear him, my lord; he's wondrous condescending!
Mark the humility of Shepherd Norval!
Norv. Now you may scoff in safety. [*Sheathes his sword.*]
Lord Ran. Speak not thus
Taunting each other, but unfold to me
The cause of quarrel; then I judge betwixt you.
Norv. Nay, my good lord, though I revere you much,
My cause I plead not, nor demand your judgment.
I blush to speak—I will not, cannot speak
The opprobrious words that I from him have borne.
To the liege lord of my dear native land
I owe a subject's homage; but even him
And his high arbitration I'd reject.
Within my bosom reigns another lord—
Honour! sole judge and umpire of itself.
If my free speech offend you, noble Randolph,
Revoke your favours, and let Norval go
Hence as he came; alone—but not dishonoured!
Lord Ran. Thus far I'll mediate with impartial voice;

The ancient foe of Caledonia's land
Now waves his banner o'er her frighted fields:
Suspend your purpose till your country's arms
Repel the bold invader; then decide
The private quarrel.
Glen. I agree to this.
Norv. And I. [*Lord Randolph retires.*]
Glen. Norval,
Let not our variance mar the social hour,
Nor wrong the hospitality of Randolph.
Nor frowning anger, nor yet wrinkled hate,
Shall stain my countenance. Smooth thou thy brow;
Nor let our strife disturb the gentle dame.
Norv. Think not so lightly, sir, of my resentment;
When we contend again, our strife is mortal.

XI.—GESLER, SARNEM, WILLIAM TELL, AND HIS SON ALBERT.—*J. S. Knowles.*

Sar. Down, slave, upon thy knees, before the governor,
And beg for mercy.
Ges. Does he hear?
Sar. He does, but braves thy power. Down, slave, [*To Tell*]
And ask for life.
Ges. [*To Tell.*] Why speak'st thou not?
Tell. For wonder.
Ges. Wonder?
Tell. Yes, that thou shouldst seem a man.
Ges. What should I seem?
Tell. A monster.
Ges. Ha! Beware!—think on thy chains.
Tell. Though they were doubled, and did weigh me down
Prostrate to earth, methinks I could rise up
Erect, with nothing but the honest pride
Of telling thee, usurper, to thy teeth,
Thou art a monster.—Think on my chains!
How came they on me?
Ges. Darest thou question me?
Tell. Darest thou answer?
Ges. Beware my vengeance.
Tell. Can it more than kill?
Ges. And is not that enough?
Tell. No, not enough:—
It cannot take away the grace of life—
The comeliness of look that virtue gives—
Its port erect, with consciousness of truth—
Its rich attire of honourable deeds—
Its fair report that's rife on good men's tongues:—
It cannot lay its hand on these, no more
Than it can pluck his brightness from the sun,
Or with polluted finger tarnish it.
Ges. But it may make thee writhe.
Tell. It may, and I may say,
"Go on!" though it should make me groan again.

Ges. Whence comest thou?
Tell. From the mountains.
Ges. Canst tell me any news from them?
Tell. Ay;—they watch no more the avalanche.
Ges. Why so?
Tell. Because they look for thee. The hurricane
Comes unawares upon them: from its bed
The torrent breaks, and finds them in its track—
Ges. What then?
Tell. They thank kind Providence it is not thou!—
Thou hast perverted nature in them. The earth
Presents her fruits to them, and is not thanked.
The harvest sun is constant, and they scarce
Return his smile. Their flocks and herds increase,
And they look on, as men who count a loss.
There's not a blessing Heaven vouchsafes them, but
The thought of thee doth wither to a curse—
As something they must lose, and had far better
Lack.
Ges. 'Tis well. I'd have them as their hills
That never smile, though wanton summer tempt
Them e'er so much.
Tell. But they do sometimes smile.
Ges. Ah!—when is that?
Tell. When they do pray for vengeance.
Ges. Dare they pray for that?
Tell. They dare, and they expect it, too.
Ges. From whence?
Tell. From Heaven, and their true hearts.
Ges. [*To Sarnem*] Lead in his son. Now will I take
Exquisite vengeance. [*To Tell, as the Boy enters.*] I have destined him
To die along with thee.
Tell. To die! for what? he's but a child.
Ges. He's thine, however.
Tell. He is an only child!
Ges. So much the easier to crush the race.
Tell. He may have a mother!
Ges. So the viper hath—
And yet who spares it for the mother's sake?
Tell. I talk to stone. I'll talk to it no more!
Come, my boy, I taught thee how to live,—
I'll teach thee how to die.
Ges. But first, I'd see thee make
A trial of thy skill with that same bow.
Thy arrows never miss, 'tis said.
Tell. What is the trial?
Ges. Thou look'st upon thy boy as though thou guessest it.
Tell. Look upon my boy! What mean you?
Look upon my boy as though I guessed it!—
Guessed at the trial thou wouldst have me make!—
Guessed it—instinctively! Thou dost not mean—
No, no—Thou wouldst not have me make
A trial of my skill upon my child?
Impossible! I do not guess thy meaning.

Ges. I'd see thee hit an apple on his head,
Three hundred paces off.
Tell. Great Heaven!
Ges. On this condition only will I spare
His life and thine.
Tell. Ferocious monster! make a father
Murder his own child!
Ges. Dost thou consent?
Tell. With his own hand!——
The hand I've led him when an infant by!
My hands are free from blood, and have no gust
For it, that they should drink my child's.
I'll not murder my boy for Gesler!
Boy. You will not hit me, father. You'll be sure
To hit the apple. Will you not save me, father?
Tell. Lead me forth—I'll make the trial.
Boy. Father——
Tell. Speak not to me;—
Let me not hear thy voice—Thou must be dumb,
And so should all things be—Earth should be dumb,
And heaven, unless its thunder muttered at
The deed, and sent a bolt to stop it.—
Give me my bow and quiver.
Ges. When all is ready. Sarnem, measure hence
The distance—three hundred paces.
Tell. Will he do it fairly?
Ges. What is't to thee, fairly or not?
Tell. (*Sarcastically.*) O, nothing, a little thing!
A very little thing! I only shoot
At my child! [*Sarnem prepares to measure.*]
Villain, stop! You measure 'gainst the sun.
Ges. And what of that?
What matter whether to or from the sun?
Tell. I'd have it at my back. The sun should shine
Upon the mark, and not on him that shoots:—
I will not shoot against the sun.
Ges. Give him his way. [*Sarnem paces and goes out.*]
Tell. I should like to see the apple I must hit.
Ges. [*Picks out the smallest one.*] There, take that.
Tell. You've picked the smallest one.
Ges. I know I have. Thy skill will be
The greater if thou hittest it.
Tell. [*Sarcastically.*] True!—true! I did not think of that
I wonder I did not think of that. A larger one
Had given me a chance to save my boy.—
Give me my bow. Let me see my quiver.
Ges. Give him a single arrow. [*To an attendant.*]

[*Tell looks at it and breaks it.*]

Tell. Let me see my quiver. It is not
One arrow in a dozen I would use
To shoot with at a dove, much less a dove
Like that.
Ges. Show him the quiver.

[*Sarnem returns, and takes the apple and the boy to place them. While*

this is doing, Tell conceals an arrow under his garment. He then selects another arrow, and says]

Tell. Is the boy ready? Keep silence now
For Heaven's sake, and be my witnesses,
That, if his life's in peril from my hand,
'Tis only for the chance of saving it.
For mercy's sake keep motionless and silent!
[*He aims and shoots in the direction of the boy. In a moment Sarnem enters with the apple on the arrow's point.*]

Sarnem. The boy is safe.

Tell. [*Raising his arms.*] Thank Heaven!
[*As he raises his arms the concealed arrow falls.*]

Ges. [*Picking it up.*] Unequalled archer!—why was this concealed?

Tell. To kill *thee*, tyrant, had I slain my boy.

XII.—THE BANISHMENT OF CATILINE.—*Croly.*

Cicero. Fathers and Senators—no need for further proof
Of this rebellion.——Lucius Catiline
Has been commanded to attend the senate.
He dares not come. I now demand your votes,—
Is he condemned to exile?
[*Catiline enters hastily, and takes a seat.*]
Here I repeat the charge, to gods and men,
Of treasons manifold;—that but this day,
He has received despatches from the rebels—
That he has leagued with deputies from Gaul
To seize the province; nay, has levied troops,
And raised his rebel standard;—that but now
A meeting of conspirators was held
Under his roof, with mystic rites and oaths,
Pledged round the body of a murdered slave.—
To these he has no answer.

Catiline. Conscript Fathers!
I do not rise to waste the night in words;
Let that plebeian talk, 'tis not my trade:
But here I stand for right. Let him show proofs!—
For Roman right; though none it seems dare stand
To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there,
Cling to your master; judges—Romans—slaves!
His charge is false;—I dare him to his proofs.
You have my answer now! I must be gone.

Cic. Bring back the armour of the Gaulish king;
Which, as I told you, was this evening seized
Within his house. You know them, Catiline?

Cat. The axe and helmet of the Allobroges! (*aside*)
Know them! What crimination's there? what tongue
Lives in that helm to charge me? Cicero—
Go search my house, you may find twenty such,
All fairly struck from brows of barbarous kings,
When you and yours were plotting here in Rome.
I say, go search my house. And is this all?
I scorn to tell you by what chance they came.——
Where have I levied troops—tampered with slaves—

Bribed fool or villain to embark his neck
In this rebellion? Let my actions speak.
Cic. Deeds shall convince you! Has the traitor done?
Cat. But this I will avow, that I have scorned,
And still do scorn, to hide my sense of wrong:
Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
Can't wrong me half so much as he who shuts
The gates of honour on me—turning out
The Roman from his birthright; and for what?—
To fling your offices to every slave—
Vipers that creep where man disdains to climb;
And having wound their loathsome track to the top
Of this huge mouldering monument of Rome,
Hang hissing at the noble man below.
Cic. This is his answer! Must I bring more proofs?
Fathers, you know there lives not one of us
But is in peril of his midnight sword.
Lists of proscription have been handed round,
In which your general properties are made
Your murderer's hire. Bring in the prisoners.
[*Cethegus and the conspirators are brought in by the Lictors, who deliver several papers to Cicero.*]
Cat. Cethegus! (*aside.*)
Cic. Fathers! those stains to their high name and blood
Came to my house to murder me; and came
Suborned by him.
Cat. Cethegus! did you say this?
Cethegus. Not I. I went to kill
A prating, proud plebeian, whom those fools
Palmed on the consulship.
Cic. And sent by whom?
Ceth. By none.—By nothing but my zeal to purge
The senate of yourself, most learned Cicero!
Cic. Fathers of Rome! If man can be convinced
By proof as clear as daylight, there it stands!
Those men have been arrested at the gates,
Bearing despatches to raise war in Gaul.
Look on these letters! Here's a deep laid plot
To wreck the province; a solemn league,
Made with all form and circumstance. The time
Is desperate,——all the slaves are up;—Rome shakes!
The heavens alone can tell how near our graves
We stand even here!—The name of Catiline
Is foremost in the league. He was their king.—
Tried and convicted traitor, go from Rome!
Cat. Come, consecrated lictors! from your thrones;
Fling down your sceptres—take the rod and axe,
And make the murder as you make the law.
Cic. Give up the record of his banishment.
[*To a lictor. The lictor gives it to the Consul.*]
(*The Consul reads.*) "Lucius Sergius Catiline, by the decree of the Senate, you are declared a traitor, an enemy and an alien to the State, and banished from the territory of the Commonwealth."

Cat. Banished from Rome! What's "banished," but set free
From daily contact of the things I loathe?
"Tried and convicted traitor!" Who says this?
Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?
Banished?—I thank you for't. It breaks my chain·
I held some slack allegiance till this hour—
But now my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords;
I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities.
But here I stand and scoff you: here I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face.
Your Consul's merciful.—For this all thanks.
He dares not touch a hair of Catiline!

Consul. Lictors, now drive the traitor from the temple!

Cat. "Traitor!"——I go—but I return. This—trial!
Here I devote your Senate! I've had wrongs
To stir a fever in the blood of age,
Or make the infant's sinews strong as steel.
This day's the birth of sorrows! This hour's work
Will breed proscriptions.——Look to your hearths, my lords!
For there henceforth shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus—all shames and crimes;—
Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and axe,
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;
Till Anarchy come down on you like night,
And Massacre seal Rome's eternal grave!

Consul. Go, enemy and parricide, from Rome!

Cat. It shall be so!——When Catiline comes again,
Your grandeur shall be base, and clowns shall sit
In scorn upon those chairs;—Your palaces
Shall see the soldier's revels, and your wealth
Shall go to deck his menial, or his horse.
Then Cicero, and his tools, shall pay me blood——
And such of you as cannot find the grace
To die with swords in your right hands, shall feel
The life, life worse than death, of trampled slaves!

Cic. Expel him, lictors! Clear the senate house!

Cat. I go,—but not to leap the gulf alone.
I go;—but when I come—'twill be the burst
Of ocean in the earthquake—rolling back
In swift and mountainous ruin. Fare you well!
You build my funeral pile; but your best blood
Shall quench its flame.—Back, slaves! [*To the Lictors.*]
I will return!

XIII.—SIR EDWARD MORTIMER AND WILFORD.—*Colman.*

Sir E. Wilford, approach me.—What am I to say
For aiming at your life?—Do you not scorn me,
Despise me for it?
Wilf. I! Oh, Sir!——
Sir E. You must;
For I am singled from the herd of men,
A vile, heart-broken wretch!
Wilf. Indeed, indeed, Sir,
You deeply wrong yourself. Your equal's love,
The poor man's prayer, the orphan's tear of gratitude,
All follow you:—and I—I owe you all!
I am most bound to bless you.
Sir E. Mark me, Wilford:——
I know the value of the orphan's tear,
The poor man's prayer, respect from the respected,
I feel, to merit these and to obtain them,
Is to taste here below, that thrilling cordial
Which the remunerating Angel draws
From the eternal fountain of delight,
To pour on blessed souls that enter Heaven.
I feel this:—I!—How must my nature, then,
Revolt at him who seeks to stain his hand
In human blood?—and yet, it seems, this day
I sought your life.—Oh! I have suffered madness!
None know my tortures,—pangs!—But I can end them;
End them as far as appertains to thee.——
I have resolved it.—Fearful struggles tear me:
But I have pondered on't,—and I must trust thee.
Wilf. Your confidence shall not be——
Sir E. You must swear.
Wilf. Swear, Sir!—will nothing but an oath. then——
Sir E. Listen.
May all the ills that wait on frail humanity
Be doubled on your head, if you disclose
My fatal secret! May your body turn
Most lazar-like and loathsome; and your mind
More loathsome than your body! May those fiends,
Who strangle babes for very wantonness,
Shrink back, and shudder at your monstrous crimes,
And, shrinking, curse you! Palsies strike your youth!
And the sharp terrors of a guilty mind
Poison your aged days! while all your nights,
As on the earth you lay your houseless head,
Out-horror horror! May you quit the world
Abhorred, self-hated, hopeless for the next,
Your life a burden, and your death a fear!
Wilf. For mercy's sake, forbear! you terrify me!
Sir E. Hope this may fall upon thee:——Swear thou hopest it,
By every attribute which heaven or earth
Can lend, to bind and strengthen conjuration,
If thou betrayest me.
Wilf. Well, I—— [*Hesitating.*]
Sir E. No retreating!

Wilf. [*After a pause.*] I swear, by all the ties that bind a man,
Divine or human,——never to divulge!
Sir E. Remember, you have sought this secret:—Yes,
Extorted it. I have not thrust it on you.
'Tis big with danger to you; and to me,
While I prepare to speak, torment unutterable.
Know, Wilford, that——O, torture!
Wilf. Dearest sir!
Collect yourself. This shakes you horribly:
You had this trembling, it is scarce a week,
At Madam Helen's.
Sir E. There it is——Her uncle——
Wilf. Her uncle!
Sir E. Him. She knows it not;—none know it.—
You are the first ordained to hear me say,
I am——his murderer.
Wilf. O horror!
Sir E. His assassin.
Wilf. What! you that—mur—the murderer——I am choked!
Sir E. Honour, thou blood-stained god! at whose red altar
Sit war and homicide: O! to what madness
Will insult drive thy votaries! In truth,
In the world's range, there does not breathe a man
Whose brutal nature I more strove to soothe
With long forbearance, kindness, courtesy,
Than his who fell by me. But he disgraced me,
Stained me—Oh, death and shame!—the world looked on,
And saw this sinewy savage strike me down,
Rain blows upon me, drag me to and fro,
On the base earth, like carrion. Desperation,
In every fibre of my frame, cried Vengeance!
I left the room which he had quitted: Chance,
(Curse on the chance!) while boiling with my wrongs,
Thrust me against him, darkling, in the street——
I stabbed him to the heart——and my oppressor
Rolled lifeless, at my foot.
Wilf. Oh! mercy on me!
How could this deed be covered?
Sir E. Would you think it?
E'en at the moment when I gave the blow,
Butchered a fellow-creature in the dark,
I had all good men's love. But my disgrace,
And my opponent's death thus linked with it,
Demanded notice of the Magistracy.
They summoned me, as friend would summon friend,
To acts of import and communication.
We met—and 'twas resolved, to stifle rumour,
To put me on my trial. No accuser,
No evidence appeared, to urge it on——
'Twas meant to clear my fame.——How clear it then?
How cover it?—you say.—Why, by a lie—
Guilt's offspring, and its guard. I taught this breast,
Which truth once made her throne, to forge a lie,
This tongue to utter it;—rounded a tale,
Smooth as a seraph's song from Satan's mouth;

So well compacted, that the o'erthronged court
Disturbed cool Justice in her judgment-seat,
By shouting "Innocence!" ere I had finished.
The court enlarged me; and the giddy rabble
Bore me, in triumph, home. Ay!—look upon me.—
I know thy sight aches at me.
Wilf. Heaven forgive you! It may be wrong—
Indeed I pity you.
Sir E. I disdain all pity.—
I ask no consolation. Idle boy!
Think'st thou that this compulsive confidence
Was given to move thy pity?—Love of fame
(For still I cling to it) has urged me, thus
To quash thy curious mischief in its birth.
Hurt honour, in an evil, cursèd hour,
Drove me to murder—lying;—'twould again!
My honesty,—sweet peace of mind,—all, all,
Are bartered for a name. I will maintain it.—
Should Slander whisper o'er my sepulchre,
And my soul's agency survive in death,
I could embody it with heaven's lightning,
And the hot shaft of my insulted spirit
Should strike the blaster of my memory
Dead, in the church-yard. Boy, I would not kill thee;
Thy rashness and discernment threatened danger!
To check them there was no way left but this——
Save one—your death:—you shall not be my victim.
Wilf. My death! What, take my life?—My life! to prop
This empty honour?
Sir E. Empty? Grovelling fool!
Wilf. I am your servant, Sir, child of your bounty,
And know my obligation. I have been
Too curious, haply: 'tis the fault of youth—
I ne'er meant injury: if it would serve you,
I would lay down my life; I'd give it freely:
Could you then have the heart to rob me of it?
You could not—should not.
Sir E. How!
Wilf. You dare not.
Sir E. Dare not!
Wilf. Some hours ago you durst not. Passion moved you,
Reflection interposed, and held your arm.
But, should reflection prompt you to attempt it,
My innocence would give me strength to struggle,
And wrest the murderous weapon from your hand.
How would you look to find a peasant boy
Return the knife you levelled at his heart;
And ask you which in heaven would show the best,
A rich man's honour, or a poor man's honesty?

XIV.—SCENE FROM THE TRAGEDY OF "ION."—*Talfourd.*

ADRASTUS *on a couch asleep.*

Enter ION, *with a knife.*

Ion. Why do I creep thus stealthily along
With trembling steps? Am I not armed by Heaven,
To execute its mandate on a king whom it hath doomed?
—He's smiling in his slumber,
As if some happy thought of innocent days
Played at his heart strings: must I scare it thence
With Death's sharp agony? He lies condemned
By the high judgment of supernal Powers,
And he shall know their sentence.——Wake, Adrastus!
Collect thy spirits and be strong to die!

Adras. Who dares disturb my rest? Guards! Soldiers! Recreants!
Where tarry ye? Why smite ye not to earth
This bold intruder? Ha! no weapon here!—
What wouldst thou with me, ruffian?

Ion. I am none;
But a sad instrument in Jove's great hand,
To take thy life, long forfeited.—Prepare!
Thy hour is come!

Adras. Villains! does no one hear?

Ion. Vex not the closing minutes of thy being
With torturing hope or idle rage; thy guards.
Palsied with revelry, are scattered senseless.
While the most valiant of our Argive youths
Hold every passage by which human aid
Could reach thee. Present death is the award
Of Powers who watch above me—while I stand
To execute their sentence.

Adras. Thou! I know thee—
The youth I spared this morning, in whose ear
I poured the secrets of my bosom. Kill me,
If thou dar'st do it; but bethink thee first
How the grim memory of thy thankless deed
Will haunt thee to the grave!

Ion. It is most true;
Thou spar'dst my life, and therefore do the gods
Ordain me to this office, lest thy fall
Seem the chance-forfeit of some single sin,
And not the great redress of Argos. Now—
Now, while I parley—spirits that have left,
Within this hour, their plague-tormented flesh
To rot untombed, glide by, and frown on me
Their slow avenger,—and the chamber swarms
With looks of Furies.—Yet a moment wait,
Ye dreadful prompters!——If there is a friend,
Whom dying thou wouldst greet by word or token,
Speak thy last bidding.

Adras. I have none on earth.
If thou hast courage, end me!

Ion. Not one friend!
Most piteous doom!

Adras. Art melted?

Ion. If I am,
Hope nothing from my weakness; mortal arms,
And eyes unseen that sleep not, gird us round,
And we shall fall together. Be it so!
Adras. No; strike at once; my hour is come: in thee
I recognise the minister of Jove,
And, kneeling thus, submit me to his power. [*Adrastus kneels.*]
Ion. Avert thy face!
Adras. No; let me meet thy gaze;
For breathing pity lights thy features up
Into more awful likeness of a form
Which once shone on me, and which now my sense
Shapes palpable—in habit of the grave;
Inviting me to the sad realm where shades
Of innocents, whom passionate regard
Linked with the guilty, are content to pace
With them the margin of the inky flood,
Mournful and calm;—'tis surely there!—she waves
Her pallid hand in circle o'er thy head,
As if to bless thee—and I bless thee too,
Death's gracious angel! Do not turn away.
Ion. Gods! to what office have ye doomed me!—Now!
[Ion *raises his arm to stab* Adrastus. *The voice of* Medon *is heard without, calling* "Ion! Ion!"]
Adras. Be quick, or thou art lost!
[Medon *rushes in.*
Medon. Ion, forbear!
Behold thy son, Adrastus!
[Ion *drops the knife and stands stupified with horror.*]
Adras. What strange words
Are these which call my senses from the death
They were composed to welcome?—"Son!" 'tis false—
I had but one—and the deep wave rolls o'er him!
Medon. That wave received, instead of the fair nurseling,
One of the slaves who bore him from thy sight
In wicked haste to slay; I'll give thee proofs.
Adras. Great Jove, I thank thee!—Proofs!
Are there not here the lineaments of her
Who made me happy once—the voice, now still,
That bade the long-sealed fount of love gush out,
While with a prince's constancy he came
To lay his noble life down; and the sure,
The dreadful proof, that he whose guileless brow
Is instinct with her spirit, stood above me,
Armed for the traitor's deed?—It is my child!
Ion. (*kneeling.*) Father! [*A noise without.*]
Medon. The clang of arms!
Ion. (*starting up.*) They come! they come!
They who are leagued with me against thy life.
Here let us fall!
Adras. I will confront them yet.
Within I have a weapon which has drunk
A traitor's blood ere now;—there will I wait for them.
No power less strong than death shall part us now!

XV.—THE KING AND THE MILLER OF MANSFIELD.—*Dodsley.*

King [*alone.*] No, no, this can be no public road, that's certain: I am lost, quite lost indeed. Of what advantage is it now to be a king? Night shows me no respect: I cannot see better, nor walk so well as another man. What is a king? Is he not wiser than another man? Not without his councillors, I plainly find. Is he not more powerful? I oft have been told so, indeed, but what now can my power command? Is he not greater and more magnificent? When seated on his throne, and surrounded with nobles and flatterers, perhaps he may think so; but when lost in a wood, alas! what is he but a common man? His wisdom knows not which is north and which is south; his power a beggar's dog would bark at; and his greatness the beggar would not bow to. And yet how oft are we puffed up with these false attributes! Well, in losing the monarch, I have found the man.

[*The report of a gun is heard.*]

Hark! some villain sure is near! What were it best to do? Will my majesty protect me? No. Throw majesty aside then, and let manhood do it.

Miller [*enters.*] I believe I hear the rogue. Who's there?

King. No rogue, I assure you.

Miller. Little better, friend, I believe. Who fired that gun?

King. Not I, indeed.

Miller. You lie, I believe.

King. Lie! lie! How strange it seems to me to be talked to in this style! [*aside.*] Upon my word I don't.

Miller. Come, come, sirrah, confess; you have shot one of the king's deer, have not you?

King. No, indeed; I owe the king more respect. I heard a gun go off, indeed, and was afraid some robbers might be near.

Miller. I'm not bound to believe this, friend. Pray, who are you? What's your name?

King. Name!

Miller. Name! yes, name. Why, you have a name, have not you? Where do you come from? What is your business here?

King. These are questions I have not been used to, honest man.

Miller. May be so, honest man; but they are questions no honest man would be afraid to answer, I think: so, if you can give no better account of yourself, I shall make bold—to take you along with me, if you please.

King. With you! what authority have you to——

Miller. The king's authority; if I must give you an account, sir, I am John Cockle, the Miller of Mansfield, one of his majesty's keepers in this forest of Sherwood; and I will let no suspected fellow pass this way that cannot give a better account of himself than you have done, I promise you.

King. I must submit to my own authority—[*aside.*] Very well, sir, I am glad to hear the king has so good an officer; and since I find you have his authority, I will give you a better account of myself, if you will do me the favour to hear it.

Miller. It's more than you deserve, I believe; but let's hear what you can say for yourself.

King. I have the honour to belong to the king as well as you, and, perhaps, should be as unwilling to see any wrong done him. I came down with him to hunt in this forest; and the chace leading us to-day

a great way from home, I am benighted in this wood, and have lost my way.

Miller. This does not sound well. If you have been a-hunting, pray where is your horse?

King. I have tired my horse so much that he lay down under me, and I was obliged to leave him.

Miller. If I thought I might believe this now—

King. I am not used to lie, honest man.

Miller. What! do you live at court, and not lie? that's a likely story indeed.

King. Be that as it will, I speak truth now, I assure you; and, to convince you of it, if you will attend me to Nottingham, if I am near it, or give me a night's lodging in your own house, here is something to pay you for your trouble, (*giving a purse;*) and if that is not sufficient, I will satisfy you in the morning to your utmost desire.

Miller. Ay, now I am convinced you are a courtier; here is a little bribe for to-day, and a large promise for to-morrow, both in a breath! here, take it again, and take this along with it,—John Cockle is no courtier; he can do what he ought—without a bribe.

King. Thou art a very extraordinary man, I must own, and I should be glad, methinks, to be farther acquainted with thee.

Miller. Thee! and thou! pr'ythee don't thee and thou me; I believe I am as good a man as yourself, at least.

King. Sir, I beg your pardon.

Miller. Nay, I am not angry, friend: only I don't love to be too familiar with anybody, before I know whether or not he deserves it.

King. You are in the right. But what am I to do?

Miller. You may do what you please. You are twelve miles from Nottingham, and all the way through thick wood; but, if you are resolved upon going thither to-night, I will put you in the road, and direct you the best I can; or, if you will accept of such poor entertainment as a miller can give, you will be welcome to stay all night, and in the morning I shall go with you myself.

King. And cannot you go with me to-night?

Miller. I would not go with you to-night, if you were the king.

King. Then I must go with you, I think.

COMIC EXTRACTS

FOR

RECITATION.

I.—AN ORATOR'S FIRST SPEECH IN PARLIAMENT.—*Alexander Bell.*

The virgin Member takes his honoured place, while beams of modest wisdom light his face: *multum in parvo* in the man you see; he represents—the people's majesty! Behold their choice! the pledged, midst many a cheer, to give free trade! free votes! free bread and beer! Blest times!——He sits at last within the walls of famed St. Stephen's venerated halls! O, shades of Pitt and Fox! is he within the House of Commons? How his senses spin! Proud man! has he then caught the Speaker's eye? no, not just yet—but he will, by-and-by. I wonder if there are reporters here? In truth there are, and hard at work, don't fear. O happy man! By the next post shall reach your loved constituents, the maiden speech! The Press (great tell-tale!) will to all reveal, how you have—spoken for your Country's weal! In gaping wonder will the words be read, "The new M.P., Lord Noodle, rose and said."

This pillar of "ten-pounders" rises now, and towards the Speaker makes profoundest bow. Unused to so much honour, his weak knees bend with the weight of senate-dignities. He staggers—almost falls—stares—strokes his chin—clears out his throat, and ventures to begin. "Sir, I am sensible"—(some titter near him)—"I am, Sir, sensible"—"Hear! hear! hear! Hear him!" Now bolder grown, for praise mistaking pother, tea-pots one arm, and spouts out with the other. "I am, sir, sensible—I am, indeed—that, though—I should—want—words—I must proceed; and, for the first time in my life I think—I think—that—no great orator—should—shrink:—and, therefore,—Mr. Speaker—I for one—will speak out freely. Sir—*I've not yet done.* Sir, in the name of those enlightened men who sent me here to—*speak* for them—why then, to do my duty—as I said before—to my constituency—I'll say—no more."

II.—YORKSHIRE ANGLING.—*Anonymous.*

It happened once that a young Yorkshire clown, but newly come to far-famed London town, was gaping round at many a wondrous sight, grinning at all he saw with vast delight; attended by his terrier Tyke, which was as sharp as sharp may be: and thus the master and the dog, d'ye see, were very much alike. After wandering far and wide, and seeing every street and square, the parks, the

plays, the Queen, and the Lord Mayor, with all in which your "Cockneys" place their pride; and being quizzed by many a city spark for coat of country cut and red-haired pate, he came at length to noisy Billingsgate:—He saw the busy scene with n ute surprise, opening his ears and wondering eyes at the loud clamour, and the monstrous fish hereafter doomed to grace full many a dish. Close by him was a turbot on a stall, which, with stretched mouth, as if to pant for breath, seemed in the agonies of death: Said Lubin, "What name, zur, d'ye that fish call?" "A turbot," answered the sarcastic elf—"a *flat*, you see—so something like yourself." "D'ye think," said Lubin, "that he'll bite?" "Why," said the fishman with a roguish grin, "his mouth is open, put your finger in and then you'll know."—"Why, zur," replied the wight, "I shouldn't like to try; but here's my Tyke shall put his tail there, an' you like." "Agreed," rejoined the man, and laughed delight.——Within the turbot's teeth was placed the tail, and the fish bit with all its might: the dog no sooner felt the bite, than off he ran, the dangling turbot holding tight: The astonished man began most furiously to bawl and rail; but, after numerous escapes and dodgings, Tyke safely got to Master Lubin's lodgings: thither the fishmonger in anger flew. Says Lubin:—"Lunnun tricks on me won't do: I'ze come from York to queer such *flats* as you, and Tyke, my dog, is Yorkshire too!" Then laughing at the man, who sneaked away, he had the fish for dinner that same day.

III.—TOBY TOSSPOT.—*Colman.*

Alas! what pity 'tis, that regularity, like Isaac Shove's, is such a rarity. But there are swilling wights in London town, termed Jolly dogs—Choice spirits—*alias*, swine; who pour, in midnight revel, bumpers down, making their throats a thoroughfare for wine. These spendthrifts, who life's pleasures thus run on, dozing with headaches till the afternoon, lose half men's regular estate of sun, by borrowing too largely of the moon. One of this kidney—Toby Tosspot hight—was coming from "The Bedford," late at night: and being *Bacchi plenus*—full of wine—although he had a tolerable notion of aiming at progressive motion, 'twasn't direct; 'twas—serpentine. He worked with sinuosities along, like Monsieur Corkscrew, worming through a cork;—not straight, like Corkscrew's proxy, stiff Don Prong, a fork. At length, with near four bottles in his pate, he saw the moon shining on Shove's brass plate; when reading, "Please to ring the bell," and being civil beyond measure, "Ring it!" says Toby—"very well; I'll ring it with a deal of pleasure." Toby, the kindest soul in all the town, gave it a jerk, that almost jerked it down. He waited full two minutes—no one came; he waited full two minutes more—and then, says Toby, "If he's deaf, I'm not to blame, I'll pull it for the gentleman again."

But the first peal woke Isaac, in a fright; who, quick as lightning, popping up his head, sat on his head's *antipodes*, in bed; pale as a parsnip—bolt upright. At length, he wisely to himself doth say—calming his fears—"Tush! 'tis some fool has rung and run away—" when peal the second rattled in his ears!——Shove jumped into the middle of the floor; and, trembling at each breath of air that stirred, he groped down stairs, and opened the street-door; while Toby was—performing peal the third!——Isaac eyed Toby, fearfully askant, and

saw he was a strapper—stout and tall; then put this question—"P—p—pray, sir, what d'ye want?" Says Toby—"I want nothing, sir, at all." "Want nothing, sir!—you've pulled my bell, I vow, as if you'd jerk it off the wire." Quoth Toby—gravely making him a bow—"I pulled it, sir, at your desire." "At mine!"—"Yes, yours; I hope I've done it well: high time for bed, sir; I was hastening to it; but, if you write up—'Please to ring the bell,' common politeness makes me—stop, and do it!"

IV.—THE RAZOR-SELLER.—*Dr. Wolcot.*

A FELLOW, in a market-town, most musical cried "Razors!" up and down, and offered twelve for eighteen-pence; which certainly seemed wondrous cheap, and, for the money, quite a heap, as every man should buy—with cash and sense. A country bumpkin the great offer heard: poor Hodge! who suffered by a thick, black beard, that seemed a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose; with cheerfulness the eighteen-pence he paid, and proudly to himself, in whispers, said, "This rascal stole the razors, I suppose! No matter, if the fellow be a knave, provided that the razors *shave*, it *surtinly* will be a monstrous prize." So, home the clown with his good fortune went, smiling in heart and soul content, and quickly soaped himself to ears and eyes. Being well lathered from a dish or tub, Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub, just like a hedger cutting furze: 'twas a vile razor—then the rest he tried—all were impostors—"Ah!" Hodge sighed, "I wish my eighteen-pence within my purse!" In vain to chase his beard, and bring the graces, he cut, and dug, and winced, and stamped, and swore; brought blood and danced, gaped, grinned, and made wry faces, and hacked the razors' edges o'er and o'er! His muzzle, formed of opposition stuff, firm as a statesman, would not lose its ruff; so kept it—laughing at the steel and suds: Hodge, in a passion, stretched his angry jaws, vowing the direst vengeance, with clenched claws, on the vile chest that sold the goods. "Razors! a vile confounded dog! not fit to scrape a hog!"

Hodge sought the fellow—found him, and began:—"Perhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun, that people flay themselves out of their lives: you rascal! for an hour have I been grubbing, giving my scoundrel whiskers here a scrubbing, with razors just like oyster knives. Sirrah! I tell you, you're a knave, to cry up razors that can't shave." "Friend," quoth the razor-merchant, "I'm no knave as for the razors you have bought, upon my word I never thought that they would shave." "Not think they'd shave!" cried Hodge, with wondering eyes, and voice not much unlike an Indian yell; "what were they made for, then, you dog?" he cries. "Made!" quoth the fellow, with a smile,—"*to sell.*"

V.—THE CONFESSION.—*Anon.*

THERE's somewhat on my breast, ladies, there's somewhat on my breast! The livelong day I sigh, ladies, at night I cannot rest. I cannot take my rest, ladies, though I would fain do so: a weary weight oppresseth me, the weary weight of woe! 'Tis not the lack of gold, ladies, the lack of worldly gear; my lands are broad and fair

to see, my friends are kind and dear; my kin are leal and true, ladies, they mourn to see my grief—but, oh! 'tis not a kinsman's hand can give my heart relief. 'Tis not my love is false, ladies, 'tis not that she's unkind; though busy flatterers swarm around, I know her constant mind:—'tis not *her* coldness, ladies, that pains my labouring breast:—'tis—that confounded cucumber I ate, and can't digest!

VI.—THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.—*Colman.*

A MAN in many a country town we know, professing openly with Death to wrestle; entering the field against the grimly foe, armed with a mortar and a pestle. Yet some affirm, no enemies they are; but meet just like prize-fighters in a fair, who first shake hands before they box, then give each other plaguy knocks, with all the love and kindness of a brother. So,—many a suffering patient saith,—though the Apothecary fights with Death, still they're sworn friends to one another.——A member of this Æsculapian line, lived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne: no man could better gild a pill, or make a bill, or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister, or draw a tooth out of your head, or chatter scandal by your bed, or spread a plaster. His fame full six miles round the country ran; in short, in reputation he was *solus:* all the old women called him "A fine man!"—his name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in *trade,*—which oftentimes will genius fetter,—read works of fancy, it is said, and cultivated the *Belles Lettres.* And why should this be thought so odd? can't men have taste who cure a phthisic? Of poetry, though patron god, Apollo patronises physic. Bolus loved verse;—and took so much delight in't, that his prescriptions he resolved to write in't. No opportunity he e'er let pass of writing the directions on his labels, in dapper couplets—like Gay's Fables, or rather like the lines in Hudibras. Apothecary's verse!—and where's the treason? 'Tis simple honest dealing—not a crime: when patients swallow physic without reason, it is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a patient lying at death's door, some three miles from the town—it might be four; to whom one evening Bolus sent an article, in pharmacy that's called cathartical; and on the label of the stuff, he wrote this verse (which one would think was clear enough, and terse) "*When taken; to be well shaken.*"——Next morning, early, Bolus rose; and to the patient's house he goes upon his pad, which a vile trick of stumbling had: it was indeed a very sorry hack; but that's of course: for what's expected from a horse, with an apothecary on his back?

Bolus arrived, and gave a doubtful tap, between a single and a double rap.—Knocks of this kind are given by gentlemen who teach to dance, by fiddlers, and by opera-singers: one loud, and then a little one behind, as if the knocker fell, by chance, out of their fingers.—The servant let him in with dismal face, long as a courtier's out of place—portending some disaster: John's countenance as rueful looked and grim, as if the apothecary had physicked him, and not his master. "Well, how's the patient?" Bolus said. John shook his head. "Indeed?—hum:—ha!—that's very odd! he took the draught?"—John gave a nod. "Well—how?—What then?—Speak out, you dunce!" "Why, then," says John, "we *shook* him once." "Shook him!—how?" Bolus stammered out. "We jolted him about

"What! shake a patient, man?—a shake won't do." "No, sir—and so we gave him two." "Two shakes!—odds curse! 'twould make the patient worse." "It did so, sir—and so a third we tried." "Well, and what then?"—"Then, sir, my master—died!"

VII.—HODGE AND THE VICAR.—*Anonymous.*

Hodge, a poor honest country lout, not over-stocked with learning, chanced on a summer's eve to meet the Vicar, home returning. "Ah! Master Hodge," the Vicar cried, "what, still as wise as ever? the people in the village say that you are wondrous clever." "Why, Measter Parson, as to that I beg you'll right conceive me; I do na brag, but yet I knaw a thing or two, believe me" "We'll try your skill," the Parson cried, "for learning what digestion: and this you'll prove or right or wrong, by solving me a question. Noah, of old, three babies had, or grown-up children rather: Shem, Ham, and Japhet they were called;—now who was Japhet's father?" "Rat it!" cried Hodge, and scratched his head; "that does my wits belabour: but howsomde'er, I'll homeward run, and ax old Giles my neighbour."

To Giles he went and put the case, with circumspect intention: "Thou fool," cried Giles, "I'll make it clear to thy dull comprehension. Three children has Tom Long, the smith, or cattle-doctor rather; Tom, Dick, and Harry, they are called: now who is Harry's father?" "Adzooks, I have it," Hodge replied, "right well I know your lingo; who's Harry's father?—stop—here goes,—why Tom Long Smith, by jingo."

Away he ran to find the priest, with all his might and main; who with good humour instant put the question once again. "Noah, of old, three babies had, or grown-up children rather; Shem, Ham, and Japhet they were called: now who was Japhet's father?" "I have it now," Hodge grinning cried, "I'll answer like a proctor: who's Japhet's father? now I know; why Long Tom Smith, the Doctor."

VIII.—A CHEAP DINNER.—*Planché.*

Two "Messieurs" lately from old France come over, half-starved, but *toujours gai*, (no weasels e'er were thinner,) trudged up to town from Dover, their slender store exhausted in the way; extremely puzzled how to get "von dinner." From morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve, our Frenchmen wandered on their expedition; great was their need, and sorely did they grieve—*stomach* and *pocket* in the same condition! At length, by mutual consent they parted, and different ways on the same errand started. This happened on a day most dear to epicures, when general use sanctions the roasting of a savoury goose! Towards night, one Frenchman, at a tavern near, stopped, and beheld the glorious cheer! while greedily he snuffed the luscious gale in, that from the kitchen-windows was exhaling. He instant set to work his busy brain, and snuffed, and longed, and longed, and snuffed again! Necessity's the mother of invention, (a proverb I've heard many mention;) so now one moment saw his plan completed, and our sly Frenchman at a table seated. The ready Waiter at his elbow stands——"Sir, will you favour me with your commands? we've roast and boiled, Sir; choose you those or these?"—"Sare! you are very good, Sare! *Vat you please!*"

Quick at the word, upon the table smokes the wished-for bird! No time in talking did he waste, but pounced pell-mell upon it; drumstick and merry-thought he picked in haste, exulting in the *merry-thought* that won it! Pie follows goose, and after pie comes cheese:—"Stilton or Cheshire, Sir?"——"*Ah, vat you please!*"——And now our Frenchman, having ta'en his fill, prepares to go, when——"Sir, your little bill." "Ah, vat, you're *Bill!* vell, Mr. Bill, good day! *Bon jour*, good Villiam."——"No, Sir, stay! my name is Tom, Sir—you've this bill to pay." "Pay, pay, *ma foi!* I call for noting, Sare—*pardonnez moi!* you bring me vat you call your goose, your sheese; you ask-a me to eat—I tell you, *Vat you please!*" Down came the Landlord; each explained the case, the one with anger, t'other with grimace; but Boniface, who dearly loved a jest, although sometimes he *dearly* paid for it, and finding nothing could be done (you know, that when a man has got no money, to make him pay some would be rather funny) of a bad bargain made the best, acknowledged much was to be said for it; took pity on the Frenchman's meagre face, then, Briton-like, forgave a fallen foe, laughed heartily, and let him go.

Our Frenchman's hunger thus subdued, away he trotted in a merry mood; when, turning round the corner of a street, who but his countryman he chanced to meet? To him, with many a shrug and many a grin, he told how he had taken *Jean Bull* in! Fired with the tale, the other licks his chops, makes his congée, and seeks this shop of shops. Entering, he seats himself just at his ease. "What will you take, Sir?"——"*Vat you please!*"——The Waiter looked as pale as Paris plaster, and, upstairs running, thus addressed his master: "These vile *Mounseers* come over sure in pairs; Sir, there's another '*vat you please*' down stairs!"——This made the Landlord rather crusty; "Too much of one thing"—the proverb's somewhat musty: *once* to be *done* his anger didn't touch; but when a *second* time they tried the treason—it made him *crusty*, Sir, and with good reason:—you would be *crusty* were you *done* so much.

There is a kind of instrument which greatly helps a serious argument, and which, when properly applied, occasions some most unpleasant tickling sensations!—'twould make more clumsy folks than Frenchmen skip, 'twould *strike* you presently—a stout horsewhip. This instrument our *Maitre d'hote* most carefully concealed beneath his coat; and, seeking instantly the Frenchman's station, addressed him with the usual salutation. Our Frenchman, bowing to his threadbare knees, determined while the iron's hot to strike it, quick with his lesson answers——"*Vat you please!*" But scarcely had he let the sentence slip, when round his shoulders twines the pliant whip. "Sare, Sare! ah, *misericorde! parbleu!* oh dear! Monsieur! vat make you use me so? Vat you call dis?"——"Ah, don't you know, that's *what I please*," says Bony, "how d'ye like it? Your friend, though I paid dearly for his funning, deserved the goose he gained, Sir, for his cunning; but you, Monsieur, or else my time I'm wasting, are *goose* enough—and only wanted *basting*."

IX.—THE SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION.—*Lloyd.*

THE very silliest things in life create the most material strife what scarce will suffer a debate, will oft produce the bitterest hate. "It

is!" you say,—I say, "'Tis not!" Why, you grow warm—and I am hot. Thus each alike with passion glows, and words come first—and after, blows.

Friend Jerkin had an income clear, some fifty pounds or more a year; and rented, on the farming plan, grounds at much greater sums *per ann.* A man of consequence no doubt, 'mongst all his neighbours round about: he was of frank and open mind, too honest to be much refined; would smoke his pipe, and tell his tale, sing a good song, and drink his ale.

His wife was of another mould; her age was—neither young nor old; her features, strong, yet somewhat plain; her air, not bad, but rather vain; her temper, neither new nor strange; a woman's—very apt to change: what she most hated was—CONVICTION; what she most loved—FLAT CONTRADICTION! A charming housewife, ne'ertheless; tell me a thing she could not dress: soups, hashes, pickles, puddings, pies, nought came amiss—she was so wise! for she, bred twenty miles from town, had brought a world of breeding down, and Cumberland had seldom seen a farmer's wife with such a mien. She could not bear the sound of Dame; no;—"Mistress Jerkin" was her name.

Once on a time, the season fair for exercise and cheerful air, it happened in his morning's roam he killed some birds, and brought them home. "Here, Cicely, take away my gun; how shall we have these starlings done?" "—Done! what, my love? your wits are wild! starlings, my dear! they're thrushes, child."—"Nay, now, but look, consider, wife; they're starlings."—"No, upon my life! sure I can judge as well as you, I know a thrush and starling too."—"Who was it shot them, you or I? they're starlings!"—"Thrushes!"—"Wife, you lie."—"Pray, Sir, take back your dirty word, I scorn your language as your bird; it ought to make a husband blush, to treat a wife so 'bout a thrush."—"Thrush, Cicely!"—"Yes."—"A starling!"—"No."—The lie again, and then the blow. Blows carry strong and quick conviction, and mar the powers of contradiction. Peace soon ensued, and all was well: it were imprudence to rebel, or keep the ball up of debate, against these arguments of weight.

A year rolled on in perfect ease; 'twas, "As you like!" and, "What you please!"—At length returned, in annual flight, the day of this most *fowlish* fight: quoth Cicely—"Ah, this charming life, no tumults now, no blows, no strife! what fools we were this day last year! Law! how you beat me then, my dear! Sure it was idle and absurd, to wrangle so about a bird, a bird not worth a single rush"—"A starling."—"No, my love, a thrush! that I'll maintain."—"That I'll deny."—"You're wrong, good husband."—"Wife, you lie!" Again the self-same wrangle rose, again the lie, again the blows. Thus, every year, (true man and wife,) ensues the same domestic strife: thus every year their quarrel ends—they argue, fight, and kiss, and friends; 'tis "Starling!"—"Thrush!"—and "Thrush!"—and "Starling!"—"You dog!"—"You cat!"—"My dear!"—"My darling!"

X.—THE THREE BLACK CROWS.—*Dr. Byrom.*

Two honest tradesmen, meeting in the Strand, one shook the other briskly by the hand: "Hark you," said he, "'tis an odd story this, about the crows!"—"I don't know what it is,"—replied his friend.

"No! I'm surprised at that; where I came from, it is the common chat. But you shall hear: an odd affair indeed! and that it happened, they are all agreed: Not to detain you from a thing so strange—a gentleman who lives not far from 'Change, this week, in short, as all the Alley knows, taking a vomit, threw up Three Black Crows." "Impossible!"—"Nay, but 'tis really true; I have it from good hands, and so may you." "From whose, I pray?" So, having named the man, straight to inquire his curious comrade ran. "Sir, did you tell"—relating the affair. "Yes, Sir, I did; and if 'tis worth your care, 'twas Mr."—such-a-one—"who told it me; but, by-the-bye, 'twas Two Black Crows, not three."

Resolved to trace so wondrous an event, quick to the third the virtuoso went. "Sir,"—and so forth—"Why, yes; the thing is fact, though, in regard to number, not exact; it was not two black crows, 'twas only One; the truth of that you may depend upon: the gentleman himself told me the case"—"Where may I find him?"—"Why, m"—such a place.

Away he ran; and, having found him out,—"Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt:"—then, to his last informant he referred, and begged to know, if true what he had heard: "Did you, Sir, throw up a black crow?"—"Not I!" "Bless me! how people propagate a lie! Black crows have been thrown up, three, two, and one; and here, I find, all comes at last to none! Did you say nothing of a crow at all?" "Crow?—crow?—perhaps I might, now I recal the matter o'er."—"And pray, Sir, what was't?"—"Why, I was horrid sick, and, at the last, I did throw up, and told my neighbour so, something that was—as black, Sir, as a crow."

XI.—A BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT.—*H. G. Bell.*

THEY'RE stepping off, the friends I knew; they're going one by one: they're taking wives to tame their lives—their jovial days are done: I can't get one old crony now to join me in a spree; they've all grown grave domestic men, they look askance on me. I hate to see them sobered down—the merry boys and true; I hate to hear them sneering now at pictures fancy drew; I care not for their married cheer, their puddings and their soups, and middle-aged relations round in formidable groups. And though their wife perchance may have a comely sort of face, and at the table's upper end conduct herself with grace—I hate the prim reserve that reigns, the caution and the state: I hate to see my friend grown vain of furniture and plate.

How strange! they go to bed at ten, and rise at half-past nine; and seldom do they now exceed a pint or so of wine:—they play at whist for sixpences, they very rarely dance, they never read a word of rhyme, nor open a romance. They talk, indeed, of politics, of taxes, and of crops, and very quietly, with their wives, they trot about to shops;—they get quite skilled in groceries, and learn'd in butcher meat, and know exactly what they pay for every thing they eat. And then they all have children too, to squall through thick and thin, and seem right proud to multiply small images of sin! If these be Hymen's vaunted joys, I'd have him shun my door, unless he'll quench his torch, and live henceforth—a Bachelor.

XII.—FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY.—*Hood.*

BEN BATTLE was a soldier bold, and used to war's alarms; but a cannon-ball shot off his legs, so he laid down his arms! Now, as they bore him off the field, said he, "Let others shoot, for here I leave my second leg, and the Forty-second foot!"——The army surgeons made him limbs: said he, "They're only pegs: but there's as wooden members quite, as represent my legs!"

Now Ben long loved a pretty maid, whose name was Nelly Gray; and he went to pay her his *devours*, when he'd devoured his pay. But when he called on Nelly Gray, she made him quite a scoff: and when she saw his wooden legs, began to take them off! "Oh, Nelly Gray! oh, Nelly Gray! is this your love so warm? the love that loves a scarlet coat, should be more *uniform!*" Said she, "I loved a soldier once, for he was blythe and brave: but I will never have a man, with both legs in the grave. Before you had those timber toes, your love I did allow: but then, you know, you stand upon *another footing* now!" "Oh, Nelly Gray! oh, Nelly Gray! for all your jeering speeches, at duty's call I left my legs in Badajos's *breaches!*" "Why then," said she, "you've lost the feat of legs in war's alarms: and now you cannot wear your shoes, upon your feats of arms." "Oh, false and fickle Nelly Gray, I know why you refuse: though I've no feet, some other man is standing in my shoes! I wish I ne'er had seen your face, but now, a long farewell! for you will be my death:—alas! you will not be my *Nell.*"

Now when he went from Nelly Gray his heart so heavy got, and life was such a burthen grown, it made him take a knot. So round his melancholy neck a rope he did entwine; and, for the second time in life, enlisted in the Line! One end he tied around a beam, and then removed his pegs; and, as his legs were off, of course he soon was off his legs. And there he hung till he was dead as any nail in town: for, though distress had cut him up, it could not cut him down. A dozen men sat on his corpse to find out why he died; and they buried Ben in four cross-roads, with a *stake* in his inside!

XIII.—THE TINKER AND MILLER'S DAUGHTER.—*Dr. Wolcot.*

UPON a day, a poor and travelling tinker, on fortune's various tricks a constant thinker, passed in some village near a miller's door; when, lo! his eye did most astonished catch the miller's daughter peeping o'er the hatch—deformed, and monstrous ugly, to be sure. Struck with the uncommon form, the tinker started, just like a frightened horse or murderer carted, up gazing at the gibbet and the rope; turning his brain about in a brown study, (for as I've said, his brain was not so muddy,) "'Sbud!" (quoth the tinker) "I have now some hope. Fortune, the jade, is not far off, perchance"—and then began to rub his hands and dance.

Now all so full of love, o'erjoyed he ran, embraced and squeezed Miss Grist, and thus began: "My dear! my soul! my angel! sweet Miss Grist! now may I never mend a kettle more, if ever I saw one like *you* before!" then, nothing loth, the nymph like Eve, he kissed. Now, very sensibly indeed, Miss Grist thought opportunity should not be missed; for really 'tis with girls a dangerous farce, to flout a swain when offers are but scarce. *She* did not scream, and cry, "I'll

not be wooed; keep off, you saucy fellow—don't be rude; I'm made for your superiors, *tinker*."—No, indeed, she treated not the tinker so. But lo, the damsel, with her usual squint, suffered her tinker lover to imprint sweet kisses on her lips, and squeeze her hand, hug her, and say the softest things unto her, and in love's plain and pretty language woo her, without a frown or even a reprimand.

Now to the father the brisk lover hied, who at his noisy mill so busy plied, grinding, and taking handsome toll of corn—sometimes indeed too handsome to be borne. "Ho! Master Miller!" did the tinker say:—forth from his cloud of flour the miller came; "Nice weather, Master Miller—charming day—heaven's very kind"—the miller said the same. "Now, miller, possibly you may not guess at this same business I am come about: 'tis this then,—know, I love your daughter Bess:—there, Master Miller!—now the riddle's *out*. I'm not for mincing matters, Sir! d'ye see—I likes your daughter Bess, and she likes me." "Poh!" quoth the miller, grinning at the tinker, "thou dost not mean with marriage, man, to blink her; no, no, though she's my daughter, I'm not *blind;* but, tinker, what hath now possessed thy mind? thou'rt the first offer she has met, my lad—but tell me, tinker, art thou drunk, or mad?" "No—I'm not drunk nor mad," the tinker cried, "but Bet's the maid I wish to make my bride; no girl in these two eyes doth Bet excel." "Why, fool," the miller said, "Bet hath a *hump!* and then her *nose!*—the nose of my old pump." "I know it," quoth the tinker, "know it well." "Her *face*," quoth Grist, "is freckled, wrinkled, flat; her *mouth* as wide as that of my tom-cat; and then she squints a thousand ways at once—her waist a corkscrew; and her hair, how red! a downright bunch of carrots on her head:—why, what a maggot's got into thy sconce?" "No maggot's in my sconce," rejoined the tinker; "but, Sir, what's that to you, if fine I think her?" "Why, man," quoth Grist, "she's fit to make a show, and therefore sure I am that thou must banter." "Miller," replied the tinker, "right; for know, 'tis for that very thing, a show, I want her."

XIV.—MODERN LOGIC.—*Anon.*

An Eton stripling training for the Law,—a dunce at Syntax, but a dab at Taw,—one happy Christmas, laid upon the shelf his cap, his gown, and store of learned pelf, with all the deathless bards of Greece and Rome, to spend a fortnight at his Uncle's home.

Arrived, and past the usual "How d'ye do's?" inquiries of old friends, and College news:—"Well, Tom—the road, what saw you worth discerning? and how goes study, boy—what is't your learning?" "Oh, Logic, Sir,—but not the worn-out rules of Locke and Bacon—antiquated fools! 'Tis wit and wranglers' logic;—thus, d'ye see, I'll prove to you as clear as A, B, C, that an eel-pie's a pigeon:—to deny it, were to swear black's white."—"Indeed! let's try it." "An eel-pie, is a pie of fish?"—"Well—agreed."—"A fish-pie may be a Jack-pie?"—"Proceed." "A Jack-pie must be a John-pie—thus, 'tis done, for every John-pie is a Pi-geon!" "Bravo!" Sir Peter cries—"Logic for ever! it beats my grandmother—and she was clever! But hold, my boy—it surely would be hard, that wit and learning should have no reward. To-morrow, for a stroll, the park we'll cross, and then I'll give you"—"What?"—"A chestnut-horse."

"A horse!" cries Tom; "blood, pedigree, and paces! Oh, what a dash I'll cut at Epsom races!"—

He went to bed, and wept for downright sorrow, to think the night must pass before the morrow; dreamed of his boots, his cap, his spurs, and leather breeches, of leaping five-barred gates, and crossing ditches: left his warm bed an hour before the lark, dragged his old Uncle fasting through the park:—Each craggy hill and dale in vain they cross, to find out something like a chestnut-horse, but no such animal the meadows cropped: at length, beneath a tree Sir Peter stopped—took a bough—shook it—and down fell a fine horse-chestnut in its prickly shell.—"There, Tom—take that."—"Well, Sir, and what beside?" "Why, since you're booted, saddle it, and ride." "Ride! what?—A chestnut!" "Ay, come get across; I tell you, Tom, that chestnut is a horse, and all the horse you'll get—for I can show as clear as sunshine, that 'tis really so—not by the musty, fusty worn-out rules of Locke and Bacon—addle-headed fools! all maxims but the wranglers I disown, and stick to one sound argument—*your own*. Since you have proved to me, I don't deny, that a pie-John is the same as a John-pie—what follows then, but as a thing of course, that a horse-chestnut is a chestnut-horse?"

XV.—ORATOR PUFF.—*Anon.*

Mr. Orator Puff had two tones in his voice, the one squeaking thus, and the other down so; in each sentence he uttered he gave you your choice, for one half was B alt, and the rest G below. But he still talked away, spite of coughs and of frowns; so distracting all ears with his ups and his downs, that a wag once, on hearing the orator say, "My voice—is for war," asked him, "Which of them, pray?"

Reeling homewards one evening, top-heavy with gin, and rehearsing his speech on the weight of the Crown, he tripped near a saw-pit, and tumbled right in, "Sinking—fund," the last words as his noddle came down. "Oh, law!" he exclaimed, in his he-and-she tones, "Help me out!—help me out!—I have broken my bones!" "Help you out!" said a fellow who passed, "what a bother! why, there's *two* of you there; can't you help one another?"

XVI.—THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.—*Mary Howitt.*

"Will you walk into my parlour?" said a spider to a fly; "'tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy. The way into my parlour is up a winding stair, and I have many pretty things to show you when you're there." "Oh no, no!" said the little fly, "to ask me is in vain, for who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come down again."—"I'm sure you must be weary with soaring up so high; will you rest upon my little bed?" said the spider to the fly. "There are pretty curtains drawn around, the sheets are fine and thin, and if you like to rest awhile, I'll snugly tuck you in." "Oh no, no!" said the little fly, "for I've often heard it said, they never, never wake again, who sleep upon your bed!"—Said the cunning spider to the fly, "Dear friend! what shall I do to prove the warm affection I've always felt for you? I have within my pantry good store of all that's nice; I'm sure you're very welcome—will you please to take a slice?" 'Oh no, no!" said the little fly, "kind sir, that cannot be; I've heard

what's in your pantry, and I do not wish to see."—"Sweet creature!" said the spider, "you're witty and you're wise. How handsome are your gauzy wings, how brilliant are your eyes! I have a little looking-glass upon my parlour shelf; if you'll step in one moment, dear, you shall behold—yourself." "I thank you, gentle sir," she said, "for what you're pleased to say, and, bidding you good morning now, I'll call another day."——The spider turned him round about, and went into his den, for well he knew the silly fly would soon come back again: so he wove a subtle web in a little corner sly, and set his table ready, to dine upon the fly. Then he went out to his door again, and merrily did sing, "Come hither, hither, pretty fly, with the pearl-and-silver wing: your robes are green and purple—there's a crest upon your head; your eyes are like the diamond bright, but mine are dull as lead."

Alas, alas! how very soon this silly little fly, hearing his wily, flattering words, came slowly flitting by; with buzzing wings she hung aloft, then near and nearer drew, thinking only of her brilliant eyes, her green and purple hue, and dreaming of her crested head—poor foolish thing! At last up jumped the cunning spider, and fiercely held her fast. He dragged her up his winding stair, into his dismal den, within his little parlour—but she ne'er came out again! And now, all youthful people, who may this story hear, to idle, silly, flattering words, I pray you ne'er give ear: to all deceitful counsellors, close heart, and ear, and eye;—and take a lesson from this tale, of the Spider and the Fly.

XVII.—THE COLLEGIAN AND THE PORTER.—*Planché.*

At Trin. Coll. Cam.—which means, in proper spelling, Trinity College, Cambridge—there resided one Harry Dashington—a youth excelling in all the learning commonly provided for those who choose that classic station for finishing their education: that is—he understood computing the odds at any race or match; was a dead hand at pigeon-shooting; could kick up rows—knock down the watch—play truant, and the rake, at random—drink—tie cravats—and drive a tandem. Remonstrance, fine, and rustication, so far from working reformation, seemed but to make his lapses greater; 'till he was warned that next offence would have this certain consequence—expulsion from his Alma Mater.

One need not be a necromancer to guess that, with so wild a wight, the next offence occurred next night; when our incurable came rolling home as the midnight chimes were tolling, and rang the College bell. No answer. The second peal was vain—the third made the street echo its alarum; when to his great delight he heard the sordid Janitor, old Ben, rousing and growling in his den. "Who's there?—I s'pose young Harum-scarum." "'Tis I, my worthy Ben—'tis Harry." "Ay, so I thought—and there you'll tarry: 'tis past the hour—the gates are closed—you know my orders;—I shall lose my place if I undo the door."——"And I" (young Hopeful interposed), "shall be expelled if you refuse; so pr'ythee"—Ben began to snore. ——"I'm wet," cried Harry, "to the skin: hip! hallo! Ben—don't be a ninny; beneath the gate I've thrust a guinea, so tumble out and let me in." "Humph!" growled the greedy old curmudgeon, half overjoyed and half in dudgeon. "Now you may pass, but make no

fuss; on tip-toe walk and hold your prate.' "Look on the stones, old Cerberus," cried Harry, as he passed the gate; "I've dropped a shilling—take the light—you'll find it just outside—good night."

Behold the porter in his shirt, dripping with rain which never stopped, groping and raking in the dirt, and all without success; but that is hardly to be wondered at, because no shilling had been dropped; so he gave o'er the search at last, regained the door—and found it fast! With sundry oaths, and growls, and groans, he rang once—twice—thrice; and then, mingled with giggling, heard the tones of Harry, mimicking old Ben.——"Who's there?—'tis really a disgrace to ring so loud—I've locked the gate—I know my duty—'tis too late—you wouldn't have me lose my place." "Pshal Mr. Dashington, remember, this is the middle of November. I'm stripped—'tis raining cats and dogs." "Hush, hush!" quoth Hal, "I'm fast asleep;" and then he snored as loud and deep as a whole company of hogs. "But hark ye, Ben, I'll grant admittance at the same rate I paid myself." "Nay, master, leave me half the pittance," replied the avaricious elf. "No: all or none—a full acquittance; the terms I know are somewhat high; but you have fixed the price, not I—I won't take less—I can't afford it." So finding all his haggling vain, Ben, with a growl and groan of pain, drew out the guinea and restored it.

"Surely you'll give me," growled the outwitted porter when again admitted, "something, now you've done your joking, for all this trouble, time, and soaking." "Oh, surely,—surely!" Harry said: "since, as you urge, I broke your rest, and you're half drowned and quite undressed, I'll give you—leave to go to bed."

XVIII.—THE FRENCHMAN AND THE RATS.—*Anon.*

A FRENCHMAN once, who was a merry wight, passing to town from Dover in the night, near the road-side an ale-house chanced to spy: and, being rather tired as well as dry, resolved to enter; but first he took a peep, in hopes a supper he might get, and cheap. He enters: "Hallo! garçon, if you please, bring me a littel bit of bread and cheese; hallo! garçon, a pot of porter too!" he said, "vich I shall take, and then myself to bed."

His supper done, some scraps of cheese were left, which our poor Frenchman, thinking it no theft, into his pocket put; then slowly crept to wished-for bed; but not a wink he slept—for on the floor some sacks of flour were laid, to which the rats a nightly visit paid. Our hero now undressed, popped out the light, put on his cap, and bade the world good night: but first the garment, which contained the fare, under his pillow he had placed with care. *Sans cérémonie*, soon the rats all ran, and on the flour-sacks greedily began; at which they gorged themselves; then, smelling round, under the pillow soon the cheese they found; and while at this feast they regaling sat, their happy jaws disturbed the Frenchman's nap; who, half awake, cries out, "Hallo! hallo! vat is dat nibbel at my pillow so? Ah! 'tis one huge big monster rat! Vat is it dat he nibbel, nibbel at?"

In vain our little hero sought repose; sometimes the vermin galloped o'er his nose; and such the pranks they kept up all the night, that he, on end antipodes upright, bawling aloud, called stoutly for a light: "Hallo! Maison! Garçon! Landlord! I say! bring me de bill for vat I have to pay!"

The bill was brought, and to his great surprise, "Ten shillings" charged; he scarce believes his eyes! With eager haste he runs it o'er, and, every time he views it, thinks it more. "Vy, sare! O sare!" he cries: "I sall no pay; vat! charge ten shelang for vat I've mangé? a leetel sup of porter,—dis vile bed, vare all de rats do run about my head?" "Plague on those rats!" the landlord muttered out: "I wish, Mounseer, that I could make 'em scout: I'll pay him well that can." "Vat's dat you say?" "I'll pay him well that can." "Attendez, pray: vill you dis charge forego, vat I am at, if from your house I drive away de rat?" "With all my heart," the jolly host replies; "*Ecoutez donc, ami,*" the Frenchman cries. "First, den—regardez, if you please; bring to dis spot a littel bread and cheese. Eh bien! a half-filled pot of porter too; and den invite de rats to sup vid you: and after dat—no matter dey be villing—for vat dey eat, you charge dem just ten shelang; and I am sure, ven dey behold de score, dey'll quit your house, and never come no more."

XIX.—THE FARMER AND THE BARRISTER.—*Smith.*

A COUNSEL in the Common Pleas, who was esteemed a mighty wit upon the strength of a chance hit, amid a thousand flippancies, and his occasional bad jokes in bullying, bantering, browbeating, ridiculing and maltreating women or other timid folks, in a late cause resolved to hoax a clownish Yorkshire farmer—one who by his uncouth look and gait, appeared expressly meant by Fate for being quizzed and played upon: so, having tipped the wink to those in the back rows, who kept their laughter bottled down until our wag should draw the cork, he smiled jocosely on the clown, and went to work.

"Well, Farmer Numscull, how go calves at York?" "Why—not, Sir, as they do wi' you, but on four legs instead of two." "Officer!" cried the legal elf, piqued at the laugh against himself, "do pray keep silence down below there. Now look at me, clown, and attend: have I not seen you somewhere, friend?" "Yees—very like—I often go there." "Our rustic's waggish—quite laconic," the counsel cried with grin sardonic;—"I wish I'd known this prodigy—this genius of the clods, when I on circuit was at York residing. Now, Farmer, do for once speak true,—mind, you're on oath; so tell me, you, who doubtless think yourself so clever—are there as many fools as ever in the West Riding?" "Why, no, Sir, no; we've got our share, but not so many as when *you* were there."

XX.—THE BEST OF WIVES.—*Anon.*

A MAN had once a vicious wife—(a most *uncommon* thing in life); his days and nights were spent in strife—unceasing. Her tongue went glibly all day long, sweet contradiction still her song, and all the poor man did was wrong, and ill-done. A truce without doors, or within, from speeches long as tradesmen spin, or rest from her eternal din, he found not. He every soothing art displayed, tried of what stuff her skin was made: failing in all, to Jove he prayed—to take her.

Once, walking by a river's side, in mournful terms, "My dear," he cried, "no more let feuds our peace divide,—I'll end them. Weary of life, and quite resigned, to drown I have made up my mind, so

tie my hands as fast behind as can be; or nature may assert her reign, my arms assist, my will restrain, and swimming, I once more regain my troubles." With eager haste the dame complies, while joy stands glistening in her eyes; already, in her thoughts, he dies before her. "Yet, when I view the rolling tide, nature revolts"—he said; "beside, I would not be a suicide, and die thus. It would be better far I think, while close I stand upon the brink, you push me in,—nay, never shrink—but do it."

To give the blow the more effect, some twenty yards she ran direct, and did—what she could least expect she should do. He slips aside himself to save, so souse *she* dashes in the wave; and gave, what ne'er she gave before—much pleasure. "Dear husband, help! I sink!" she cried. "Thou *best* of wives—" the man replied, "I would, —but you my hands have tied,—heaven help you!"

XXI.—LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.—*Colman.*

WHO has e'er been in London, that overgrown place, has seen "*Lodgings to Let*" stare him full in the face. Some are good, and let dearly; while some, 'tis well known, are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.—

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely, hired lodgings that took Single Gentlemen only; but Will was so fat he appeared like a tun,—or like two SINGLE GENTLEMEN rolled into ONE. He entered his rooms, and to bed he retreated; but, all the night long, he felt fevered and heated; and, though heavy to weigh as a score of fat sheep, he was not, by any means, heavy to sleep. Next night 'twas the same—and the next—and the next! he perspired like an ox, he was nervous and vexed; week passed after week, till, by weekly succession, his weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months his acquaintance began much to doubt him; for his skin, "like a lady's loose gown," hung about him: he sent for a Doctor, and cried, like a ninny, "I have lost many pounds—make me well—there's a guinea." The Doctor looked wise:—"A slow fever," he said; prescribed sudorifics,—and going to bed. "Sudorifics in bed," exclaimed Will, "are humbugs! I've enough of them there without paying for drugs!" Will kicked out the Doctor:—but when ill indeed, e'en dismissing the Doctor don't *always* succeed; so, calling his host—he said—"Sir, do you know, I'm the fat SINGLE GENTLEMAN, six months ago? Look ye, Landlord, I think," argued Will with a grin, that with honest intentions you first *took me in:* but from the first night—and to say it I'm bold—I've been so very *hot*, that I'm sure I caught *cold!*" Quoth the Landlord,—"Till now I ne'er had a dispute; I've let lodgings ten years—I'm a *baker* to boot; in airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven; and your bed is immediately—over my OVEN." "The OVEN!"—says Will: says the host, "Why this passion? in that excellent bed died three people of fashion. Why so *crusty*, good sir?"—"Why!" cried Will in a taking, "who would not be *crusty*, with half a year's *baking?*"

Will paid for his rooms:—cried the host with a sneer, "Well, I see you've been *going away* half a year." "Friend, we can't well agree;—yet no quarrel"—Will said:—"but I'd rather not *perish*, while you make your *bread.*"

XXII.—THE JESTER CONDEMNED TO DEATH.—*James Smith.*

ONE of the Kings of Scanderoon, a Royal Jester, had in his train a gross buffoon, who used to pester the Court with tricks inopportune, venting on the highest folks his scurvy pleasantries and hoaxes. It needs some sense to play the fool, which wholesome rule occurred not to our jackanapes; who consequently found his freaks led to innumerable scrapes, and quite as many kicks and tweaks, which only seemed to make him faster try the patience of his master.

Some sin, at last, beyond all measure, incurred the desperate displeasure of his serene and raging Highness: whether he twitched his most revered and sacred beard, or had intruded on the shyness of the Seraglio, or let fly an epigram at royalty, none knows:—his sin was an occult one; but records tell us that the Sultan, meaning to terrify the knave, exclaimed—"'Tis time to stop that breath; thy doom is sealed:—presumptuous slave! thou stand'st condemned to certain death. Silence, base rebel!—no replying!—but such is my indulgence still, that, of my own free grace and will, I leave to thee the mode of dying."

"Thy royal will be done—'tis just," replied the wretch, and kissed the dust; "since, my last moments to assuage, your Majesty's humane decree has deigned to leave the choice to me, I'll die, so please you, of old age!"

XXIII.—THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.—*Southey.*

A WELL there is in the west country, and a clearer one never was seen; there is not a wife in the west country, but has heard of the Well of St. Keyne. An oak and an elm-tree stand beside, and behind does an ash-tree grow, and a willow from the bank above droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the Well of St. Keyne; joyfully he drew nigh, for from cock-crow he had been travelling, and there was not a cloud in the sky. He drank of the water so cool and clear, for thirsty and hot was he; and he sat down upon the bank, under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the neighbouring town, at the Well to fill his pail; on the Well-side he rested it, and he bade the stranger hail. "Now, art thou a bachelor, stranger?" quoth he, "for, an' if thou hast a wife, the happiest draught thou hast drunk this day, that ever thou didst in thy life. Or has thy good woman—if one thou hast—ever here in Cornwall been? for, an' if she have, I'll venture my life she has drunk of the Well of St. Keyne." "I have left a good woman who never was here," the stranger he made reply; "but that my draught should be better for that, I pray you answer me why." "St. Keyne," quoth the Cornish-man, "many a time drank of this crystal Well, and before the angel summoned her, she laid on the water a spell: If the husband, of this gifted Well shall drink before his wife, a happy man henceforth is he, for he shall be master for life. But if the wife should drink of it first,—heaven help the husband then!"—The stranger stooped to the Well of St. Keyne, and drank of the water again. "You drank of the Well, I warrant, betimes?" he to the Cornish-man said: but the Cornish-man smiled as the stranger spake, and sheepishly shook his head. "I hastened as soon as the wedding was done, and left my wife in the porch: but i'faith! she had been wiser than I, for she took a bottle to church."

XXIV.—CONTEST BETWEEN THE NOSE AND THE EYES.—*Cowper.*

Between Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose, the spectacles set them unhappily wrong; the point in dispute was, as all the world knows, to which the said spectacles ought to belong. So the Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause with a great deal of skill, and a wig full of learning; while chief-baron Ear sat to balance the laws, so famed for his talent in nicely discerning. "In behalf of the Nose, it will quickly appear, and your Lordship," he said, "will undoubtedly find, that the nose has had spectacles always in wear, which amounts to possession time out of mind." Then holding the spectacles up to the court—"Your Lordship observes they are made with a straddle, as wide as the ridge of the nose is; in short, designed to sit close to it, just like a saddle. Again, would your Lordship a moment suppose ('tis a case that has happened, and may be again), that the visage or countenance had not a Nose, pray who would, or who could, wear spectacles then? On the whole it appears, and my argument shows, with a reasoning the court will never condemn, that the spectacles plainly were made for the Nose, and the Nose was as plainly intended for them."

Then shifting his side, as a lawyer knows how, he pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes; but what were his arguments few people know, for the Court did not think they were equally wise. So his Lordship decreed, with a grave solemn tone, decisive and clear, without one *if* or *but*, that—"Whenever the Nose put his spectacles on, by day-light or candle-light—Eyes should be shut."

XXV.—THE SPLENDID SHILLING.—*J. Philips.*

Happy the man who, void of cares and strife, in silken or in leathern purse retains a splendid shilling! He nor hears with pain new oysters cried, nor sighs for cheerful ale; but with his friends, when nightly mists arise, to Juniper's Magpie or Town Hall repairs—where, mindful of the nymph whose wanton eye transfixed his soul and kindled amorous flames, Chloe or Phillis, he each circling glass wisheth her health, and joy, and equal love; meanwhile he smokes, and laughs at merry tale, or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint:——but I, whom griping penury surrounds, and hunger, sure attendant upon want, with scanty offals and small acid tiff (wretched repast!) my meagre corpse sustain; then solitary walk, or doze at home in garret vile, and with a warming puff regale chilled fingers; or from tube as black as winter-chimney or well-polished jet, exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent! Not blacker tube nor of a shorter size smokes Cambro-Briton (versed in pedigree sprung from Cadwallader and Arthur, kings full famous in romantic tale) when he, o'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff, upon a cargo of famed Cestrian cheese high overshadowing rides, with a design to vend his wares or at the Avonian mart or Maridunum, or the ancient town ycleped Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil! whence flow nectareous wines that well may vie with Massick, Setin, or renowned Falern.

Thus while my joyless minutes tedious flow, with looks demure and silent pace, a Dun, horrible monster! hated by gods and men, to my aërial citadel ascends. With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate, with hideous accent thrice he calls. I know the voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound. What should I do, or whither

turn? Amazed, confounded, to the dark recess I fly of wood-hole. Straight my bristling hairs erect through sudden fear; a chilly sweat bedews my shuddering limbs, and (wonderful to tell!) my tongue forgets her faculty of speech,—so horrible he seems! His faded brow intrenched with many a frown, and conic beard, and spreading band admired by modern saints, disastrous acts forebode. In his right hand long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves, with characters and figures dire inscribed, grievous to mortal eyes; (ye gods! avert such plagues from righteous men!) Behind him stalks another monster not unlike himself, sullen of aspect, by the vulgar called a Catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods with force incredible and magic charms first have endued: if he his ample palm should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay of debtor, straight his body, to the touch obsequious, (as whilom knights were wont,) to some enchanted castle is conveyed, where gates impregnable and coercive chains in durance strict detain him, till, in form of Money, Pallas sets the captive free.

XXVI.—THE BASHFUL MAN.—*Mackenzie.*

I LABOUR under a species of distress, which, I fear, will at length drive me utterly from this society, in which I am most ambitious to appear; but I shall give you a short sketch of my origin and present situation, by which you will be enabled to judge of my difficulties.

My father was a farmer of no great property, and with no other learning than what he had acquired at a charity-school; but, my mother being dead, and I an only child, he determined to give me that advantage which he fancied would have made *him* happy—that is, a learned education. I was sent to a country grammar-school, and from thence to the University, with a view of qualifying myself for holy orders. Here, having but a small allowance from my father, and being naturally of a timid, bashful disposition, I had no opportunity of rubbing off that native awkwardness, which is the fatal cause of all my unhappiness, and which, I now begin to fear, can never be amended. You must know, I am of such extreme susceptibility of shame, that, on the slightest subject of confusion, my blood all rushes into my cheeks, and I appear a perfect full-blown rose. The consciousness of this unhappy failing made me avoid society, and I became enamoured of a college life; particularly when I reflected that the uncouth manners of my father's family were little calculated to improve my outward conduct. I had therefore resolved on living at the University, and taking pupils; when two unexpected events greatly altered the posture of my affairs—namely, my father's death, and the arrival of a rich uncle from the Indies.

This uncle also died, after a short illness; leaving me heir to all his property (*weeping*). And now, behold me, at the age of—no matter what,—well stocked with Latin, Greek, and mathematics—possessed of an ample fortune—but so awkward, and unversed in any gentlemanlike accomplishment, that I am pointed at by all who see me, as the wealthy learned clown.

I have lately purchased an estate in the country, which abounds with what is called a fashionable neighbourhood; and when you reflect on my parentage and uncouth manners, you will hardly think how much my company is courted by the surrounding families—especially by those who have marriageable daughters! From these gentlemen I

have received familiar calls, and the most pressing invitations; and though I wished to accept their offered friendship, I have repeatedly excused myself, under the pretence of not being quite settled; but the truth is, when I have ridden or walked, with full intention to return their several visits—my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I returned homewards, resolving to try again to-morrow.

However, I at length determined to conquer my timidity, and, three days ago, accepted of an invitation to dine, this day, with one, whose open, easy manner left me no room to doubt a cordial welcome. Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about three miles distant, is a baronet, with an estate of about two thousand pounds a-year, adjoining that which I purchased. He has two small sons and five tall daughters, all grown up, and living at Friendly-hall, dependent on their father. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have, for some time past, taken private lessons from a professor, who teaches "grown up gentlemen to dance;" and although I at first found wondrous difficulty in the art he taught, yet my knowledge of the mathematics was of prodigious use, in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity to the five positions. Having now acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to accept the Baronet's invitation to a family dinner; not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity: but, alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory, when unsupported by habitual practice! As I approached the house, a dinner-bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality. Impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants, who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing whom or what I saw. At my first entrance, I summoned all my fortitude, and made my newly-acquired bow to Lady Friendly; but, unfortunately, bringing back my left foot into the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels to be the nomenclator of the family. The confusion this accident occasioned in me is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress; and of that description, I believe the ladies know the number is very small. The Baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern; and I was astonished to see how far good-breeding could enable him to suppress his feelings, and to appear at perfect ease after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till, at length, I ventured to join in the conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature; and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classics—in which the Baronet's ideas exactly coincided with my own! To this subject I was led by observing an edition of Xenophon, in sixteen volumes; which (as I had never before heard of such a thing) greatly excited my curiosity, and I approached to examine what it could be. Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and (as I supposed) willing to save me trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him; and, hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly—when, lo! instead of books, a board, which, by leather and gilding, had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and, unluckily,

pitched upon a Wedgewood ink-stand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm done. I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet; and, scarce knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up.

In walking through the hall and suite of apartments to the dining-room, I had time to collect my scattered senses; till I was desired to take my seat at the table, betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually burning like a fire-brand; and I was just beginning to recover myself, and to feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked-for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, they were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation, and, for some minutes, my legs and thighs seemed stewed in a boiling caldron; but, recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture when I trod upon his gouty toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and servants. I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distresses occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me, spilling a sauce-boat, and knocking down a salt-cellar; rather let me hasten to the second course, where fresh disasters quite overwhelmed me.

I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for part of a pigeon that stood near me. In my haste, scarce knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth—hot as a burning coal! it was impossible to conceal my agony; my eyes were starting from their sockets! At last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to——drop the cause of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application. One recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that wine was perhaps the best for drawing out the heat; and a glass of sherry was brought me from the side-board—I snatched it up with eagerness: but oh! how shall I tell the sequel? Whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, I know not; but he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth, already flayed and blistered. Totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate, as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow, and, clapping my hands upon my mouth, the burning liquor squirted through my nose and fingers, like a fountain, over all the dishes, and I was crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters; the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete. To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered my features with streaks of ink in every direction! The Baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined his lady in the

general laugh; while I sprang from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home, in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could not have excited.

XXVII.—REPORT OF A BAW-SUIT—GOODY GRIM *versus* LAPSTONE.—*Smith.* (*Mathews "At Home."*)

WHAT a profound study is the law! and how difficult to fathom! Well, let us consider the law; for our laws are very considerable, both in bulk and numbers; according as the statutes declare,—*considerandi, considerando, considerandum*,—and are not to be meddled with, by those who don't understand them.

Law, always expressing itself with true grammatical precision, never confounding moods, cases, or genders,—except, indeed, when a woman happens accidentally to be slain, then a verdict is always brought in *man-slaughter*. The essence of the law is altercation; for the law can altercate, fulminate, deprecate, irritate, and go on at any rate. "Your son follows the law, I think, Sir Thomas?" "Yes, Madam, but I am afraid he will never overtake it; a man following the law, is like two boys running round a table; *he* follows the law, and the law follows *him*." However, if you take away the whereofs, whereases, wherefores, and notwithstandings, the whole mystery vanishes; it is then plain and simple. Now, the quintessence of the law, has, according to its name, five parts:—the first is the beginning, or *incipiendum;* the second, the uncertainty, or *dubitandum;* the third, delay, or *puzzle-endum;* fourthly, replication without *endum;* and fifthly, *monstrum et horrendum:* all which are clearly exemplified in the following case—GOODY GRIM AGAINST LAPSTONE. This trial happened in a certain town, which, for reasons, shall be nameless, and is as follows:—Goody Grim inhabited an alms-house, No. 2. Will Lapstone, a superannuated cobbler, lived in No. 3, and a certain Jew Pedlar, who happened to pass through the town where those alms-houses were situated, could only think of number One. Goody Grim was in the act of killing one of her own proper pigs; but the animal, disliking the ceremony, burst from her hold—ran through the semi-circular legs of the aforesaid Jew,—knocked him in the mud,—ran back to Will Lapstone's the cobbler, upset a quart bottle full of gin belonging to the said Lapstone, and took refuge in the cobbler's state bed.

The parties, being, of course, in the most opulent circumstances, consulted counsel learned in the law. The result was, that Goody Grim was determined to bring an action against Lapstone "for the loss of her pig with a curly tail;" and Lapstone to bring an action against Goody Grim for the loss of a quart bottle full of Hollands-gin; and Mordecai to bring an action against them both for "de losh of a tee-totum dat fell out of his pocket in the rencounter." They all delivered their briefs to counsel; before it was considered, they were all parties and no witnesses. But Goody Grim, like a wise old lady as she was, now changed her battery, determined to bring an action against Lapstone, and bind over Mordecai as an evidence.

The indictment set forth, "That he, Lapstone, not having the fear of the assizes before his eyes, but being moved by pig and instigated by pruinsence, did, on the first day of April, a day sacred in the annals of the law, steal, pocket, hide, and crib, divers, that is to say,

five hundred hogs, sows, boars, pigs, and porkers, with curly tails, and did secrete the said five hundred hogs, sows, boars, pigs, and porkers, with curly tails, in the said Lapstone's bed, against the peace of our Lady the Queen, her crown, and dignity."

Mordecai was examined by counsellor Puzzle.

"Well, Sir, what are you?"

"I sells old clo' and sealing-vax, and puckles."

"I did not ask you what you sold; I ask you what you are?"

"I am about five and forty."

"I did not ask your age; I ask you what you are?"

"I am a Jew."

"Why could'nt you tell me that at first? Well, then, Sir, if you are a Jew, tell me what you know of this affair."

"As I vas a valking along"—

"Man—I did'nt want to know where you were walking."

"Vel, vel, vel! As I vas a valking along"—

"So, you will walk along in spite of all that can be said."

"Plesh ma heart, you frighten me out of my vits—As I vas a valking along, I seed de unclean animal coming towards me—and so, says I—Oh! Father Abraham, says I"—

"Father Abraham, Sir, is no evidence."

"You must let me tell my story my own vay, or I cannot tell it at all. As I vas a valking along, I seed de unclean animal coming towards me—and so, says I—Oh, Father Abraham, says I, here comes de unclean animal towards me, and he runned between my legs, and upshet me in te mut."

"Now, do you mean to say, upon your oath, that that little animal had the power to upset you in the mud?"

"I vill take my oash dat he upshet me in te mut."

"And pray, Sir, on what side did you fall?"

"On te mutty side."

"I mean, on which of your own sides did you fall?"

"I fell on my left side."

"Now, on your oath, was it your left side?"

"I vill take ma oash it vas my left side."

"And, pray, what did you do when you fell down?"

"I got up again as fast as I could."

"Perhaps you could tell me whether the pig had a curly tail?"

"I vill take ma oash his tail vas so curly as my peerd."

"And, pray, where were you going when this happened?"

"I vas going to de sign of de Goose and Gridiron."

"Now, on your oath, what has a goose to do with a gridiron?"

"I don't know, only it vas de sign of de house. And all more vat I know vas, dat I lose an ivory tee-totum out of ma pocket."

"Oh, you lost a tee-totum, did you? I thought we should bring you to something at last. My Lord, I beg leave to take an exception to this man's evidence! he does not come into court with clean hands."

"How de mischief should I, when I have been polishing ma goods all morning?"

"Now, my Lord, your Lordship is aware that the word tee-totum is derived from the Latin terms of *te* and *tutum*, which mean 'keep yourself safe.' And this man, but for my sagacity, observation, and so forth, would have kept himself safe; but now he has, as the learned Lord Verulam expresses it, 'let the cat out of the bag.'"

"I vill take ma oash I had no cat in ma bag."

"My Lord, by his own confession, he was about to vend a tee-totum. Now, my Lord, and gentlemen of the jury, it is my duty to point out to you, that a tee-totum is an unlawful machine, made of ivory, with letters printed upon it, for the purpose of gambling! Now your Lordship knows that the act, commonly known by the name of the 'Littlego Act,' expressly forbids all games of chance whatever; whether put, or whist, or marbles, or swabs, or dumps, or chuck-farthing, or tee-totum, or what not. And, therefore, I do contend that this man's evidence is *contra bonos mores*, and he is, consequently, *non compos testimoniæ*."

Counsellor Botherem then rose up.—"My Lord, and gentlemen of the Jury, my learned friend, Puzzle, has in a most facetious manner, endeavoured to cast a slur on the highly honourable evidence of the Jew merchant. And I do contend, that he who buys and sells, is, bona fide, inducted into all the mysteries of merchandise; ergo, he who merchandises, is, to all intents and purposes, a merchant. My learned friend, in the twistings and turnings of his argument, in handling the tee-totum, can only be called *obiter dictum*;—he is playing, my Lord, a losing game. Gentlemen! he has told you the origin, use, and abuse of the tee-totum; but, gentlemen! he has forgot to tell you what that great luminary of the law, the late learned Coke, has said on the subject, in a case exactly similar to this, in the 234th folio volume of the Abridgment of the Statutes, page 1349, where he thus lays down the law, in the case of Hazard *versus* Blacklegs,—'*Gamblendum consistet, enactum gamblendi, sed non evendum macheni placendi.*' My Lord, I beg leave to say, that, if I prove my client was in the act of vending, and not playing with the said instrument—the tee-totum—I humbly presume that all my learned friend has said, will come to the ground."

(*Judge.*)—"Certainly, brother Botherem, there's no doubt the learned Sergeant is incorrect! The law does not put a man *extra legium*, for merely spinning a tee-totum."

"My Lord, one of the witnesses has owned that the pig had a curly tail. Now, my Lord, I presume if I prove the pig had a straight tail, I consider the objection must be fatal."

"Certainly; order the pig into court."

Here the pig was produced; and, upon examination, it was found to have a straight tail, which finished the trial. The learned Judge, in summing up the evidence, addressed the Jury:—"Gentlemen of the jury, it is wholly unnecessary to recapitulate the evidence; for the removal of this objection removes all ground of action. And, notwithstanding the ancient statute, which says, '*Serium pigum, et boreum pigum, et vendi curlum tailum,*' there is an irrefragable proof, by ocular demonstration, that Goody Grim's grunter had a straight tail, and, therefore, the prisoner must be acquitted."

This affair is thrown into Chancery, and it is expected it will be settled about the end of the year 1950.

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